

10. *Leaves* (1887) (1987.1.1.10)

A close-up photograph of a textured, greenish-blue surface, possibly a wall or fabric, showing small yellow spots and a prominent dark circular hole in the center.

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A green book cover with gold-tooled decorations. The spine features the text 'MOULIKA' at the top and 'SEP 1907' with a floral emblem at the bottom. The front cover has a large, stylized floral emblem in the center. The text 'Digitized by Arya Samaj Foundation, Chennai and eGangotri' is overlaid in the upper right corner.

THE RT

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MODERN REVIEW

A Monthly Review and Miscellany

Edited by Ramananda Chatterjee

SEPTEMBER, 1907

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RAPHAEL'S ST. CECILIA.

# THE MODERN REVIEW

VOL. II

SEPTEMBER, 1907

NO. 3

## CHILD-HEART

Go forth, little one, and meet life  
Strong in the strength of freedom from self,  
The strength of purity,  
The strength of love.

Link thee with the great souls of the past,  
By reverence and worship.  
One thee with the great deeds of the present,  
By love and admiration.

Protect them that are without protection.  
Serve whom thou rulest.  
And to them that know not how,  
Teach thou a way to defend themselves.

Be thy words few : speak through thy deeds.  
Rest in no compromise.  
When the hour cries out for sacrifice,  
Be thou not deaf.  
Strike swiftly : pardon generously :  
Be wise withal.

Scale each ideal to its height.  
Touch thou the stars.  
Seek Truth as the end in itself.  
Ask only for the Love that stays.  
Work, questioning not as to victory or defeat.  
Thirst thou after Perfection, with a quenchless thirst.

Very little art thou,—yet say ever  
"Victory to Mother! Salutation to the Terrible!"

The prayer is prayed, and we who love thee  
look out upon thy future,  
We ask, what shall there be for thee of happiness,  
Of play,  
Of love ?

Lo, O Beloved, art thou not the Free of Heart ?  
Shall not life be to thee unshadowed play ?—  
All laughter, all lightness, all merriment, all glee ?

To thee—to know great woes, and cease thereby  
from all mean fretting !

To thee—to know vast joys, and cease thereby  
from all gross pleasures !

To thee—the strength and gentle-heartedness  
of Destiny,  
Own babe to the Divine Mother,  
Child-Heart !  
Child-Heart !  
Child-Heart !

## THE CHARGING OF THE NEW-BORN BY THE DEAD.

The dead speak :  
Come up, O thou New-born, to thy high seat,  
And look thou out upon the glories of thy heritage.  
Ours is the voice of all the dead, who die not.

Behold thou all that we have learnt and suffered.  
Hear thou all that we have thought and sung.  
Look thou upon the works our hands have wrought.  
Lo, *thine* are all these, and for thee.

Known and unknown are there here amongst us ;  
 Names like stars, and unnamed builders  
     of the pyramids in Egypt ;  
 Royal names and nameless scribes, baking bricks  
     in Nineveh ;  
 Unnamed singers, of how many lands and peoples ;  
 Unnamed women, pre-historic, making great  
     the nations ;  
 Not by our *names* do we desire to be remembered.  
 In *thee*, O thou New-born, in thee do we demand  
     Existence !  
 In this *thy* will do all our wills demand a weapon !  
 We charge thee, O thou little One, thou nursling,  
     seeming yet so weak and helpless,  
 Let not our dreams die.

Let not our harvests waste, nor let our fire go out,  
 Let not our tools lie rusting, nor let our sword  
     grow blunt.

Singing not our songs, sing thou newer, better.  
 Thinking not our thoughts, think thou bolder, truer.  
 Dream thou not our dreams, but dream thou  
     as we dreamt.

Eat thou of the bread of our toil.  
 Drink thou of the wine of our consecration.  
 And be thou anointed with the chrism  
     of our anointing,—  
 For here into thy hands do we commit our banner,—  
 The banner of the Future of Humanity,  
     —the banner of all the dead.

## A HOLIDAY IN KASHMIR

THE Himalaya mountains, we all know, run from north-west to south-east, in great parallel folds; between the first two of these folds lies the valley of Kashmir. The Pir Panjal range divides it from the Panjab, and the traveller approaching from the south comes into touch with Kashmir when he gets past Lahore and sees the snowy summits of the Pir Panjal rising across the plain. It is not easy to cross them, certainly not in April, and the general plan now-a-days is to go north as far as Rawal Pindi, and enter Kashmir by the Jhelum valley. The road is long and tedious—two hundred miles long,—and the scenery most of the way is dull. There is some interest in the cuttings, which are the deepest on any road in India. The valley is extremely narrow, and the mountains are formed of conglomerate rock, a sort of gravel pudding with large boulders in it. Thus the side of the road is a wall, sometimes a hundred feet high, with stones large and small sticking out everywhere and

threatening to tumble down. This they occasionally do, especially in the spring, when the snow is melting; landslips are also common, bridges disappear, and the early traveller is saved from brooding over the tedium of the way.

He arrives in Kashmir at Baramula, and makes at once for his objective. As every taste suits itself, so it may be that he is a sportsman, with a long march still before him, or a society man, with his eye on garden parties, or a lounger, needing nothing but a house-boat, or finally, like myself, a tourist in search of experiences. In this last case he may do what I did—he can do nothing better—take his tents and his coolies and his staff in his hand and march off to the Lolab valley.

For the shape of Kashmir is such that the bottom of the chief valley is a flat plain, while the mountains which encircle it are full of winding glens. These are the beauties of Kashmir. By each of them you may ascend the mountain chains; if you persevere you may

cross them and leave Kashmir behind you ; or you may ascend one of them and cross the spur of the mountains and return to Kashmir by the next. You may do this many times before you have seen all the valleys of the country, and they are all worth seeing ; but within the space of one vacation you must make a choice. Now Kashmir has been fully explored, and there are many guide books ; but they all agree that the Lolab, the Sind and the Lidar valley are first among their peers. So I started with the Lolab valley, which is nearest to Baramula.

Cockburn's agency, (whom I can recommend), had arranged for tents and stores to await me, together with a head man, Azad Bat, and a cook. They made their salaams at the Dak Bungalow, shivering like all the rest of the world, for there had been three days rain, and the weather was chilly. It cleared up next day ; we hailed the sun with joy and tramping over the Jhelum dived into the hills.

Now I had said to myself many times, "I will not be victimised by Kashmir ; I will not expect anything one way or another ; I will wait and see what the place is like." And when I got there, on that very wet day at Baramula, with nothing visible but pools and pollard willows and mist and clouds, I said "Even now it is too early to judge." But two or three hours after I left Baramula, I had permitted a verdict to present itself, and by the evening it was the verdict of all my five senses ratified by that presiding spirit, the *manas*, which surveys and co-ordinates their reports. I never questioned this verdict, all the time I was in Kashmir, and at this moment I find I have nothing to do but choose emphatic language, and record it.

There are three types of Kashmir scenery, that of the valley, the lower hills, and the snows. That of the valley is not without its own charms, and they are such as the Anglo-Indian is willing to enjoy. There are fields of

grass enamelled with flowers, brooks and pools, and groves of mighty trees. First among these is the great chenar, that no tree in the world excels for spreading majesty and shade. Give it light and air, rich soil, and water, which it loves, and a single chenar will fill the landscape. Ten men shall not clasp its trunk, and a hundred herons shall lodge within its boughs unseen. Beneath it a company of soldiers may encamp, and no ray of sunlight shall fall on them from morn to eve. It lives from generation to generation ; the chenars that burgeon in the spring to-day were planted by the Great Moghal. They are chief among the arboreal monarchs of the valley, not even the elms of Bawan match them, nor those poplars that skirt the Srinagar Road, and imprison the sky for sixteen miles.

It is the trees that enoble the Kashmir valley, but I do not forget the great fen that stretches northwards of Srinagar. Let the mountain and the forest boast themselves as they will ; there is a charm they do not possess ; the charm of the solitary fen. I have Tennyson with me :—

Some blue peaks in the distance rose  
And white against the cold-white sky  
Shone out their crowning snows.  
One willow over the river wept,  
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh ;  
Above in the wind was the swallow,  
Chasing itself at its own wild will,  
And far through the marish green and still  
The tangled water courses slept  
Shot over with purple and green and yellow.

Where did he see it ? In his mind's eye, I suppose ; not in Lincolnshire certainly. But he might have seen it in Kashmir, had he been with me one day there, from Nandihal to Guhderbal. And when he wrote his *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, had he ever in the spirit visited the Dal Lake, where that same Great Moghal made himself, like Haroun Al-raschid, palaces and pleasure gardens ? All of them now swept by decay's effacing fingers, but eloquent of their golden prime !

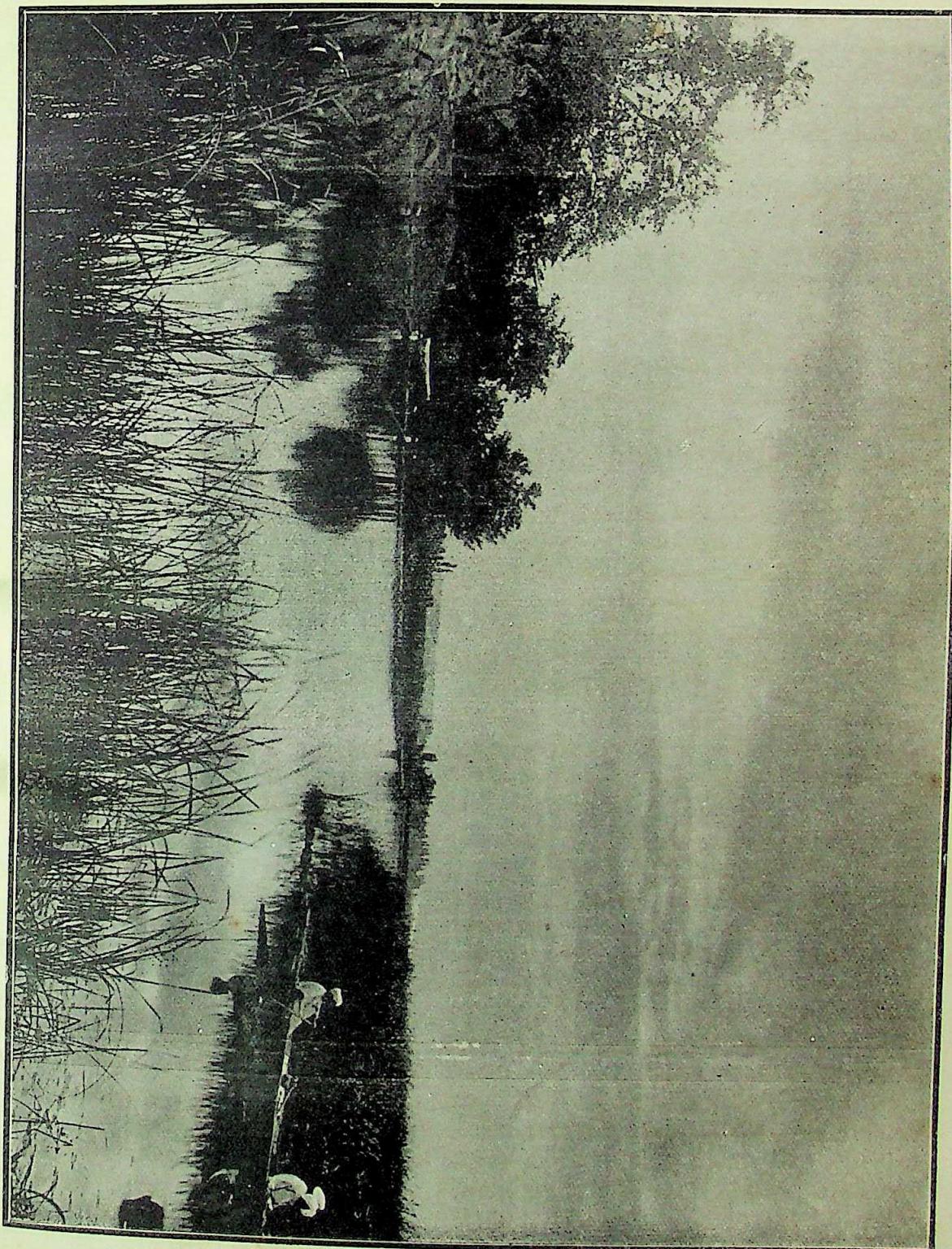
Whatever be the visitor's interest in Kashmir, he should spend a few hours in the Dal Lake and its gardens, and a few hours on the river elsewhere will not be amiss. There is a special point of view from the water's level; he should not fail to take it in. But I think in Kashmir it is less interesting than elsewhere, certainly between Srinagar and Islamabad, where the river flows between high artificial banks. And in any case there is not much to be seen from the house boat, except the muddy Jhelum swirling past; the beauties of Kashmir are accessible only to the pedestrian. Let us return then to the Lolab valley.

The mountains that surround it are comparatively low, though in April there is plenty of snow about. At points you have views of the higher ranges, indeed my first day from Baramulla was the only time I saw Nanga Parbat. The weather was clear after the rain, I was well placed, and had all the Himalaya to admire, pre-eminent in the distance being the silver crest of the great summit. But the Lolab is a sylvan glen that rises slowly from the plain. It is strewn with a great variety of little heights and knolls; sometimes you pass a defile, sometimes you survey a plain. The forest is most beautiful. What the chenar tree is in the valley, the deodar is on the mountain side. Pictures have made us familiar with it; yet only the sight of it reveals its grandeur. In the Lolab valley there are still forests on which no woodman has laid his hand, where the veterans of centuries look down on the seedlings, and giant trunks slowly mouldering to earth show the wheel of nature full circle in its revolution. Ascending and descending amid these forests every sort of view presents itself, long vistas between the columns, and glimpses of the sky and snow. The air is filled with aromatic fragrance, and lest any sense should complain of neglect, the ears are occupied with the quaint amusing noises of the birds. So I went on, rising day by day, till I crossed a higher

ridge and looked down on the Woolar lake. To this I descended, and taking a *kisti* with seven paddlers crossed to the opposite shore. The lake was in a good humour. As the boatmen know, it is easily provoked to anger, and you should consult the omens before you start. Many hands make light labour; in one hour and a half I was landed on the opposite side and ready to start from Bandipur up Erin Nala.

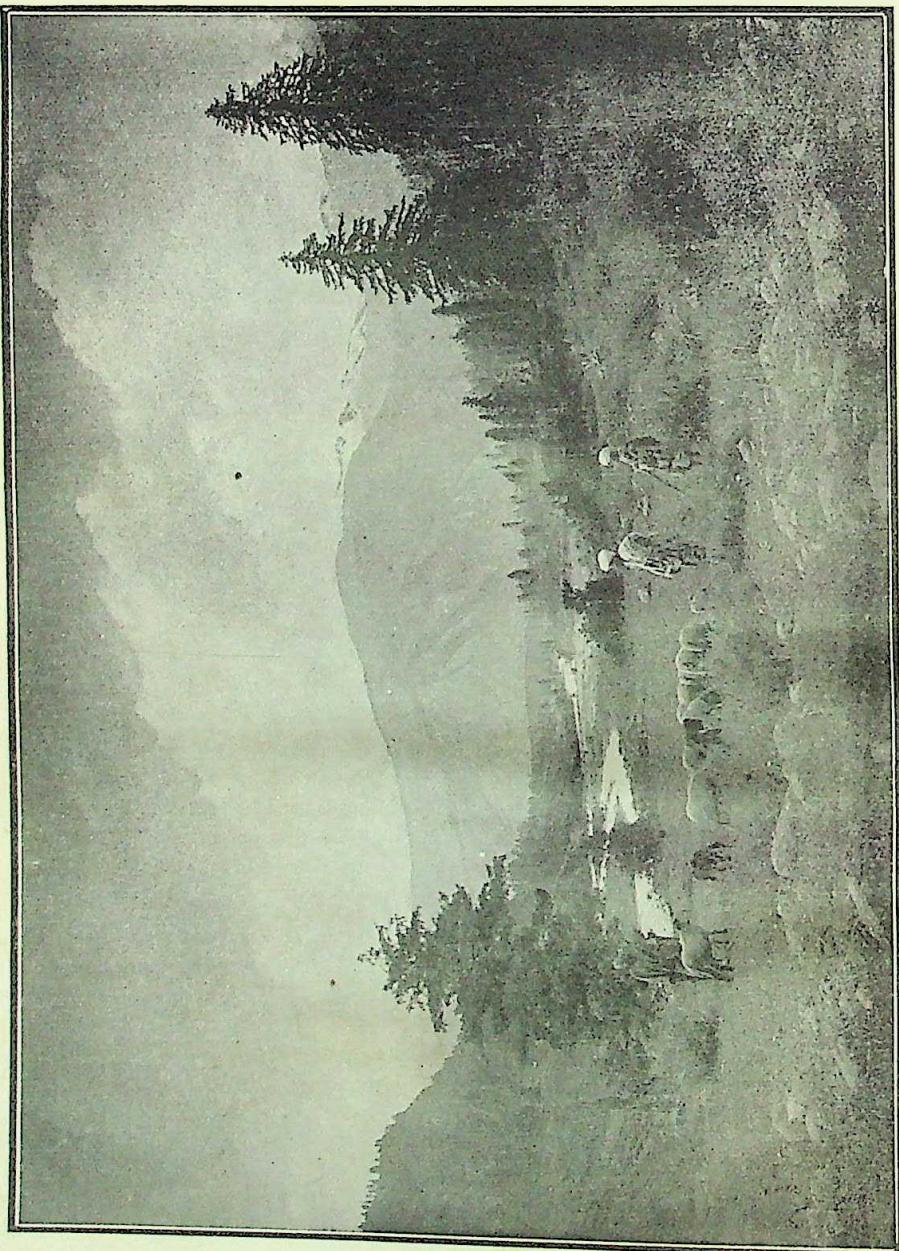
Here I went a little higher, and it is time to speak of the higher scenery of Kashmir. Nothing in it struck me so much as the size and bold conformation of the rocks. The conglomerate of the lower ranges gives place to good honest stone. What more could the eye desire in the way of mountains? Cliff rose above cliff, that neither Pelion nor Ossa could have equalled, till one could only laugh at the sight of them, laughing perhaps at the innocence which had never dreamed of such things. One might have stowed the Matterhorn in a corner of the Sind valley, and Mr. Whymper would not have noticed it. Deodars and pines flourished everywhere, disposed in fringes and clumps, according to the ground, or marshalled in spreading forests. There was plenty of snow, not eternal snow nor quite so radiant as that snow is, but deep and lustrous, and yet unvanquished by the summer sun. At short intervals fresh snow kept falling on the heights, till it veiled the deodars once more in white, while further below winter was slowly retreating.

In the Sind valley there is a high upland meadow, Sonamarg, (which was under snow when I went there), leading to the Zojila Pass. To the east of this Valley there is a glen leading to the cave of Amarnath. I remember it as the climax of all that I saw in Kashmir. The strata of the rocks rose and fell in wild contortions, the pines were rooted in incredible places, and the masses of snow were stupendous. Great avalanches had fallen across the glen, perfect mountains in themselves,



EVENING ON DAL LAKE AT GAGRIBAL, SRINAGAR.

INDIAN PRESS, ALLAHABAD.



BOLAHOI, PALGAM VALLEY, SHEEP, KASHMIR.

blocking all the communications. Here lay my path to Amarnath, if I meant to go there. The design was not practicable and reluctantly I gave it up. So, too, I had to give up Gurgurbal Lake, and the only consolation is that if ever I return to Kashmir later in the year there will still be something new to see.

However, I did get up the Zojila Pass. By this one escapes from Kashmir into the high land of Baltistan, which is no longer India, but Central Asia. This indeed is why I went there, I wanted just for the sake of the thing to say I had been in Central Asia. So early one morning, about 3 o'clock, I sallied forth with Azad Bat and struggled up the ravine of the Zojila. It was full of snow; the road along the hill side was not yet open, and all travellers went straight up the ravine. On both sides of them were perpendicular cliffs; beneath their feet unseen flowed the river. There was no difficulty, the winter storms were over, and at that hour there was no chance of avalanches. These come on later in the day, and if we had been inclined to chance them, there was an ominous stake in the snow to caution us, which marked the spot where five coolies lay buried. On the Kashmir side the ascent was steep; beyond, there was a broader valley and a very gradual fall. I went as far as Machihoe, and stayed at night in the bungalow. The weather was intensely cold, nothing to what it had been, but trying enough by contrast with Bombay. I walked about, and viewed the scene and made the reflections I intended to make. "Here," I said, "I am no longer in Hindostan. Beyond that crest of the Zojila the genius of Hinduism has not advanced its flag. Here neither has Parasurama lifted his axe, nor Krishna piped to the enamoured Gopis. Below in yonder cave sits Mahadeo throned in ice. Thenceforward to Kanya Kumari all is his; not a corner of the land but holds a shrine of him or his compeers. And truly if patient toil gives any claim to possession, his followers

have won it him. Who can count the miles that pilgrims have travelled, reconnoitring and annexing territories for the Hindu faith? But all within the sacred limits of Bharat-varsha. And long long ago, in the days when Panini with the same inquisitive care wrote his Grammar, and Vatsayana the Kama-shastra."

To stimulate these reflections I was provided with a contrast, in the shape of a train of Hajis returning to Yarkand. One year they had been away; and now they were nearly home again. They were mostly men, but I saw two women among them. They rode on stout little ponies, that picked their way unerringly through the streams and across the snow slopes. Tall stalwart men they were, in sheep skin coats and caps; their high cheek bones and oblique eyes presented the classic type of Asia. I found an interpreter and had a little talk with them. They reported a prosperous journey; no trouble from plague regulations in Bombay, only six of them died on the steamer, they had kissed the Kaaba and seen the beatific vision. One of their ponies fell lame going up the Zojila; it was clear that his travelling days were over. Accordingly they sanctified his carcase by cutting his throat, as the Law prescribes, then they flayed him and dissected him and gobbled him up. His shoes they took off, for some other pony; his skin they dried, and not a morsel did they leave for the disappointed crows. I watched the man nearest me coiling his share of entrails in a pot; neatly he packed it with snow, lit a fire, and sat down to watch it stewing. A furious snowstorm came whirling up the pass, but the Tartars only crouched a little closer over their cooking. All kinds of weather were alike to them, and I dare say they felt quite jolly going over the Karakoram Pass. But the fact is human nature soon grows hard leading an outdoor life and associating with animals. Books of all kinds become unintelligible; your principal topic is your belly and

how to fill it, and you cease to trouble about "dirt." You enter houses with suspicion and reluctance, and I can understand how it is that the Tartars erect their tents inside the room of inns when they have to use them.

However, there remains to be finished off the subject of Kashmir scenery. I have said nothing yet about the flowers. They abound in the greatest plenty and variety. There is hardly an old English friend that does not meet one; the eye-bright and pimpernel raise an enquiring glance and ask if you have forgotten them; buttercups and dandelions recall the decorated fields of England. Strangers by their side are the tulips and tiger-lillies, and the clusters of purple iris that bloom in Mahomedan grave-yards. Directly the snow melts millions of crocuses twinkle like stars among the grass; marsh marigolds and primulas fringe the streams. If you turn into the woods, you find violets and ferns emulating each other in luxurious growth wherever the wild strawberry concedes them room. Nor should I forget the edelweiss, that carries no burden of tiresome tradition in Kashmir.

Thus we have in this strange country a happy mixture of the temperate and tropic zones. There are some things one misses; there are no daisies, and no parrots. But there is more than enough, and all accordant well. The lark sings as sweetly above the rice fields as ever he does above English corn; the bees hum their melodies over fields of clover and bushes of fragrant hawthorn. There were moments when I felt unable to bear the magic, the intoxicating splendour of the scene.

There were other moments when I felt again the emptiness of all this natural beauty. Indeed, I believe that natural beauty is never long tolerable except as the background of some activity. Or shall I rather say that we could not much respect the man who spent all his life looking at it? So deeply is this

true that when you have determined to dedicate a holiday to scenery, you are much in danger of forsaking it for some subordinate end. The very goal of your daily march becomes the chief object of the day; to reach it in good time becomes an ambition. You pass by the most magnificent views because you feel you would be wasting time if you stayed to look at them.

Conversely, when you have something else to do, the beauty of your surroundings often breaks in upon you. I remember when I was a volunteer officer, on the parade ground—even in the fateful hour of the General's inspection—I used to grow so absorbed in the beauty of the trees around us that I had the greatest difficulty in attending to our evolutions. What a confession! And so much for the "harmonious life," which some educationists preach, certainly not a life to be lived in this world.

Talking of dandelions, I may say, they are much eaten in Kashmir as a spinach. I learned this in the following manner. For several days the cook produced no vegetables; so I made a complaint of this and asked whether nothing edible grew in the jungle. He replied that there was indeed one plant which grew there, and was freely eaten both by Saheb log and aborigines, but this year people were not allowed to consume it. Last year the Maharajah's son had died; and this year the plant in question had grown up spontaneously on his grave. The Maharajah, therefore, had ordered that for one year it should be spared from the pot. When I asked to see this sympathetic vegetable, he produced a dandelion.

Of birds and beasts Kashmir has now less than its fair share, big game having mostly been exterminated. Still, there are plenty of black bears left, and a few mischievous leopards. Ibex and markhor have retreated beyond the Zojila, where they are protected by stringent regulations. You may take out

a license and shoot a fixed number—if you can get them. To accomplish this you must do a good deal of climbing and the man who returns with a few trophies has certainly earned them. I was not shooting myself, but had the good fortune to see some ibex near the Zojila. They were feeding in the sort of place they love, a bare patch among the snow, about a thousand feet above us. Precipitous rocks are their native element, and like all creatures in such circumstances their certainty and grace of movement are delightful.

The crow and the pie dog and the moorgi abound in Kashmir as elsewhere. The crow is fatter and more consequential; the moorgi more succulent, and the pie dog as great a nuisance as he always is. Whatever you leave about in your tent at night, if it is edible, some pie dog will find it out before morning. I had to mourn a pound of cheese on one occasion. But that is a small matter. I could forgive the creatures for practising their only possible means of livelihood. But why do they bark in such a fearful manner? Wow-wow-wow-wow-wow! A long quintuple bark with an accent on the last syllable, repeated by every pie twice a minute all the night through. Why does the pie dog do it? Nature does nothing in vain; and this wretch, of all her family, has least energy to spare. Yet there he goes yelping all night long outside your tent; and in the morning when you stir abroad and begin to think ruefully of your day's march, he and his friends are wrapped in slumber a few yards away,

"taking their fill

Of deep and liquid ease, forgetful of all ill."

Among the pleasant places of Kashmir not to be forgotten are the springs at the south-east of the valley. The largest is at Vernag, the acknowledged source of the Jhelum. The volume of water is very great; it was enclosed by Jehangir in a tank of masonry, forty feet deep with octagonal sides. Round it he

built an arcade, crowned with a mansion on one side. Underneath this the water flowed out into a garden, where the Emperor spent many delightful hours. An inscription near the tank recalls this bit of history. "The King of Seven Kingdoms, the Minister of Justice, the Father of Victory, Nur-ud-din Jehangir, halted at this spring in the fiftieth year of his reign. This building was erected by order of his Majesty.

The Angel Gabriel suggested its date\* :—

'May the mansion last for ever and the spring flow till the end of time!'"

Alas, for the architect's hopes! The spring flows still, and may flow as long as he desired; but the mansion is a heap of ugly ruins. The stones have fallen and been carried away, and no one has cared to protect or replace them. The *semper eadem* of India.

One of the arches is occupied by a party of Brahmans, who have set up a *ling* there. The sight would have made Jehangir stare, but heedless of this reflection they celebrate their *puja* morning and evening with great zeal. I watched the evening service with much pleasure, listening to the weird notes of the *shankh*, the clash of their cymbals and the beautiful music of their songs. I asked them to translate these songs, but they politely declined on the ground that they did not know enough Hindostani to do so. When I suggested that Azad Bat should help them out, they rejected the proposal with genuine horror; never, never, would they translate Sanscrit within range of a Mohammedan's ears. They brought me on the first day two books to sign, and when I left, and made a contribution to their funds, I found they were divided into two hostile camps. Every other point had been compromised except one, the division of the proceeds. For one camp numbered three followers, the other two; and the question was, whether eight annas in the rupee should go to each side, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  annas to each man. So I

\* This is one of the usual chronograms.

left them wrangling over this and went my way.

"How paltry!" some one may say. True; but viewing all things in a just perspective, was this a less exalted dispute than that of the Scottish churches?

I should not forget the mad man who came to the Vernag spring and danced and sang and chuckled to the fishes there. He was an old man, like Father William, but amazingly active, and he filled the air with strange noises. Madness is one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin; and I think the Brotherhood of Man is evinced more clearly in asylums than anywhere else. There are no asylums in Kashmir, however, though there are plenty of lunatics. In one village they showed me a naked little boy, about eight years old, stout and well-built, but hopelessly mad and possessed by a spirit of dumbness. He had some glimmerings of sensible impulse, at least he understood enough to hold out his hand, and on being conducted to a *chapatti* shop seized two *chapatties* without hesitation. They told me he was an orphan and had invented for himself the plan of seizing pie dogs—bitches, perhaps I should say,—and sucking their teats, *zubberdastise*. Later on, very likely, he would be induced to carry loads, and repay the expenses of his education.

At Achebal there are more springs, and more gardens. The water there rises up in little fountains, and flows away in the usual artificial channels. There are the usual gardens, with glorious chenar trees; and bowers of roses where the bulbul—if not the nightingale—sings willingly enough. So much of Moore's poem is true: if he had seen the real Kashmir, I doubt if he could have written the rest of it. However it matters not; in those old gardens, with the panorama of nature round one, the hills and the cedars and the snows beyond them, one is not obliged to listen to Moore's banjo, or to think

of him with any other feeling than unquenched pity.

Then there is Bawan to visit, smallest but clearest of all these springs, whose reservoir is tenanted by crowds of sacred fish. Two maunds of rice a day they eat, consuming two rupees of solid silver. When visitors arrive, *chapatties* are produced, over which they fight strenuously, making a prodigious uproar, and shouldering each other out of the water. The elms and chenars of Bawan are unsurpassed, and as I sat beneath them in the moonlight, I blessed the memory of Jehangir, who set them there.

At Bawan I met a Brahman boy about thirteen years old, who spoke English and went everyday to Islamabad to school. Distance, about ten miles there and back; he said he found it good for his health. We had a pleasant conversation on the state of education in Kashmir. Next morning, he reappeared, with two annas in his hand, and complained that my cook (under instructions from the lambardar), had taken wood from their house worth two annas and a half, and had only paid two annas for it. The cook, on being questioned, averred that this was the precise value of the wood. Much and long did he and the boy and Azad Bat dispute concerning the matter, till at last, moved by the recollection of our pleasant conversation, I bestowed half an anna on the boy and satisfied him. Result, a sulky demeanour on the part of the cook, who did not recover his usual good humour till next day.

But here I have lighted incidentally and almost prematurely on the subject of travelling in Kashmir, and ways and means thereof. It is a country that has escaped the blighting influence of western civilisation; there are no roads in it, no hotels, and scarcely any Dak bungalows. You must take your tents, and your stores, and you must call on the local authorities for coolies. These you will get without difficulty. Kashmir is ages behind

other places; as long as there are coolies about they *have* to come. Their pay is fixed by the State; four annas a day for a march of twelve miles or so; six annas for one of fifteen. This is not much; perhaps it is enough; in many places it would not tempt coolies to come at all. Kashmir in fact would remain unknown if the traveller had to make his own bargain with the coolies everywhere. So I will not object to the system, but I regret that all visitors are not duly considerate to the coolies, and forced marches, excessive loads and actual danger from snow and ice are sometimes imposed on them. If these evils are in some cases inevitable, they should be compensated by liberal pay. It would be as well to remember this before the spirit of progress emancipates the Kashmiri cooly.

I am not myself anxious to see his chains unwound too soon. Let me relate an episode from my journey back to Rawal Pindi. Twenty-three miles from Murree, in the Punjab, I found a commissariat driver lying in the road with his thigh shattered. He had fallen off his waggon, and the wheel had passed over him. His companions had tied his leg up with a handkerchief and there he lay. What was to be done? I put a rude tourniquet on his leg, and my first thought was to march him into Murree on a charpoy. Looking down the valley (a desolate spot), and perceiving one or two houses in the distance I went off to procure the article. The tenant of the house was at home. I explained the situation; requested the loan of a charpoy and promised to pay for it. He replied that he hadn't one. Entering the house, however, I perceived that he had two; so with the aid of my syce I picked one up and marched off with it. Then I asked the man to come and help us, repeating the promise of payment, but he only answered "I am not a *boje-wala*; you are carrying off my charpoy by violence, I shall *not* come." (He did come, however, keeping at a safe distance.) Well,

we went back to the man; and I found three or four labourers assembled. We lifted him on to the charpoy, and then I said to them, "Now, march him into the next village, I will pay you for your services, and get some fresh coolies there." "What will you pay us?" said they. "An anna a mile, each of you," said I. If it had not been for the matter of principle, I would have given them more, but I was not going to let them profit by their inhumanity. "It is not enough," said they; "this is six men's work"—there were only four of them present, besides my syce. Luckily there were large stones lying on the road, in great abundance, and seized with a happy inspiration, I picked them up and rained them at those coolies. Whereupon they rose sulkily and took up the charpoy and proceeded with it. Now had these Punjabis lived in Kashmir, they would not have needed telling twice to pick up that charpoy. So I doubt if it will be better for them than for the enslaved Kashmiri on the *Roz-i-khiamat*.\*

Well, travelling in Kashmir, as I said, is easy enough, there are coolies and supplies everywhere. But if you are a conscientious person you will be much perplexed over the grand problem of payments. If you like to leave things to your servants, you will have no trouble yourself, but coolies and villagers will make little out of you. If you determine to do justice to them, you will be always fighting with your servants, and a thousand inconveniences will spoil the pleasure of your holiday. *Vide supra*, the episode with my little friend at Bawan. I made my own compromise on the point, always paying the coolies myself, but leaving supplies to the cook. After all, it behoves the Kashmiris themselves to be reasonably bold towards the cook of an unofficial traveller.

\* As for the driver, I had to take him off the charpoy presently and put him in the tonga. We made the best possible arrangements but the jolting gave him great pain, and he writhed and howled and cried out continuously "Alla-hu! Alla-hu! Give me something to make me die!" He died just as we entered Murree.

Violence I deprecated, but Mr. Azad Bat would have been unhappy if no discretion of personal chastisement had been allowed him. One day I saw him cuffing a cooly's head, and on my enquiring into the man's offence, I learned that he had falsely reported a certain bridge to be broken and led us to take a detour. "The fact is," said Mr. Bat, "this man is not a real Mahomedan but a Shiah, and that is why he told us a lie, and that is why I give him a slight/licking."

The history of Kashmir naturally throws some light on Kashmir life to-day. It is all written in Sir Walter Lawrence's admirable book, and I will only cast a brief glance at it here. It begins of course with the Hindu kings, whose achievements are chronicled in the *Rajatarangini*. \* Lalitaditya is the greatest of the early names ; he was a warrior, who crossed the high passes into Thibet, and subdued some part of Central Asia. His date is about 700 A.D., and he was followed three centuries later by a great queen, Didda, whose name the antiquarians know. This we may believe to have been the Golden Age of Kashmir. Then followed Islam, the Kashmiris were converted and produced a native race of Mahomedan kings. One of these was the stern Puritan, Sikandar (1400 A. D.) who burned seven maunds of threads of slaughtered Brahmans. Under him the dice box and the wine cup were interdicted, and the use of all music forbidden. His successor, Zain-ul-ud-din was more liberal, he tolerated Hinduism, and for fifty-two years paid all his own expenses out of a copper mine which he discovered himself. Herein he set a great example, but who has ever followed it ? Not the Moghals, who soon afterwards entered Kashmir.

Akbar stayed there but a short time. He met with some resistance and is said to have made the Kashmiris adopt their present feminine dress as a punishment for their insolence.

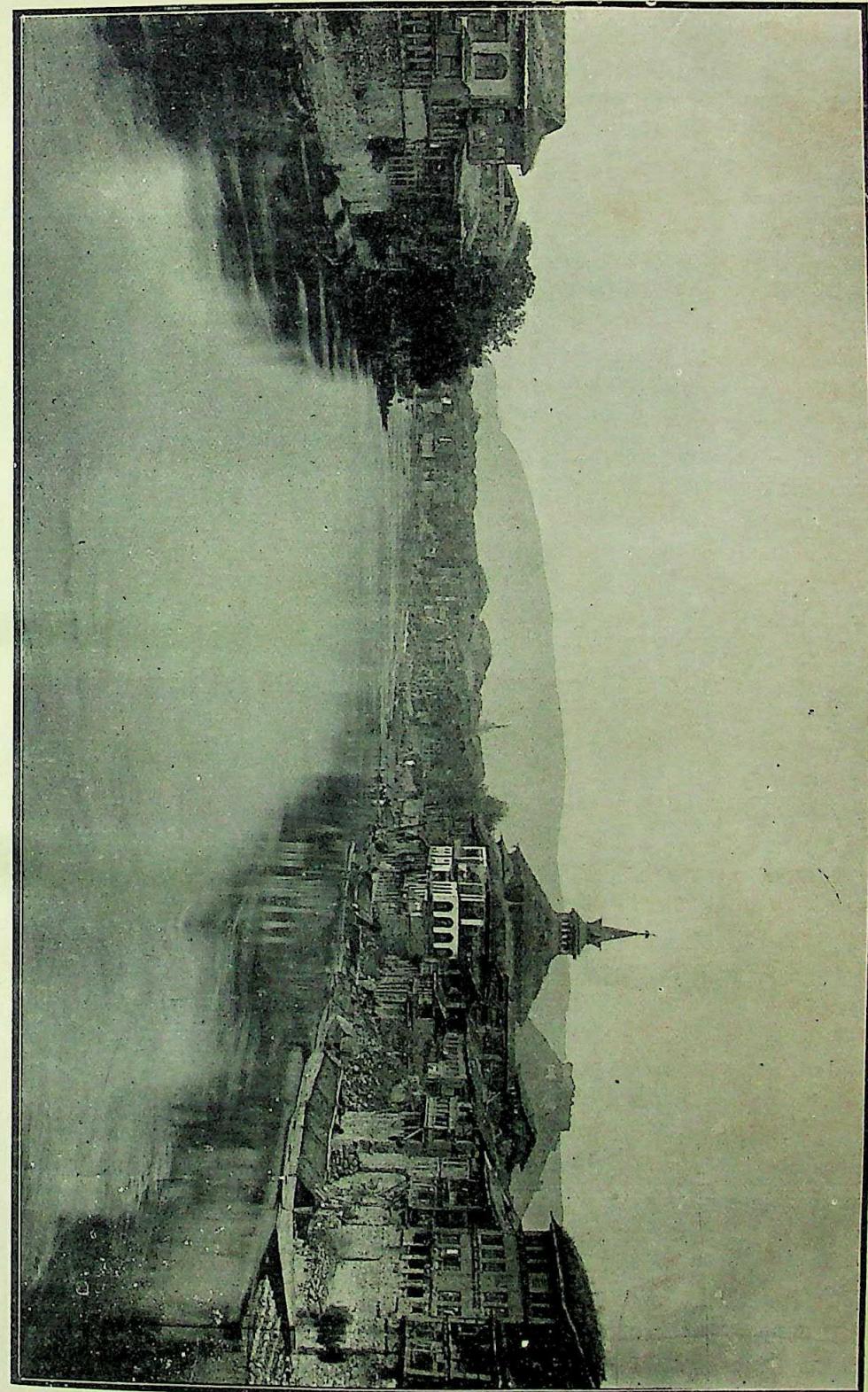
\* The only Hindu Sanskrit historical work.

Be this true or false, he built a strong fort at Srinagar, which commemorates his stay, and Todar Mull fixed the revenue of the country. Jehangir came often to enjoy the scenery, travelling over the Pir Panjal with all his court. † He planted chenar trees everywhere in Kashmir, and built palaces and made gardens by the lakes. There in fifteen yearly holidays he and Nurjehan fleeted away the time, till death overtook him on a last journey across the mountains, murmuring the name of Vernag and desiring to die in his mansion there.

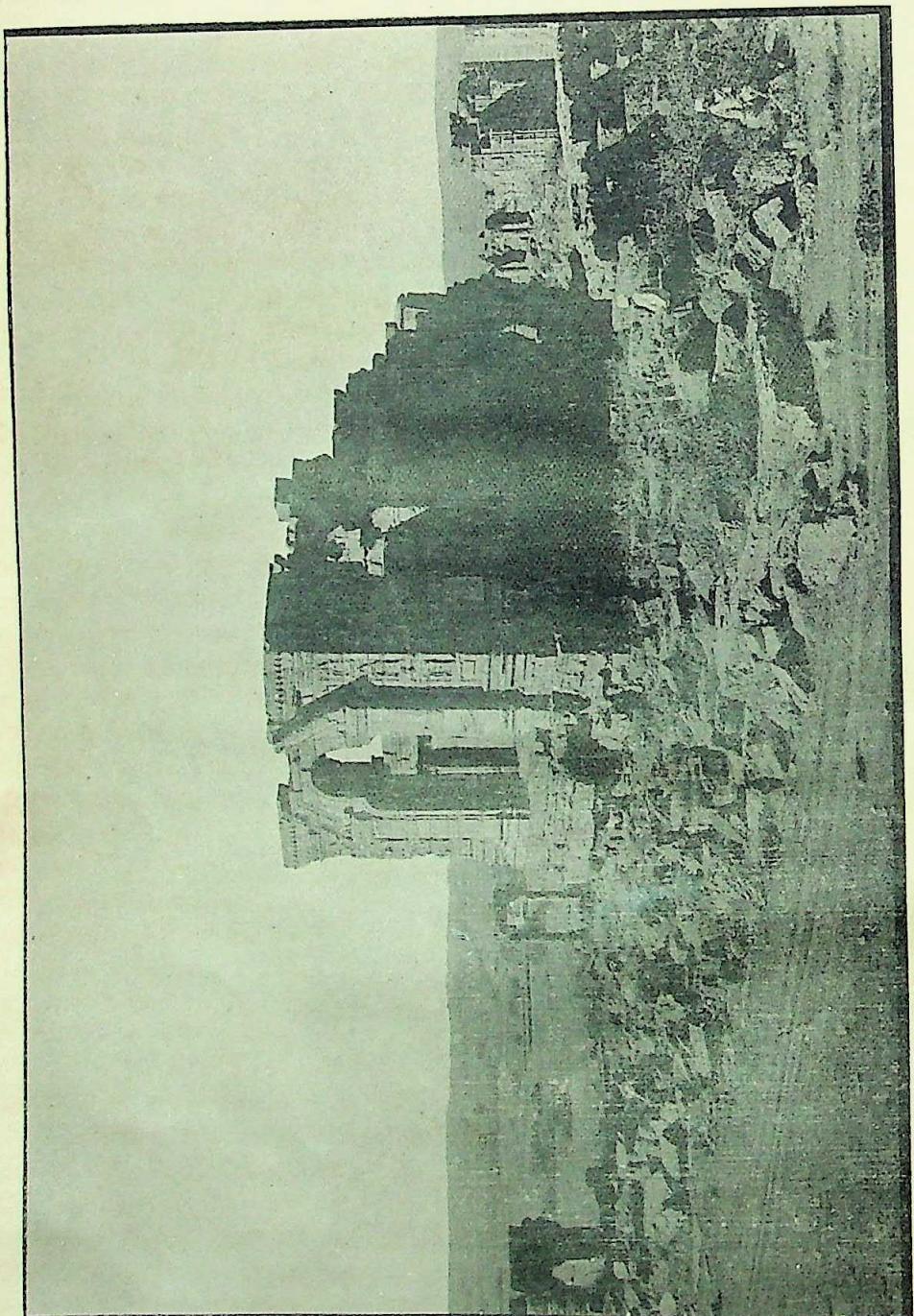
Very likely the Moghal rule was not uncomfortable, and it introduced the well-known art industries of Srinagar. Of the Pathans who followed, neither the Kashmiris nor the English writers who have followed them, speak well. Sir W. Lawrence tells us they esteemed it a jest to set a pot of ordure on a Brahman's head and pelt it with stones till it broke.

But then no Pathan has written the history of Pathan rule, and when some Pathan arises to do so, no doubt, he will set matters in a different light. History is what we choose to make it, and I have long since decided that historical truth cannot be ascertained ; if ascertained, it cannot be communicated, if communicated, it cannot be used to any profitable purpose. On my return from Rawal Pindi, I travelled with an old Pathan gentleman who had an estate in Kashmir, and whose grandfather, no doubt, had seen Pathan rule flourishing, before the Sikhs upset it. We had much pleasant conversation, touching the recent riots and other topics, and he quoted a Persian proverb which means " You have set me on a plank in the ocean and told me not to get my clothes wet." I do not think he would have consented to an unfavourable account of Pathan rule in Kashmir ; but he would have had to admit that the Sikhs drove out the

† Bernier, the traveller, went with him once and witnessed the death of sixteen elephants, who all fell down a *Khud*, with sixteen loads of ladies on their backs.



SRINAGAR FROM FATEH KADAL BRIDGE.



TEMPLE OF MARTAND.

Pathans in the nineteenth century, and re-established Hindu rule. When the Sikhs succumbed to the Feringhee, Kashmir was presented to the Raja of Jammu, to whom it now belongs. He has a private road over the Banihal Pass, by means of which he visits Srinagar every summer. When I was at Achebal, the Rani Saheb was expected on her way thither, and a vast concourse of coolies had been gathered to express their loyalty in terms of personal service, by carrying her baggage and paddling her boats to Srinagar.

These vicissitudes in the history of Kashmir have left their marks on the country. The earliest ages are represented by the ruins of temples. The traveller is recommended not to overlook them, for the most perfect of them he must actually pass on his way along the Jhelum road at Rampur, and the largest, Martand, is easily accessible from Islamabad. In point of antiquity they are perhaps the oldest buildings in India ; and their style of architecture is peculiar to Kashmir. To one familiar with Chalukyan or Dravidian temples it is a revelation ; where did it come from ? I know not, save that the fluted pillars of the colonnades suggest a fading reminiscence of Greece. But the general effect is not Greek : it is just that of its own style, like all architectural effects, and must be seen to be understood. It has little ornament, though that little is quite Hindu ; and it has more the effect of a building conceived as such than most Hindu temples convey. Martand is rendered impressive by its size, which has rarely been exceeded by Hindu temples ; and it stands amid remarkable surroundings. Behind it rise the mountains at the southern end of the valley, before it is spread the plain, surveyed from the plateau on which it stands. On either hand are the lateral ranges ; and the proportions of the valley are all distinctly visible. It is a noble scene, and harmonises with the severe grandeur of the temple. Other ruins of Kashmir, all in the same style, only

just fall short of Martand in dignity. The temples of Wangat rise at the head of a deep narrow valley beneath the eternal snows of Haramukh. Payech, small but perfectly preserved, is set in a little glade on the border of a village. They are all in different ways remarkable ; and all slowly disappearing. They are safe to-day from the hand of the iconoclast but the rain and sunshine, the frost and snow are implacable enemies, and time brings against them from age to age the assaults of earthquakes. It is a wonder there is anything of them left, still there they are, fragments of a Kashmir more populous, more powerful and more civilised than the valley is to-day. Other such fragments are the lines of old canals and popular tales of what sleeps beneath the Woollar lake, cities and palaces of ancient kings.

Modern Kashmir comprises, to begin with, the Kashmir peasant and the village he lives in. It is not unlike an old Swiss village, a group of wooden huts, buried in fruit trees and walnut trees. Picturesque in the extreme ; not uncomfortable, but as dirty as such places always are, whether in Switzerland or Kashmir. Near it probably is a ziarat, or tomb of a saint, with a small enclosure and a few elms or chenars. Just outside it is a burial ground, with mouldering heaps of turf and beds of iris.

The villagers are all Mahomedans. They wear an overall, with an opening for the neck and two wide sleeves ; it is dropped over them, so to speak, like an extinguisher. If you make their acquaintance on a cold day, you will be surprised at their goodly portly appearance. This is due to the presence of a *kangra* concealed under each tunic ; a wicker basket containing a clay vessel with some charcoal in it. I suppose this is comfortable to the stomach, like the "small boys" which Lord Bacon recommends, or like the scaldion of the Italians. "What Laila was on the bosom of Majnun, such is the *kangra* to the Kashmiri" ; so says the proverb ; and Italian ladies do

facetiously call their article "*il mio marito*" — my spouse. It is a treacherous friend to the Kashmiri, who often gets shockingly burned by it in the winter. In that season, moreover, he protects his feet from the snow by "grass shoes." They are made of rice straw, very ingenious and cheap and excellent for use on the mountain side.

In appearance the Kashmiri is tall and dignified. Of his female folk I saw little save garments streaming behind them as they fled from my approach. What little I saw did not account for the tradition of Kashmiri beauty. Slatternly in the extreme, they were also extremely ugly; the hard field life which often elevates the faces of men being unfavourable to female charms. Perhaps the upper classes of Srinagar may contain some good looking damsels, such as in earlier days were fattened and perfumed for the Moghal harem. But these are left to the tourist's imagination, aided by the picture post-cards; and I do not fancy that any man on the spot will realise *Lalla Rookh* from the experience of a house-boat.

Village life wears various aspects, according to the situation of the village. Some villages are miserably poor, and all the people of Baltistan are poor. I had a good chance to view them assembled one day near the Zojila pass. I thought I had never seen so wretched a concourse of human beings. I could not help recalling Dante: —

Poscia vid'io mille visi cagnazzi  
Fatti per freddo; onde mi vien ribrezzo  
Everra sempre, de' gelati guazzi.

Starved features, stunted forms, ill-protected by their miserable rags, they seemed to have been born in Hell and lived there all their lives. Though goggles for protection against the snow cost only three annas each, they could not afford to buy them, and almost every man of them suffered from suppurating eyes. They lived in Baltistan on their little patches of coarse innutritious grain, and

descended into Kashmir to earn stipends as coolies. What a contrast between them and the people of Rozloo,—a Kashmiri village in the south-west of the valley. I sat there one day and said to myself, "Now, is there anything Providence could give these people that they haven't got? Excellent land, arable and pasture; unfailing crops, scores of cows, hundreds of sheep; poultry as many as they like to keep; beehives attached to every cottage; a river full of fish not far off; fruit trees, walnut trees, deodars for timber within easy reach; no floods, earthquakes comparatively unimportant, and cholera easily avoided, for they draw their water from perennial springs. And what use do they make of all this? Not one of them can read, or wants to read; they sit around all day long; they have never even made any sanitary arrangements, but ease themselves just outside their village, here and there and everywhere, like animals. Is this satisfactory?" Possibly one might reply, "at any rate they are comfortable, their virtue will pass muster, and civilisation is generally admitted, by those who have tried it, to be a failure." I leave the argument to the reader. My own experience is, that the more I reflect on these subjects, the more cautious I grow about offering advice to other people about changing their habits or their views or anything else that is theirs. I can see some respects in which I have got to change myself, if I am to make any progress towards the Ideal. But is not all progress, as some sages say, an illusion of the youthful West?

Let us turn our eyes from the villages to Srinagar. It is a large town, containing about a hundred thousand souls. It stands on both sides of the Jhelum, which flows swiftly and silently through it, like a sleeping lion, as the saying runs; for every now and then he wakes and "es and springs of the city. Then houses go down by hundreds and bridges vanish, and people are drowned

in large or small numbers according to the year.

It has always been so. There was a time when the whole valley of Kashmir was a mountain lake, whose beach is still visible on the mountain side. In the course of ages the water found its way out; the Jhelum was formed and the valley of Kashmir was drained. But the Jhelum is a narrow outlet, and when heavy rain accompanies melting snow on the mountains, a flood is inevitable. A few years ago the water in Srinagar rose eighteen feet in two hours, and the Jhelum lower down rose in its channel forty feet. At present a scheme is on foot to dredge it, and deepen the channel. This will cost a very large sum, but a saving will be effected in the end if the Kashmir floods can be prevented.

The houses in the city are mostly of brick and wood. Their wooden roofs are covered with earth, as a protection against fire, and from the earth springs a crop of tall grass, mingled with poppies and mustard. None of them are really solid, most of them are wretched and dilapidated. The streets are small, crooked and narrow, and the chief means of communication is the river. It is spanned by six bridges, the piles of which are huge square baulks of timber, taking up a sixth part of the river channel. The roadway is in every case new, the upper portions of the old bridges having perished in various floods.

The finest architecture in Srinagar is that of the Moghal mosques. The best example is the Shah Hamadan Masjid\* by the river side. One glance at it tells the visitor what he is looking at, there is no mistaking the work of the Moghals. The material is entirely wood; but the structure has in the fullest degree the amplitude and grace of Agra. So has the Jumma mosque, whose roof is supported by columns of single deodar trunks, thirty feet high. It is now of course neglected and perishing.

\* I am not sure this name is right.

So much for Srinagar's outward parts. I leave to the sociologist some other topics, its police, its morals and its sanitation; the C. M. S. School, and the C. M. S. hospitals; and I proceed to speak of its arts. They have spread the name of Kashmir throughout Europe, and one is naturally curious about them. In the first place, then, it is worth remarking that they are none of them native to Kashmir. By ancient tradition it is about the least artistic country in the world. Its arts are all centred in Srinagar, and they were all developed in the service of the Moghal court. The Moghals brought with them from Persia and Turkestan their ideas of fine art and its application, they brought with them also artisans, who settled in Srinagar and afterwards taught the natives there. The place was found a good centre for artistic work. It lies on the chief route from Asia to India. Caravans brought from China the wool of the Thian Shan goats and the precious stones of Ladakh. The former supplied the material for the shawls, the latter some of the colours for the papier-maché work. Labour was cheap and the water of the Dal Lake, it is said, had a peculiar softening effect on the wool. Hence the art industries once located in Kashmir continued there, and flourished under the patronage of the court.

The largest and best known is the shawl industry. Napoleon's court brought the shawls into fashion in Europe, and they continued fashionable till the fall of the Third Empire. French agents lived in Kashmir, and co-operated with the Kashmir Government in keeping up the standard of work. The secret of excellence lay in careful choice of the wool and invention of the pattern. The weaver's part was unimportant; he worked under directions, quite ignorant what pattern he was producing. He made a narrow strip of the shawl, which was afterwards sewn to other strips, completing the whole. His wages were one anna a day, which was just

precisely what he could manage to live on. When the famine of 1877 followed the loss of the French market, 20,000 weavers died in Srinagar. The whole industry is now extinct.

One may say, why was it not supported by demands in India and Asia? This I do not quite understand, but probably, as far as India goes, modern tastes have rejected the shawl; a good overcoat is a more convenient article than a shawl, and it costs less. The West has driven out the East, and the rajah of to-day, I suppose, would sooner buy a motor car than a shawl. In the same way the papier-maché industry has suffered; there is no demand now for its coffee sets or its cumbrous old Kalamdans.

On the other hand, papier-maché can be used for many small articles, such as boxes, which are useful in all ages. There is a great demand for them, and they are largely manufactured in Srinagar to-day, along with jewellery of an inferior sort and wood carving. The country is still, as ever, favourably placed for these industries, and much money and some reputation might be made out of them. Unfortunately, progress is hampered by two opposite causes which work harmoniously to the same effect, the unreasonable expectations of visitors and the hopeless dishonesty of Kashmiri dealers.

Of the first, first. The floods of visitors to Kashmir are mostly intent on buying "presents," and they are all imbued with the idea that oriental art work should be cheap. I do not quite know the history of this delusion, but it is certain that good Indian work, instead of being cheap, compared with art work elsewhere, is rather expensive. The fact is, however, that finished art work never is or has been inexpensive anywhere, in an open market. Work produced in feudal ages has appeared to be such, because the artists took a part of their pay in security; and work produced in distant countries, when the money in circulation is small, has been sold at low

prices, in those countries. But never in an open market has finished art work been cheap, and visitors to Kashmir, who demand what is cheap, must naturally take and do take what is nasty.

On the other hand there are some visitors who want what is good, and are also willing to pay the proper price for it. A good article they may, from one or two dealers, obtain. There are one or two merchants of repute, amongst the hundreds in Srinagar, who are not anxious to sell the visitor the worst article he can be induced to buy. But they all exact the last anna in the price, and you are foolish to make a deal unless you have expert knowledge or an unlimited purse. I do not write for millionaires, and to all others I would say, beware how you enter these Kashmir shops. In a heedless hour you may listen to one of their touts, and step into his boat and go shooting down the Jhelum to his shop. There you find the venerable chief of the concern, with three or four or five or six of his relatives. There is nothing in their demeanour to waken suspicion; open-eyed rectitude transpires from every countenance. Their manners are at once deferential and dignified, such as emperors and noblemen appreciate; and if you are a base plebeian, as I for my part am, you feel at once flattered and embarrassed. But having taken a part in the comedy you must, like the Emperor Augustus, sustain it to the end. Nothing is wanting to the warmth of your welcome; what would you like to see? You would like to see everything; and everything is shown you. Embroidery from Bokhara, and homeless specimens of old Kashmir shawls, they are unfolded and waved before your eyes and tumbled in a bewildering heap on the floor. You try—or pretend—to make a choice; What might the price of this one be?—Fifteen hundred rupees. Well, certainly, you like it; but the price is a little steep. "Perhaps another one would suit you better; will you have

a cigar ? or a cup of Russian tea ?" When you hear these offers, which are a regular move in the game, it is time to indicate politely that to-day at any rate you will not be a purchaser. Then comes the moment when your fortitude will be tested. A cloud settles on the brows of all the company, a cloud of grief and disappointment. Evidently, they have been deceived in you; who would have thought it possible ? Can you bear to be such an imposter ? I am sure there are many people who cannot ; who wildly buy something to save the situation. But I generally escaped myself. Apoplectic with conflicting emotions, I tottered to the door and sneaked into the boat (the firm's boat, the very boat that brought me), and found a sort of relief in stupor and exhaustion, while I made a shameful retreat.

The merchants who came to my tent were as plausible as the magnates on the river, but much greater rascals. I must relate the episode of the "foccus"-skin. Azad Bat, my headman, gave me a word of warning when we reached Srinagar. "Be on your guard"; said he, "what you hear in the villages is half true and half false; what you hear in Srinagar is wholly false; and especially do not trust these merchants, and if you want to buy any skins, ask me the proper price." I did not want to buy any skins, and I thought myself secure from danger in that quarter. However, one evening, when Azad Bat was out, there came to my tent a skin merchant, who offered to show me skins. I explained the whole situation to him; I was not interested in skins, but only in old brass; moreover, I did not know the price of skins and had promised Azad Bat not to buy any. He replied, that my attitude was very sensible, that he would not even attempt to sell me any, but he saw no harm in my looking at some. He had the pleasantest face and the most insinuating voice in the world; and his recommendations spoke with bated breath of his extra-

ordinary honesty.\* His skins, too, were perfectly beautiful, and at last my eye dwelt for a moment on that of a Yarkandi fox. He detected at once the wavering of the balance, and mentioned quite casually the price—Rs. 7 annas 8. Woe is me ! I succumbed to it; I counted out the shekels, and he departed. The skin I put away in my trunk, thinking to conceal my guilt. Half an hour afterwards Azad Bat reappeared, and in firm tones addressed me and said, "I hear the Presence has bought a "foccus"-skin; where is it ?" I drew it forth from my trunk, and displayed it, and he asked what I had given for it. "Rs. 7 annas 8," said I; "but observe what a magnificent—" "The proper price of this skin," said he, disregarding my plea, "is three rupees : you have brought this on yourself." I looked a doubt I did not venture to express; but every day afterwards, as long as I stayed in Srinagar, Azad Bat introduced a different skin merchant, who offered to sell me a "foccus" skin for three rupees.

You may also buy in Kashmir, and it is a good thing to buy, a specimen of the turquoise jewellery from Central Asia. It is popular jewellery, crude and unfinished, but unerring in taste and design. How much more pleasing is this than the spurious, which abounds in Kashmir and wherever else in the world education has begun to affect men. For one of the first fruits of education is a pretension to taste and culture, which is too ignorant and often too mean to spend the necessary money on these things and contents itself with spurious affectations.

The true popular art of Kashmir is music. There is much beautiful music lingering in the villages, and the tourist may easily hear it, at the cost of a little persuasion. Many a time I had a party of "zemindars" sitting round my camp, after nightfall, enlivening

\* Every trader in Srinagar has a volume of recommendations from visitors, residents, Residents and princes, all testifying to his excellent work and unimpeachable honesty.

the darkness with songs. Some were amorous, others religious; when I asked for their significance, I sometimes received no other answer than an uneasy grin; sometimes, "Death comes at last to all men; therefore, transgress not." I thought it would be well if the state would encourage this country music by annual "estedfods." They would cost little; surely they would be popular. And what deserves encouragement better than popular music in a country like Kashmir? By its agency the spirit of art elevates a life which whether hard or comfortable is always sordid, monotonous and void of outlook. Moreover the music which exists and is enjoyed there is genuine and elevating art. Would we had its like in England! Once indeed we had, in the days of the Tudors; but we are now a fallen race. Whether in the music hall or the drawing room we are content with the vulgar and the spurious; and the prospects of the future are too plainly indicated by the vogue of the gramophone and the pianola.

Of education in Kashmir I saw little, merely two schools that presented themselves by the roadside. At one village there was an establishment of twelve little Hindus and two Mahomedans who were learning English on the syllabic plan. They were seated in the open air, with the sunlight streaming on their books. The predominance of Hindus was natural; Mahomedans have their own course of study. Passing along a lane in Islamabad I heard a confused tumult arising from the earth, and stealing up a yard and down a step or two I found a small Mahomedan academy. They were buried in darkness; about a dozen boys learning the Koran. Learning, that is to say, what it sounded like, for the meaning neither they nor their pedagogue understood. Nevertheless, they were pleased to display their powers and picked out the Arabic symbols with ready skill. I understand Mrs. Besant is building

on these foundations, and she has planted Theosophic School and College at Srinagar. Her strategic eye has not overlooked the importance of Kashmir or the serious mischief which is being done by Christian missions there.

Having said much of the beauties of Kashmir, and the ease of life there, let me now paint in the shadows of the picture. To begin with there is the winter. Even in Srinagar snow sometimes lies on the ground for weeks in higher districts it lies for months. This means great misery for the poor, and the poor abound everywhere. Still, the winter is an evil that recurs, it can be foreseen and provided for. What is worse is the train of natural calamities that harass the country. There is no natural evil that does not constantly threaten it, and on a gigantic scale. Floods I have mentioned; they sometimes drown all the lower ground, and carry off miles of crops as well as thousands of houses. In the wake of floods and exceptional rain or snow come famines, which have plagued the country from time immemorial. An account of one is given in the *Rajatarangini*\*:—

"There was a heavy fall of snow all unexpected in the month of Bhadrapada, when all the land was covered with rice-crop ready for harvesting. In the fall of snow, white like the smile of the fiend of destruction, the hopes of the subjects for finding the means of livelihood perished along with the rice-crop in life which they are. Then ensued the ravages of a famine, which filled the earth with famished and emaciated skeletons. The 33 Some people in the pangs of hunger forgot shame, pride of rank. The father or the son preferred to feed himself though the other was in his last gasp for hunger. Loathesome skeletons fought with each other for food."†

\* I am indebted for this translation to a writer in *East and West* for, I think, April.

† It may be interesting to quote here the account given in the same work of the famine relief operations. The miraculous element in it cannot obscure the sterling sense of duty of the King and Queen.

"25 In this dire plight, the tenderness of heart of that Lord men was alone manifested. 26 Dispensing with his escort, he relieved

All this—and worse—must have been seen in Kashmir many times since, especially in 1877, when things were so bad that some people even ate their cows and were sentenced to penal servitude for life. The population on that occasion was reduced by two-fifths. But the Jhelum valley road having made the importation of grain possible, perhaps famine will be less felt in future; we cannot be so hopeful about cholera. This appears to be a feature of modern times in Kashmir, perhaps due to that same road, in accordance with the natural law that one worldly evil succeeds another. It appears in frightful epidemics, one of which was raging during my visit.

I had proof of it in many new graves among the iris, and in a curious ceremony by the roadside on one of my marches. I found three large pots of rice boiling, with a village squatting round them. Asking what was up, I learned that this village had escaped from the epidemic hitherto, and that morning

the distress of the sufferers by personal visits. 27 Having purchased food with their own treasure and the accumulations even of their ministers, the King and Queen saved their subjects from starvation. 28 Not a single soul suffering from hunger, whether in forest or cemetery or streets or in his own dwelling, was neglected. 29 When all his means were exhausted and no food left in the country, the King one night, in the anguish of his heart, addressed his Queen thus:—30 “O Queen! Verily through some sin on our part, this terrible calamity has befallen our unoffending subjects. 31 Fie on my luckless self, that my people are in distress and, finding no protector on earth, are dying when they deserve commiseration. 32 What have I to do in life when I am unable to save my people from this danger, when they are forsaken by each other and have no one to befriend them? 33 Somehow, all these days, the people have been fed by me, and none has succumbed to starvation. 34 (But) on account of evil times, the land has lost its virtue, and its greatness being gone, has become poor. 35 What then is the means to save the people from being swallowed up in the surging sea of calamity? 36 The Sun being obscured by a dismal day, the world seems to be robbed of light and is plunged on all sides in the darkness of the night of destruction. 37 The high roads leading outside the country being blocked and made impassable by the snowclad mountains, the people are now as helpless as birds shut up in their nests. 38 See how the brave, the intelligent, the learned, have all been made powerless by evil times. 39 . . . . 40 No resource being now left, I prefer now to offer this body to the fire than look on this destruction of my subjects. 41 Fortunate are those rulers of men who, looking on their subjects as their own sons, and

prayers had been offered for the future, and after the prayers alms were to be distributed, to wit, this rice, which all travellers were invited to partake of. A proceeding laudable in spirit, anyhow; and it recalled what I had once met with in Southern India, a rite for exterminating small-pox. This was effected by making a suitable image, performing mantras which drew the *devi* to reside in it, and wheeling it round the boundaries into the fields of the next village. I suppose the next village would pass the creature on; just as the *malis* of contiguous bungalows throw small reptiles over each other's walls.

Medical knowledge, though much needed, hardly exists. Accidents of all kinds are common; so are cancer, skin diseases, and sore eyes. There is a firm popular belief in the medical skill of white men, which often embarrasses the tourist. He has the physician's robes thrust upon him. If he pleads ignorance, the plea is not accepted. I did not wholly decline the office myself, trusting chiefly

seeing them happy in every respect, can sleep at ease at night.” 42 Having said this, and being overcome with emotion, he covered his face with his upper garment and laying himself down on his cot, sobbed piteously. 43 The Queen, on whom the steadily burning lamps were peering as if in curiosity, thus replied:—44 “O King! What delusion has come upon you through the misdeeds of your subjects that you wish to do what is fit only in ordinary mortals? 45 If one has not the strength to overcome great distresses, then, O King! what is the distinguishing mark of greatness? 46 What power can Indra and Brahma or that pitiful Yama have to disobey the orders of rulers who are true to their vows? 47 Devotion to their husbands is the duty of women, fidelity is the duty of ministers, and whole-hearted devotion to the welfare of their subjects is the duty of Kings. 48 Rise, therefore, O best of rulers, when have my words proved untrue? O King of men, your subjects have no fear of starvation.” 49 Having uttered these words in the enthusiasm of the moment, she prayed to her deities, and there was a shower of lifeless pigeons in the courtyard of each house. 50 The King having seen this in the morning, desisted from his intended self-immolation, and the subjects lived from day to day on the pigeons which fell down each night. 51 Verily, the virtuous Queen caused something else to be produced than pigeons for the subsistence of the subjects. 52 Because, it is impossible that the meritorious life of those who are distinguished for their unfeigned humanity towards all beings should be stained with the sin of slaughter. 53 By the austerities of the Queen, the sky in course of time became clear and famine left the land with the grief of the King.”—Editor, M. R.

to castor oil, quinine, and boracic acid, and if I may believe all I heard, these remedies are more potent than we generally suppose. I was called in once to a baby; she was gravely indisposed, they said, and had long declined all food. I found her swollen into a perfect globe, with hardly a trace of features or limbs. I do not know what complaint produces these symptoms; and I said so, but I prescribed castor oil and faith in Providence. Fortunately, on passing that village a week later, I learned, at least I was informed, that she had made a good recovery, and gone for a change of air. This was satisfactory; but the most satisfactory of all my medical experiences was different in its character. One day by the roadside I saw a little boy with his face damaged, and plastered over apparently with cow-dung. It appears he had been herding goats the night before, and tumbled off a rock. Now I do not much believe in cow-dung, whatever its mystic virtues may be, and I had my zinc ointment handy, so I halted the expedition and prepared to treat the case, (not having been asked to do so). Within a few minutes a concourse of people had gathered, including the father of the boy, and I thought it a good opportunity to inculcate in their rude minds the virtues of scientific cleanliness. So I had some water boiled, and a nice strip of lint prepared, and when everything was ready I sat down to wash off the cow-dung. But behold! it was not cow-dung at all, but chewed grass, of a kind esteemed for this purpose. And I found it made an excellent plaster, adhering very firmly, possibly curative, and certainly calling for no interference. So I left it alone; and I doubt if the assembly appreciated the higher wisdom of this course.

But it was a pleasant thing to find them able to do something for themselves. And I doubt after all whether anything is of much value to people except what they do in this way. Charity is no doubt an attractive programme. When we enter a mission hospital,

and witness the stream of helpless misery that flows into its doors, and the immediate relief that is often given, our hearts, be they hard as adamant, are powerfully touched and melted; we may even recall and half accept the uncompromising rule—sell all that thou hast and give to the poor. But the spirit of doubt, that is equal to the task of undermining much stronger convictions, does not leave this impulse alone. What is the fruit of all this charity, unless it rouses some virtuous efforts in those who accept it? If charity fails to effect this, (and does it ever succeed?) what is it but a gratification of our own sensibilities? You may answer, we must act without heeding the fruits of action; and these words seem to comfort many people in this country. But their true application is a problem; and they are wrongly used if used, as they sometimes are, to justify a charity which is contented to have relieved the immediate wants of ants, crocodiles and beggars.

If the state of Kashmir wants to do good amongst its humble subjects, I should say, let it find a few responsible men, equip them with simple medicines, and send them to tour among the villages, living in each of them a week or two, and patiently teaching the people a little about diet and hygiene. The day is not come for pompous reforms in these directions. But people might learn that it is not safe to plant a latrine in the middle of a stream and draw your water a yard or two away. Rivers are faithful servants of mankind, providing them with drinks, and carrying off their excrements, but it is possible to impose on their generosity.

It is getting time I brought this chronicle to a close. I will not do so without paying a tribute to Azad Bat. He is not likely to read these pages, so I may say what I like about him. He is then, at this present time, a young Mahomedan, of a well-to-do family, who makes his living as a shikari. I daresay he is

a very good one, at least he is properly imbued with the idea that the pursuit of shikar is the serious business of life. More than once he exhorted me to take it up. "You should procure a gun," said he, "and shoot two or three bears, and put their skins in your house. Every one is sent into this world to achieve something. On the Day of Judgment everyone will be asked what he has achieved. If a man can point to something, he will be all right." In vain I represented that three hundred miles of Kashmir, measured out with my Bombay legs, ought to count for something. He would not admit this, for he looked on walking as not less natural than breathing; and we had to differ on this point. But we had few other differences. He was a most excellent servant, faithful in all matters, incessantly active, enduring and courageous. He was also intelligent, tactful and good humoured, so that altogether I remember him less as a servant than a friend. We resolved on another excursion together, contemplating Yarkand and the Karakorum Pass. But whether creeping age and the infirmities of my purse will consent to this, or the authorities permit it, I cannot at present say.

One day near Amarnath, we found ourselves in a towering valley, which seemed to me the very culmination of mountain grandeur. Right opposite where we stood was a precipice of several thousand feet. The strata upon its side rose and fell in mighty billows, so coloured and discoloured by many forces of Nature that we felt the presence of countless centuries. And half to myself and half to Azad Bat I said, "How were these mountains formed?" Now he need not have answered the question at all; and he might have said, "who knows?"; but like a true Mahomedan he answered, without a pause, "By the power of God," (*Khuda-ke-hasrat-se*). I was greatly pleased with this; the substratum, as it were,

of his convictions cropping out on the surface. For this is the chief truth that the Semitic races have taught the world; the Arabian and the Jew alike. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." It is a common principle among the discordant systems of Christianity; and those who hold it need not be altogether hostile.

Kashmir of the future may not be quite the Kashmir of the past. It may become richer, when people learn to use its innumerable sources of wealth. Then perhaps the forests will be thinned out, and the bowels of the mountains explored for minerals. Roads will be made, and motor cars will run to and fro. The Woollar Lake is already being drained. Perhaps mountain hotels will rise up and perhaps Srinagar will become the Lucerne of the East. Certainly if the Swiss had the country, it would be very different from what it is. But whatever happens, for good or for evil, it will never become, for the active and reflective tourist, a more charming place. It is sufficiently accessible, without being spoiled by intruding luxuries. *Procul O procul este profani!*

P. S.—Should the reader desire any advice as to the time for visiting Kashmir, I think, on the whole the best season for a short visit is the spring. There may be some wet days, but the weather is cool, even in the lower districts, and the Lolab valley can be thoroughly enjoyed. The snows will still be low down; and the aspect of the country altogether that of an English spring. The fruit trees will be loaded with blossom; the chenars bare, but breaking into leaf, and nature everywhere stirring after the winter. The season will advance with magical speed; in June the foliage will be perfect, and the hillsides purple with roses. To visit the higher hills it is necessary to wait till July.

## PHILOSOPHY IN POETRY

YOU gave me an opportunity, only a few days ago, in connection with a "literary evening" of your Society, to listen to some beautiful papers on the Philosophy of Tennyson. Now when I am called upon to give a talk on "Philosophy in Poetry," I feel keenly that I am at a disadvantage in respect of the naming of the subject. It is easier far to speak about a single poet, or a number of poets in succession that one might make a choice of, than to speak about "poetry" in the abstract. *They* are human beings that one loves to think of as one's companions,—amongst the choicest that one is privileged to have in life; or it may be, as "kings," if we take Ruskin's word, whose "treasures" are thrown open to every one who comes and knocks with the right sort of "open sesame" in his mouth;—at any rate, they are beings of flesh and blood in relation to whom eye can look into eye, and heart beat with heart, whereby even its deepest secret may be yielded up to the inquirer. But it is not so easy directly to win her secret from the Muse herself, the nymph, the goddess, the Spirit,—filling and speaking through, and yet beyond and above all flesh and blood; not easy even to get a glimpse of her in her own person—the nameless One, having her secret haunts on the "Aonian mount, or the top of Oreb or Sinai or Mount Sion," or the groves and Asramas of Ind.

With all our monotheistic notions, it might still, I believe, with propriety be asked: Is the goddess of Poetry indeed one? Where is her home; what is her race, her colour,—what is the language she speaks? Is it Greek or Italian, or Sanskrit, or some dialect of the Teutonic speech? Has she indeed any philosophy

to teach; and is it the same philosophy that she has been uttering or singing forth, from age to age, from generation to generation?

As expressed in this universalistic form, the subject is undoubtedly of the deepest interest. I wish we had somebody amongst us, with the gift and the culture to speak to us about this Universal Spirit of Poetry; to interpret the divine language breathing through Sanskrit and English, Greek and Latin, German, French and Italian, but identified with or lost in none, soaring above and beyond all;—to unriddle the one divine message and philosophy it teaches; to put together and set to music, by co-ordinating into tones of a divine symphony,—the many-voiced songs of the ages—of Valmiki, Kalidasa, Bhavabhuti; of Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles; of Virgil and Dante; of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Goethe.

It would, of course, take a course of several lectures to expound and elucidate the subject from such a standpoint; for the subject, as thus understood, would mean the Universal Spirit of Poetry, and yet not Poetry in the abstract. I am not aware that any serious attempt has been made in this direction. Whenever any critic of the type of Matthew Arnold undertakes to interpret the Spirit of Poetry—to elucidate its significance, its appropriate subject matter, its bearings upon life—he usually starts with a conception of Poetry which is more or less purely ideal, resting upon some abstract definition of Poetry, wherefrom its characteristics and the main principles of its treatment are deduced with always some references to actual poets indeed but in the choice of them following simply the pleasure of the critic and using them only

by way of illustration. In a few cases perhaps, critics have been able to light upon some concrete unity of principle, and have tried to trace a continuous development of thought, the evolution of some self-unfolding Idea in a succession of poets belonging to a particular school, or age or country. I might mention, for instance, Stopford Brooke's "Theology in the English Poets," a book which, by the way, I remember, students of our generation read with the greatest delight and profit, but regarding which, I doubt very much if it is made much use of by our students of the present generation. But what I am thinking of is entirely different. Following what has been done in so many other departments of enquiry at the present day, I might say that what I mean is a transition from the pure abstract and deductive method (or if I might be excused for adopting a word German writers are fond of, the ideological method) to the historical and comparative method in the treatment of Poetic Criticism.

What I mean is that even when our object is to understand the significance of Poetry in itself and not the teaching of any particular poet, let us not trust solely to what ideal conception of Poetry we may have in our mind. Let us not, like the Platonists, think of the Universal Spirit as living in a world altogether beyond the world of the concrete, the world of individual existences, where the pure thought of the philosopher alone can pursue her. Let us not, on the other hand, when we think of individual poets, lose sight of the fact that the individual poet by himself is nothing, his whole significance lies in this that he is a breath of the Spirit of Song which is universal. Let us seek the Universal in the individuals, the abstract in the concrete, the one in the many. When this method is applied to the appreciation of Poetry, we shall find endless instruction and profit in the thought that the poets are many, and the schools of poetry are many—but there is one Spirit, one Genius, one

Goddess of Poetry—and through the ages, she sings the same song for the nations.

For observe that the lives of the nations, at least in those cases where these lives rise above the sordid or the mere commonplace, have been moulded in the main by two forces—their scriptures and their poetry. The voice of God, it is claimed, speaks through both; a claim of inspiration is made for both. But curiously enough, in the judgment of the world, it seems that a markedly discriminative treatment has been accorded to the world's scriptures and the world's poetry.

First as regards the scriptures and religions of the world, the most prominent fact about them perhaps is their relation of mutual exclusion and antagonism, their denial of one another; in many cases a bitter, relentless persecution of one another. It is only in recent times, that the idea of a toleration has dawned which has been throwing off one limit after another, growing more and more comprehensive, even world-embracing; so that now perhaps a sort of peaceful neutrality is established between the religions of the world, with even some degree of mutual recognition, and in rare cases even some mutual intercourse. But even now would it not sound as a startling announcement to many,—though when one comes to reflect ever so little upon it, one must be at a loss to make out why it should be so startling, and not one of the simplest propositions offered to the human reason,—that though the scriptures and religions are many, there is one God who speaks through them all, even the One without a second who is from everlasting to everlasting?

Let us contrast this with the treatment that is accorded to Poetry, almost universally. I mean, of course, only Poetry of the highest kind. She seems to have lighter wings, her power of penetration is subtler. The bounds of race, colour, nationality seem to offer no resistance to her footsteps. The vesture in

which she appears seems to be of no consequence, the fascination beaming out of her inner depths is all-conquering. Her votary is not jealous about the universality and variety of her worship and rejoices to recognize her under all forms, wherever she may have her temple, in whatever style built, in India or Greece, in England or Germany.

Dante, the Catholic, in whom "thirteen silent centuries found a voice," thirteen centuries dominated by the Theology of mediæval Christendom, accepted with reverence and love, as his master and guide, Virgil, the "heathen" poet of imperial Rome. Milton, the poet of Puritanism, drew his inspiration as much from Homer and the Greek tragedians, as from the Bible itself. Goethe found in a play of Kalidasa that which would—

Tennyson was enraptured with that "golden eastern lay," and

"A planet equal to the sun  
Which cast it, that large infidel  
Your Omar,"

and Jami, too, author of that beautiful poem "Salaman and Absal";—witness his lines to Fitzgerald.

This naturally makes one pause and reflect. You might say perhaps: But the explanation is not difficult. Because Poetry deals with feeling, and the feelings of the human mind are pretty nearly the same all the world over. Whereas religion is a matter of doctrine and faith, where there is scope for great difference according as the power of thinking and faculty of ideas vary; and hence while Poetry appeals to a man irrespective of creed, or country, or nationality, men cannot be expected to be so open-hearted, or indiscriminating in respect of religious doctrine, or principles of faith.

But the question is: Is it true that Poetry, *i. e.*, Poetry of the highest kind, deals with the source of feeling alone? In the illustrations I have taken, we have the names of some of those whose reputation is established beyond the shadow of a doubt, as world-poets. And the nature, commodity they deal in is not feeling alone. Less ridiculous, one were called upon to name some poets who might, by pre-eminence, be called *philosophical*, or still better perhaps *theological* poets, the very first names that would occur to such a person would be those of Dante, Milton, Goethe, Tennyson.

So the question that I want still to press on the and with some emphasis, is: Is the theolo-  
or the philosophy of Dante the same as that of the s  
of Virgil, or the faith of Milton the same as that of Sophocles; or again, in the case of Goethe and Tennyson, is there any correspondence between their life-principles and those of Kalidasa and Jami? How to account for the secret sympathy and harmony, the drawing close of spirit towards spirit, to which their writings bear such emphatic witness, the midst of such apparent radical differences?

This from my point of view, has an important bearing upon the subject that has been given to me. Is there any philosophy at all in Poetry? And if there is, how does it differ from the philosophy of the ordinary type with which we are familiar? Is the poet himself conscious of this philosophy? Which is the truer, higher, deeper,—the *inspired* philosophy of the poets, or the dogmatic philosophy of the schools?

It might be said at the very outset, in reply, that it would be out of place for the poet to put into, and for the reader to expect from his poetry, anything in the way of philosophy as we commonly understand it. The philosophy of the schools is in its very nature, pre-eminence, a matter for disputation. But the understanding, left to itself, is as much a cause of parting as of harmony between man and man.

Poet and man, and oftener than not, a serious  
als wit source of *mis-understanding*. Let this not be  
I havoken as a disparagement of philosophy. It is  
of those the very essence of the intellect, when left  
oud without restraint from other principles of our  
And nature, to hunt out niceties and invent end-  
alone. less riddles and enigmas in order to give zest to  
ets whts pursuits, particularly when making sallies  
losophy into the regions of the unknown, and handling  
l poiesis questions that ever tempt and ever baffle all  
to succours of solution. I believe Milton meant  
Miltono harm to philosophy itself when he makes  
is fallen angels discourse about it in Hell.  
o presOn the contrary it shows his genuine insight  
heologonto the nature of philosophy as well as that  
as that the so-called fallen angels, with a real sym-  
same gathy, full of a subtle kind of pathos, for both ;  
case and it might be shewn that his view is appli-  
resposable to schools of philosophy everywhere,—in  
nd thos India or ancient Greece, or mediæval Europe ;  
ount foud as a matter of fact he must have been  
e draw thinking of the latter two schools when he  
o whid composed those lines about the fallen angels,  
tness, who, in their prison-house in Hell where  
1 diffe Heaven's freedom was not,

Wandering, each his several way,  
\* \* \* as inclination or sad choice  
Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find  
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
The irksome hours \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Apart, sat on a hill retired,  
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.

This kind of philosophy, whatever its value  
and use, is not a fit subject for poetry. There  
have been poets perhaps who have introduced  
a good deal of controversial philosophy and  
dogmatic theology into their poetry, if not  
taken them up as special subjects for treat-  
ment, but in so far as they have done this, it  
might be said they have failed as poets.  
But there is another kind of philosophy, in  
itself *musical* and *mystic*, *undogmatic* and

*spiritual*, which is of the very essence of poet-  
ry. Let me again quote from Milton to de-  
scribe what it is :

How charming is divine philosophy !  
Nor harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
But musical, as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

And as a fine illustration of what this "di-  
vine philosophy" means, "musical as Apollo's  
lute" here is a short passage from what  
immediately precedes, upon which in fact the  
above remark is based :

"So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
And, in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear :  
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
Till all be made immortal."

Here we have the true ring of inspiration—  
a perfect blending of thought and expres-  
sion, the subtle weaving together of insight,  
beauty, love and hope which is a mark that  
the whole soul of the poet is in full bloom, and  
upon that Lotus-flower, as in the beautiful  
imagery of Hindu mythology, stands the god-  
dess with the Harp !

It would be hard and, it might be thought,  
cruel even, to put this kind of philosophy to  
the test of a critical analysis. Insight and  
beauty can be appreciated only by insight and  
love of beauty responding from within. And  
so the message of the poet works upon the  
soul of the reader. It comes out of the full  
soul, and not any fractional parts thereof  
(as controversial philosophy or dogmatic theo-  
logy does) and so makes its appeal to the soul  
of man, wherever there is a soul to appeal to,  
and is understood, and appreciated, and re-  
sponded to irrespective of creed and colour and  
nationality.

And yet a criticism which undertakes to analyse and elucidate such poetic philosophy has a value of its own. It makes for the reconstruction of philosophy itself in accordance with the revelation of poetry, and puts our everyday thinking into deeper harmony with the inner secrets of the soul. But what is the source of the poetic revelations themselves? Is poetic inspiration something that lies altogether outside the philosopher's ken? This is the deeper question for us to answer.

Plato, whose name, as Emerson makes out, stands identified with that of Philosophy, sets up a sort of antagonism between Philosophy and Poetry—and in his teaching, the former is glorified as the highest wisdom, the one end worthy of the pursuit of man,—the latter is degraded and described as a string of fancies and fables, not worthy of belief or serious notice, or a place even in the curriculum for the education of youth, worthy in many cases only to be shunned and discarded. Much of the poetry of Plato's time, and for the matter of that, of all time perhaps, must be open to this charge. But Plato had another view also. In his own way, he believes in poetic inspiration, subjects it to a sort of analysis in one of his dialogues, the "Ion,"—and behold, what we call inspiration or genius is nothing but a form of madness! The poet utters things noble and beautiful,—but he himself knows them not,—for he cannot discuss them and set forth their meaning in a philosophical way to the satisfaction of the philosopher! Like the priestess of Apollo at Delphi, he is but *an unconscious channel through whom and not from whom divine communications come to men.*

This also is a view which we at the present time cannot accept, and which the history of poetry does not tend to justify. Admitted that in our day, genius and inspiration continue as inexplicable as they were in Plato's. How shall we think of them? Some *breath* from above or from within for which the spirit

must *wait* but which it cannot *command*—philosophical reminiscences blooming into consciousness at the touch of some impulse, *brightness* which are really brought from some other world whence "trailing clouds of glory do we come, from God who is our home"; images and ideas crossing the "threshold" at the bidding of some hidden power and starting into life out of the "un-conscious," "sub-conscious" or "sub-liminal self,"—out of the hidden depths within the sub-whenceof the evidence is clear and convincing to the Spiritualist, but which common psychological knowledge knows nothing of? Whatever the explanation, we have to mark this. The images and ideas, or reminiscences and suggestions—*lived* or whatever they may be,—these divine communications, no matter where they come from, must be communicated through a *spirit*—which must be in a fit condition to receive them, and must also be a fit channel to communicate them to others. They may not insight the everyday thoughts of the mind of the poet; but, on the other hand, that mind must *sight* in to begin with, have some adaptation to the *spirit* being and must, in the long run, be also more or less only the subdued to its own ideal; for "oft conversing with these thoughts and moods must begin to cast a beam upon the mind which they visit and turn it by degrees to their own essence till all be made immortal." Whatever Plato might have thought, the long array of poets whom we can contemplate,—Valmiki, Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, Browning,—must make it once for all impossible to think that the poet is but an unthinking, unreflecting channel that the things he communicates are not his own. It is *his own spirit* that he communicates, every breath that comes from him, and must be a *part of himself*—only it is transmitted, transfigured self, touched with some glory which is not his own. Let us make ourselves perfectly clear on the point that "inspiration" is not "to madness nearly allied,"—it is the highest wisdom,—it is "divine

"*imman* philosophy" itself. Plato himself was a poet-to philosopher filled with such inspiration—  
se, witness his "Apology," his "Phædo," his  
e other "Symposium."

We are in danger of being on the wrong track sometimes, in consequence of the misapplication of the term philosophy so current in modern times. We are almost in danger of losing sight of the true meaning and hence with the substance of philosophy itself. Philosophy is now identified with discursive, analytical, psychological science, and so we speak of the science of the psychology, and science of ethics, and science of religion, and science of society, as all included under philosophy, while we never think of what philosophy in its essence means. But this is not what Plato meant by philosophy, a spirit this is not what the Hindu sage meant by it. The word in Sanskrit corresponding to philosophy is *Darsana*, which means, sight, vision, not insight,—and philosophy is that through which the soul gets a true sight of, a true insight into itself,—its own nature, the roots of its being. Such an insight or vision can come only through *spiritual realization*—which is a process essentially synthetic, wherein the soul must put forth its activity with all its mind and all its heart, and all its strength, and whereto all processes of analysis can but serve as a preparation.

It is such philosophy that is the end of the Poet also, for what he seeks is the *living realization*, and not a mere scientific study, of what the human soul is in its own nature,—of Love, Faith, Hope, Despair, Sorrow, Sin, Death, Immortal Life. Breaths and whispers of he knows not what stir in the hidden depths of his bosom, in the world around him, and he keeps his spirit in readiness to catch them, to record them. He has the "vision

and the faculty divine" to see things which others see not,—he has within him

"The light that never was on sea or land  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

He realizes that the world is in its essence spiritual,—governed by spiritual laws,—by love and hate, by faith and passion,—from a marriage to a blazing French Revolution. He chastens his spirit, holds converse with humanity, communes with the eternal deep—in order that he may discover and publish the secret of the working of these spiritual laws.

It seems to me that the poets have their right place by the world's prophets, the difference perhaps being, that men have doubted and quarrelled amongst themselves as to whether the prophets had indeed all the same message to deliver, but with regard to the poets a general agreement appears much more easily to be possible. They have touched this frail framework of a "temple" which we call the life of man with a gentle, loving hand, with combined reverence and compassion; they have not wanted to take the veil off the face of the "Great Mystery," to uncover the Holy of Holies to vulgar sight; the cold, stern face of the Sphinx they have lighted up, not killed her with a pert answer to her riddle, with a beam from their own eyes. They have set the soul of humanity to music. They have helped the triumphs and sorrows, the loves and hopes, the faiths and strivings of men to burst forth into a life of song. And I doubt not, if a day comes when men, all the world over, shall understand one another better, love one another better, serve one another better, the flower-offerings of a grateful world shall be laid first at the feet of the world's poets.\*

BENOYENDRANATH SEN.

\* Paper read at the College, Y. M. C. A., Calcutta, July 17, 1907.

## MODERN INDIA AND FRANCE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

**M**R. A. O. HUME, the accredited father of the Indian National Congress, on the eve of his departure from India in 1892, addressed a confidential letter to some of his friends in India in which he alluded to the French Revolution, when the hungry mob of Paris created disturbances with cries of 'Bread, Bread.' This letter was eagerly seized and published by some Anglo-Indian journalists. It is not necessary to refer to the means to which they resorted to gain access to this letter and their want of scruple in making public what was marked confidential. These journalists thought that Mr. Hume's allusion to the French Revolution was intended to incite Indians to do what the French people did to get rid of the oppressors of France. It was the guilty conscience of these journalists which made them think of things which in all probability never entered Mr. Hume's mind when he penned the letter. As the people of India are without arms, and differ very much in temperament and social organisation from the French, it is not likely, too, that there will ever be in India a bloody revolution like that in France. Indians are for the most part not a turbulent and blood-thirsty people. The horrors and anarchy of a bloody revolution are neither to their liking nor to their advantage. But, unless averted in time by true statemanship, none can say whether there may not be a revolution of a different sort, the exact nature of which it is not at present possible to prophesy. Mr. Hume knew all this as much as any other European.

The aforesaid journalists perhaps thought there existed parallels between the state of things in modern India under British rule and

that in France before the Revolution. The revolution was as much due to economical to other causes. The people of France were so much ground down to poverty by taxation that famines were of very frequent occurrence in that country in the 18th century. Thackeray writes in his *History of England*:

"Unpaid labour was exacted twice a year for making and repairing the roads. The sale of salt was a strict monopoly of the Government, and its price making full allowance in the alteration in the value of money, was eight times as high as in the present day. Bread was made artificially dear by the restrictions on the internal commerce of corn; similar restrictions were imposed on the internal commerce of wine and brandy, \* \*. Endless tolls and restrictions and ancient privileges, interlaced and impeded industry at every turn, and between ignorance and poverty and oppression, agriculture, over a great part of France, was little more advanced than in the Middle Ages. \* \* \* \*

"In this manner, France, in spite of its extraordinary advantages in soil and climate, its admirable geographical position, and the great energy and skill of its manufacturers, continued to be a poor country, and while its towns ranked among the most brilliant in Europe, every bad season reduced a great part of its country population to absolute famine \* \* \* \* \* In 1739 and 1740 the distress was such that nearly D'Argenson expressed his belief that in those years more Frenchmen died of misery than in all the reign of Louis XIV \* \* \* \* \*.

Turgot described Normandy, Flanders, Picardy and the districts around Paris and Orleans as flourishing, but he added that at least four-sevenths of France was cultivated by tenants who were absolute paupers, who held their land for the most part by the metay system, and who were very generally reduced to the most abject misery through the burden of the 'taille' and the oppression of the middleman."—Vol. VI, pp. 290-292.

What is the state of affairs in modern India? Every drought produces scarcity, which often

turns to famine. In fact, famines have become so frequent in India, that it has been calculated that more than 32 million persons died from it during the 19th century.

Many diseases follow on the wake of famine. No other country in the world offers such a field for the study of famine-diseases as India.

It has been said above that from its geographical position, France should not have been visited by famines. Does not the same remark apply to India? In one of his speeches, the late Mr. John Bright said:—

"I must say that it is my belief that if a country be bound possessing a most fertile soil, and capable of bearing every variety of production and that, notwithstanding, the people are in a state of extreme destitution and suffering, the chances are that there is some fundamental error in the Government of that country."

The same causes which were responsible for the frequent occurrence of famine in France before the Revolution exist in India to-day. and is very heavily assessed. Tenants in India also are mostly paupers and they are also reduced to misery through the oppression of the middleman. In some cases the middleman happens to be a foreigner. In the inaugural meeting of the *Anna-rakshini Sabha* held in Calcutta in the beginning of March, 1907, one of the speakers referring to the condition of the cultivators of Bengal truly said that \*\*\* the demand for cash has encouraged foreign merchants to advance money to cultivators in the produce of their lands. It makes the cultivator undersell his raw produce to foreign merchants and purchase rice for the maintenance of his family at a very high price.

Owing to the land being very heavily assessed, the cultivator is hopelessly in debt, and this has made the Government legislate for the ryot in many parts of India. But all these pieces of legislation are palliative measures, they do not touch the root of the evil.

Then, again, in India to-day, salt is a monopoly of Government and is besides very heavily taxed as it was in France before the Revolu-

tion. The salt-tax did not produce such evil consequences in France as it is doing in India. India is primarily an agricultural country, and salt is a necessity for the very existence of both man and beast. But owing to its being very heavily taxed, both man and beast in India are anything but in robust health. Cholera and plague, which are in some measure due to the salt-tax, are devastating the land and claiming victims by hundreds of thousands every year. These diseases were unknown in France during the period which preceded the Revolution.

Then there is the system of *begar* or compulsory labor in some provinces of India, which closely resembles that of unpaid labour in France in pre-revolution days.

India in the pre-British period possessed what are called village communities. Every village had its self-government and it was a self-contained and contented unit. But now under British rule, these communities have disappeared, which means that indigenous local self-government has ceased to exist. Such was the case in France also in the days preceding the Revolution. Lecky writes:—

"France had at one time possessed a very large amount of local and provincial self-government, but the institutions around which it centred had been one by one either annihilated or reduced to impotence."

How these remarks are also applicable to India!

Machiavelli (*Discorsi Sopra Tito Liv.* lib. I, c. 26) has said that when a sovereignty has been acquired by a usurper without right, and when he does not wish to govern by fixed laws, he can find no better way of maintaining himself upon the throne than by revolutionising at the very beginning of his reign all the old institutions of the State.

Much of the above applies with great force to the British connection with India. Most of the old institutions of India have been destroyed, unintentionally or otherwise, by

the modern rulers of India. According to Rousseau

"It is national institutions which form the genius, the character, the tastes, and the manners of the people; which give it its distinctive and exclusive type; which inspire an ardent love of country, founded on habits that can never be uprooted, which make life in other lands an intolerable burden."

So owing to the destruction of the old landmarks, the people of India have to a great extent become denationalized and depressed in spirit.

The French revolutionists were led to proclaim the "equality" of man because they suffered horribly by the cruel and oppressive treatment of the privileged classes. The privileged classes were exempt from taxation and possessed power which more often than not they abused. Mr. Lecky writes:—

"No maxim in politics is more certain than that, whenever a single class possesses a monopoly or an overwhelming preponderance of power, it will end by abusing it. Whatever may be the end of morals, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number' is undoubtedly the rule of politics, and a system of government which throws all power into the hands of one class, of the smallest class, and of the richest class, is assuredly not calculated to promote it."

The privileged classes in France were, however, Frenchmen. But in India we find power monopolised by a bureaucracy belonging to an alien race, having little sympathy with the

people of India. The condition of India then in this respect is worse than that of France in pre-revolution days.

In France the officers of the army were recruited from the ranks of nobles. Men of the middle class could never aspire to become officers. In India the commissioned ranks of the army are closed against all children of the soil irrespective of rank or education.

Many of the causes which brought about the French Revolution are present in India to-day. And as the medical man knows that preventive medicine is the order of the day, that the causes which produce disease should be removed, and that precautionary measures are always the best to adopt, so political wisdom and real statesmanship should lead those to whom the Government of India has been entrusted to take a lesson from the history of the French Revolution. They should remove all those causes which are creating discontent and disaffection and have made possible the frequent occurrence of famine and the lifelong semi-starvation of millions of the people in a land which nature intended to be a garden and granary of the world. If the object of history is to illuminate the present by the experience of the past, then the lesson to be derived from the French Revolution should not be lost on the present rulers of India.

Let us see that, whenever we have failed to be loving, we have also failed to be wise; that, whenever we have been blind to our neighbours' interests, we have also been blind to our own; whenever we have hurt others, we have hurt ourselves much more.

—Charles Kingsley.

We believe that obedience to duty is the way of life, and no one can do wrong without suffering. We believe in truthfulness, honesty of conduct, integrity

of character, wise and generous giving, purity of thought and life. We believe that no real harm can befall the righteous in life or death.—C. F. Dole,

I, too, weak, humble, and unknown, feeble purpose and irresolute of good, have something to accomplish on earth—like the falling leaf, like the passing wind, like the drop of rain. . . . I feel that I am free, though an infinite and visible power over me. —Longfellow in *Outre-Mer*.

## PANDIT BISHAMBAR NATH

ONE by one the old sturdy veterans have been departing from our midst. The latest to depart was Pandit Bishambar Nath, who passed away on the morning of the 9th of August at the age of 75. A life lived so long and so well as his cannot but be of the highest interest to the rising generation; it ought never to forget the obligation that it owes to these men—good and true—who in their day and according to their lights laid the foundation of our progress. We may not always agree with their views or their methods, their ideals may not always have been the same as ours, their manners and their very speech may appear to us as somewhat old-fashioned, but still they were the pioneers, among us, of those ideas which are moving us to-day, they were the first to develop the germs of public life, which we have yet further to develop, they were the first on whom the rays of light from the West fell. Is this not enough to make us reflect on their lives?

Pandit Bishambar Nath was born at Delhi on the 7th of November, 1832. His father was Pandit Badri Nath, a well-to-do and highly respected member of the Kashmiri Brahmin community of Delhi. His grandfather, Pandit Sada Sukh, was known to be a man of considerable culture, and had held in Hyderabad the important post of a Revenue Commissioner. On his mother's side, too, he was well descended. His maternal grandfather, Pandit Lachmi Narayan, enjoyed the reputation of a literary man. Both on his paternal and maternal sides he inherited literary traditions, and the traditions of the community to which he belonged were also distinctly literary. Nowhere more than in Kashmir has Mahom-

medan civilization and culture made a deeper and a more permanent impression. Whether the Kashmiris in Kashmir took to Mahomedan literature and culture voluntarily or whether it was forced upon them, will perhaps serve no useful purpose at this distance of time to enquire. But the fact remains that they achieved considerable success as writers of Persian prose and poetry, and the eminent position which most of them attained to under the Moghul Emperors was largely due to their literary talents. In the early part of the nineteenth century and perhaps right up to the Mutiny, a good training in Persian was considered to be a *sine qua non* for even Hindus in Delhi and Lucknow. So complete was the conquest of Mahomedan culture over the Hindu mind, that the very study of Sanskrit fell into disrepute among the Hindus living at the centres of Mahomedan influence and power. It is, therefore, not difficult to see why Pandit Bishambar Nath received his early education in Persian. That was the way with all Hindu boys in Delhi in those days, and he went the same way. He studied for a few years in a private *Maktab*, and showed great capacity for acquiring knowledge. Within a very short space of time he traversed a wide field in Persian literature. But just then the Delhi College was also beginning to attract the Hindu youth. It had trained half a dozen young men and careers of a new character had opened out for them. It was training others, and they felt the change from the *Maktab* as distinctly invigorating. But being a new institution, it had to conquer some prejudices. One of the prejudices against it in those days was that it was a *khairati* College, that is to say,

it did not charge any fee. The father of Pandit Bishambar Nath was, however, prevailed upon to send him to the College and he joined it accordingly in 1843. The College was in those days divided into two sections or 'departments.' One was the oriental, and the other English. Young Bishambar Nath first joined the oriental department and then received further education in Persian and Arabic for four years under such distinguished Indian and European *savants* as Maulvi Sabhai and Dr. Springer. He gave the greatest satisfaction to his teacher with his progress, and he became specially noted for his efficiency in composition. After winning many prizes in that department, he went over to the English in 1847. There, too, his progress was equally remarkable. The subjects of study were not many, and the nightmare of oft-recurring examinations did not oppress the students in those days. There was more personal contact between teachers and pupils. The names of Cargill and Taylor are still dear names to the surviving few of old Delhi boys. In about six years' time Pandit Bishambar Nath was able to read a good deal of English literature, mental and moral science and history. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and Dryden, Bacon, Addison, Hume, Adam Smith, Abercrombie, Paley, Macaulay and Elphinstone held the field then as some of them do even now. Even assuming that he read only the best in them, is it not remarkable that he should have been introduced to these authors within such a short space of time? It takes a student at present ten year's time to pass the Matriculation Examination, and all this is in the name of efficiency and thoroughness! Perhaps there was less of red-tape in those days, and perhaps, too, there was less of what is called 'inspection' and more of real instruction! If one of the tests of a person's proficiency in a foreign language is his power of expression in it, the Indian youth who received their education in English before the

Universities sprang up, cannot be said to have been an inferior lot. Confining ourselves to the Delhi College alone, we know that it produced many Indians who wrote English remarkably well. It would be difficult to condemn great men like Pandit Sarup Narayen, Pandit Mettalent, Lal Kathju, Ramchander, Shahamat Ali with Chandu Lal and Pandit Bishambar Nath. Great writers of what is now called 'Babu English' from them turned out to be men of an adventurous disposition, *e.g.*, Mohan Lal and Shahamat Ali. Both of them were experienced and accomplished travellers. Not only did they see much of Asia but they also travelled over parts of Europe. It is true that it was mainly due to their official circumstances that they had to go out of the country, but it must be remembered that it required extraordinary courage to overcome popular prejudices at that time. Both of them and specially Shahamat rose to great eminence in the political department. The success of Pandit Sarup Narayen and Dharam Narayen was no less remarkable. The former rose to be a Political Agent. Ramchander acquired fame as a great mathematician and it was not confined to this country alone. Mookund Lal rose to be one of the most distinguished doctors and Bishambar Nath to be one of the most distinguished lawyers in Upper India. Delhi College was thus represented and represented well in nearly all departments of activity.

In 1853 Pandit Bishambar Nath left College for Dehra Dun when The District Judge of Arrah wanted a young man for the office of translator and the judge's choice of the Principal of the Delhi College fell on Bishambar Nath. It was not without regret that he left College -- for his education was not yet quite complete. But as he often told the present writer, the pang of separation from Delhi was great. For, though the imperial glories of Delhi were gone, and it was no more than a mere district, it was still the

to become and centre of a culture and civilization, the spell of which had not yet vanished. The King of Delhi was still there, though he was a king without a kingdom. In his person presented a rallying centre for all literary talent. Zank, Ghalib and Momin still vied with one another in singing the praises of the Great Moghul who had fallen on evil times. From their poetry people derived their literary inspiration, and the poetic jousts in which some of these masters took part were a recognised institution of Delhi and afforded much innocent pastime to the easy-going Delhites. There were others, too, better known to fame than their day, who kept the flame of the old culture still burning. The very idiom of Delhi, its manners, and its historical associations at the and social life must have caused grief to the unfortunate youth who had to leave it in quest of livelihood. The poet Ghalib has a beautiful couplet in which he refers to this idea. But they were already becoming painfully conscious of the change in the conditions of life which was gradually coming on.

There is not much of interest in Pandit Bishambar Nath's life at Arrah. He soon became a favourite with his judge, who appreciated his literary abilities. The judge and the translator read together some Shakespeare and one evening the former proposed to the latter that he should go to England at the former's expense to complete his education. He, however, declined it politely. In 1856 his father died and he left Arrah for Delhi. He had not long been at Delhi when he was appointed translator in the Judge's Court at Agra. Shortly after, the Mutiny broke out. For a few months during these troublous times he acted as Bakshi in the Police Department. But this office could hardly be congenial to him and when order was restored, he was appointed Bench Reader in the Sudder Dewany Adawlut. In 1859 he went up for examination in law and having passed it, again joined the

Translation Department. He started practice as a vakil on the day that the High Court for the North-West Provinces was founded. His knowledge of English, added to his natural keenness and a thorough grasp of legal principles, soon brought him into prominence in the profession. For over 20 years he commanded a most lucrative practice and shared the leadership of the vakil side of the profession with such eminent vakils as the late Munshi Hanoman Prasad and Pandit Ajoodhia Nath. In the early eighties, when the appointment of an Indian judge to the High Court was being talked of, his name was frequently mentioned along with others in that connection. Ill-health made it necessary for him to retire from active professional life in 1893.

His public life was a long record of useful work done quietly and unostentatiously. His connection with the Congress was earlier than that of Pandit Ajoodhia Nath. In 1892, he was president of the Reception Committee of the National Congress at Allahabad. He was in extremely feeble health at that time, he had had a stroke of paralysis a few weeks before, and though the late Mr. Bonnerjee and other leaders personally requested him not to come over to the Congress Camp, he could not bear the idea that he should absent himself from the meeting. He did attend it and delivered a speech which will always take a high place among the speeches delivered on that platform. He was then elected a member of the local Legislative Council and of the Supreme Council at Calcutta, where he represented these Provinces for six years. His speeches in Council bear ample testimony to his stern independence and sagacity. When the law relating to sedition was being passed, he made several animated speeches which drew the admiration of even some of the official members.

After his retirement from the Supreme Council, he was not often seen in public,

though whenever duty called him out, he came out and spoke. The last important public meeting which he presided over at Allahabad was the one held to protest against the attack on Indian character by Lord Curzon as Chancellor of the Calcutta University. He was also present at the Benares Congress and made a short speech there.

In private life, he was characterised by an extreme gentility and affableness. As a conversationalist in Urdu, there were few to equal him and none to surpass. Full of pithy sayings and suggestive anecdotes, a subtle humour and a scrupulous avoidance of foreign words, he was a most delightful and polished conversationalist. He was a storehouse of information about the antiquities of Delhi, and extremely fond of history.

He read enormously in English and Persian, and his love of reading did not forsake him to the last. He was a constant reader of newspapers, he followed with unabated interest the growth and development of some recent movements and discussed them with his visitors, and always exercised a sobering and moderating influence on those who came into contact with him. In social matters, he was tolerant of the new spirit and went so far as to preside over the Social Conference of the Kashmiri Brahmins in 1903, and delivered a speech which, if it did not satisfy those who

would march faster than others, bore witness to his sympathy with the progressive tendencies of the day.

He never sought honour, but there was no man in these Provinces who was more honoured by his countrymen than he. The young and the old, the Hindus and the Mahomedans, all held him in the highest esteem. Only last year Sir James Digges LaTouche shortly before he retired from the governorship of the Provinces, paid him a quiet visit. It was impossible to come into contact with him and not to be struck with the simplicity of his life, the overpowering and yet unaffected courtesy of a bygone generation, the wide range of his knowledge, the modesty of his judgment and the moderation of his tone. Above all what won for him the reverence of his countrymen was the absolute purity of his life and his unflinching loyalty to truth.

There may be nothing extraordinary in his life, but the very fact that he lived a life devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, culture and truth, inspired by a fervent love of his country and guided by the highest principles of conduct, firm without being aggressive and gentle without being weak, ought to make him an example to his younger countrymen. It is by men like him that the old culture will be judged and the new light justified.

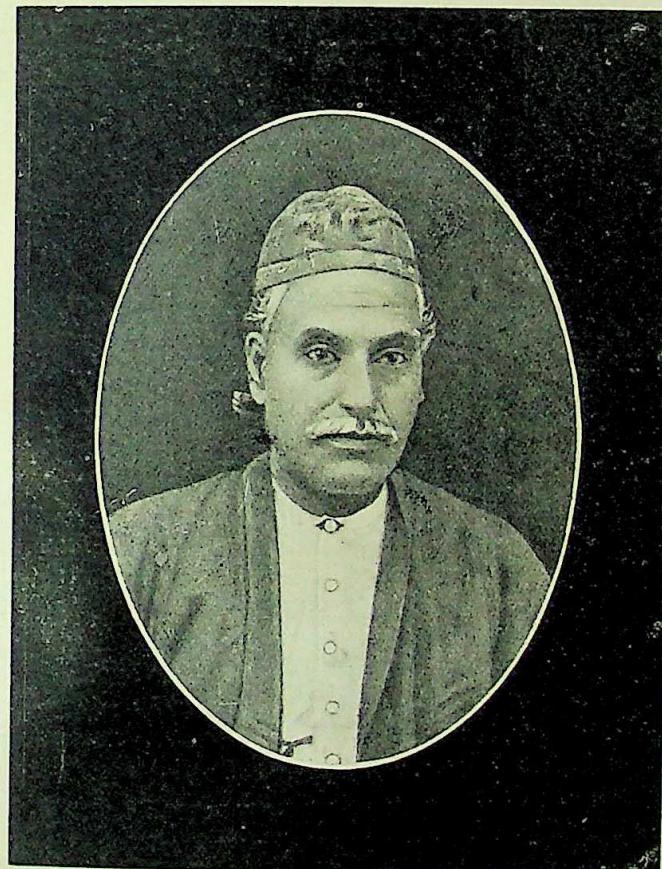
TEJ BAHADUR SAPRU

"Reformers must always be open to the taunt that they find nothing in the world good enough for them. 'You write,' said a popular novelist, to one of this unthanked tribe, 'as if you believed that everything is bad.' 'Nay,' said the other, 'but I do believe that everything might be better.'

"Such a belief naturally breeds a spirit which the easy-goers of the world resent as a spirit of ceaseless

complaint and scolding. Hence our Liberalism has frequently been taxed with being ungenial, discontented, and even querulous. But such Liberals will wrap themselves in their own virtue, remembering the cheering aphorism that 'those who are dissatisfied are the sole benefactors of the world.'

JOHN MORLEY.



### THE LATE PANDIT BISHAMBARNATH.

This portrait represents him as he was some 20 years ago. No later photograph is available. But there was not much change in his appearance.

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Affectionately yours  
Helen Keller



HELEN KELLER AND MISS SULLIVAN.

## HELEN KELLER AND ANNE SULLIVAN

"Hail Friendship! Since the world began,  
Heaven's kindest, noblest boon to man."

It is good to turn aside now and again from the turmoil of disputation and political warfare, to take note of the battles which are being fought in the realms of daily life; where Evil and Ignorance, with their vast progeny, are so constantly assailing mankind; but where also goodness and knowledge, strengthened by the divine messengers of Hope and Patience, go forth under Love's command, to withstand and overcome the foe. Let me tell you something of one such victory obtained by means of these allied forces, in a quiet little homestead far away, in one of the Southern States of America; where a young child, shut off, one might say, from every possibility of happiness,—having completely lost the senses of sight and of hearing, and with the latter, the power of speech,—was recalled into 'fullness of life,' by her devoted teacher and friend; whose excellent educational training, sympathetic imagination enabling her to keep in real touch with her pupil (and patient devotion to her work, could one have made such a victory possible.

In a small town of northern Alabama lived Captain Keller. At the time my story begins he was married for the second time; and with his young wife and his two sons by the first marriage, resided in his own homestead, Ivy Green, so-called because the house, trees and fences were all clad in beautiful English ivy. Besides the dwelling house there was another long building on the estate, the latter consisting of two rooms, one large and one small, with an entrance porch, the whole being so completely hidden by vines, roses and honeysuckle, that it looked just like an arbour, and

was the favorite haunt of humming birds and bees.

It was in this lovely spot that Mrs. Keller's little daughter, Helen, was born on June 27th, 1880. For twenty months no brighter or healthier baby could be found. Then, alas! when she could run about and was just beginning to talk, a terrible misfortune happened, for she was attacked by a very serious form of illness,—congestion of brain and stomach, accompanied by high fever,—so that for days her life hung in the balance. But her vigorous constitution triumphed, the fever left her and gradually health and strength returned, though, sad to say, the senses of sight and hearing were gone for ever.

We can readily picture to ourselves the grief of the parents at this sudden calamity, and understand their terrible feeling of helplessness. As years went on, and Helen became stronger and more vigorous, she became more and more difficult to manage. Every one loved and pitied her, but she seemed to have but little capability for loving in return; and though she followed her mother everywhere, and learnt to use signs, and could be made to understand some things, yet the failure to make others comprehend her meaning would bring on fits of rage that were both painful and perplexing to her parents. Love for her they had, patience they had, but knowledge of how to train their darling they did not possess; therefore, they set themselves earnestly to the task of finding some one who could help them. Mrs. Keller's great hope was in the remembrance of an account given by Charles Dickens of a girl, Laura Bridgman

by name, who had been deaf and dumb and blind like Helen, but who had been taught in a wonderful manner by a certain Dr. Howe, at an institution in Boston, Massachusetts. After consulting with some of the best doctors, Captain Keller wrote to Boston, where Dr. Howe's work was being carried on, after his death, by his son-in-law, and asked if a teacher could be sent out to him (a thousand miles away!) who would undertake the charge of his little daughter. It was in response to this appeal that in March 1887, when Helen was nearly seven years old, that Miss Anne Sullivan arrived at Ivy Green, when—as Helen Keller wrote some years ago—‘a power divine touched my spirit, and gave it sight.’

Anne Sullivan was barely twenty-one when she came to Helen. She herself had been almost totally blind for some years of her childhood and, until she was fourteen, she could scarcely be said to have begun her education. But she had an understanding mind, and great talent, so that she made rapid progress in her studies when she once began. Trained in the institution where Dr. Howe had done his splendid work, she seems to have caught some of his spirit and was exactly suited to the difficult task which lay before her.

Helen had been made to understand that some one was coming on that eventful day, and rushed forward to meet Miss Sullivan so violently that she almost knocked her down. Then she felt her face and dress and bag, which last she tried to open, evidently expecting to find some ‘candy’ there, turning very restive when her mother took the bag away. Here is an extract from a letter written by Miss Sullivan to a friend three days after her arrival, telling of her first efforts.

“Helen helped me unpack my trunk when it came and was delighted when she found the doll. I thought it a good opportunity to teach her her first word. I spelt ‘d-o-l-l’ slowly in her hand and pointed to the doll and nodded my head, which seems to be her sign for possession. She looked puzzled and felt my hand, and I repeated the letters. She imitated them very

well and pointed to the doll. Then I took the meaning to give it back to her when she had made the letters; but she thought I meant to take it from her, and in an instant she was in a temper, and tried to seize the doll. I shook my head and tried to spell the letters with her fingers; but she got more and more angry....I let her go, but refused to give up the doll. I went downstairs and got some cake (she was very fond of sweets). I showed Helen the cake, spelt ‘c-a-k-e’ in her hand, holding the cake towards her. Of course she wanted it and tried to take it, but I spelt the word again and patted her hand. I made the letters rapidly, and I gave her the cake which she ate in a great hurry, thinking, I suppose, that I might take it from her. Then I showed her the doll and spelled the word again, holding the doll towards her as I had held the cake. She made the letters ‘d-o-l’ and I made the other ‘l’ and gave her the doll. She ran downstairs with it, and could not be induced to come into my room again all day.”

Thus was the first lesson given. It seems strange to hear of things being shown to a blind child, and one constantly finds Helen talking of how she sees this thing or that. But if we think, we shall understand that it is the brain which apprehends the seeing, and the blind can, therefore, be said to see, in this sense, though not by means of the eye.

It was terribly uphill work at first. Helen's manners at table were dreadful. She would put her hands in the plates as they were being passed, and ‘grabbed’ whatever she wanted; when checked she would kick and scream for half an hour together, and this would distress the father and mother so much that they could not bear the ‘contest of wills’ being continued, and urged the new teacher to give in for the sake of peace. Her days' experience made it quite clear to Miss Sullivan that she must have the little girl to herself for a while if she was to gain proper control over her; the child must have to depend wholly on her until she had learnt trust, love and obey her; and so, after a long talk with Mrs. Keller, it was decided that Miss Sullivan and Helen should go into the small annex (before referred to) and inhale

the large room, while a little negro boy should occupy the smaller one, and do anything that was necessary. The first day there was a terrible struggle when Helen found that Miss Sullivan was going to sleep with her; the second day she was quieter, but rather homesick, and on the third, things began to go quite smoothly; Helen was not only happier, but she was beginning to learn two or three more words, words connected in her mind with definite objects, but thus far, not actually *standing for the object*.

The bright sunshiny spirit of the young teacher was also beginning to have its effect on the child and it was not long before little Helen felt that her teacher could also be a merry companion, entering into her games and frolics with joy and fun. And thus Miss Sullivan was gaining ground, and proving the truth of her opinion when she had written :

"I have thought about it a great deal; and the more I think, the more certain I am that obedience is the gateway through which knowledge, yes, and love, too, enter the mind of a child."

Two weeks after the arrival of the teacher—only two weeks, observe!—Miss Sullivan's letter to a friend tells of her opening victory.

"My heart is singing for joy this morning. A miracle has happened! The light of understanding has shone upon my little pupil's mind, and behold, all things are changed!"

"The wild little creature of two weeks ago has been transformed into a gentle child. She is sitting by me as I write, her face serene and happy, crocheting a long red chain of Scotch wool. She learnt the stitch this week, and is very proud of the achievement. When she succeeded in making a chain that would reach across the room, she patted herself on the arm, and put the first work of her hands lovingly against her cheek. She lets me kiss her now, and when she is in a particularly gentle mood she will sit on my lap for a minute or two; but she does not return my caresses. The great step—the step that counts—has been taken. The little savage has learned her first lesson in obedience, and finds the yoke easy. It now remains my pleasant task to direct and mould the beautiful intelligence that is beginning to stir in the child-soul."

A week later and the pair returned to the home, the father and mother having promised that Miss Sullivan should be allowed to do what she thought best for their child, without interference on their part; for they had been greatly impressed by the wonderful influence for good that the young teacher had already gained.

Of course it was not to be expected that from this time all was smooth sailing; but the difficulties became weekly less and less, and Helen, who was extremely bright and quick, learnt with great rapidity; and it is interesting to note the list of words that she had learnt within the first four weeks. Here they are. *Doll, mug, pin, key, dog, hat, cup, box, water, candy, eye, finger, toe, head, cake, baby, mother, knife, fork, spoon, saucer, tea, papa, bed; sit, stand, walk, run.*

Miss Sullivan soon found that many of the methods which had been advocated in her educational training, were not suited for use with her little pupil; set times for lessons were given up, and almost all their time was spent in the garden, watching the men at work, hunting for eggs, feeding the turkeys, and having a merry romp together.

In a letter to her friend she says, "I spell in her hand everything we do all day long, although she has no idea as yet what the spelling means," except of course the few words which she had mastered. The teacher still took entire charge of her little pupil, so that they grew closer and closer into each other's confidence, and Miss Sullivan writes, "I like to have Helen depend on me for everything, and I find it much easier to teach her things at odd moments than at set times."

It was just a month after the teacher's arrival that the next great step was taken. At first, as already said, the *word* was understood as only *associated* with the *thing* it stood for, in Helen's mind; as yet she had not learnt that it actually represented it. This made a difficulty in such words as *mug* and

water, as the two were associated together, and so were easily confused; and it is interesting to read Helen's own account of the wonderful morning which remained stamped indelibly on her memory, when a new revelation came to her, through an apparently quite inadequate cause.

"Miss Sullivan had tried to impress it upon me that 'm-u-g' is *mug* and that 'w-a-t-e-r' is *water*, but I persisted in confounding the two. In despair she had dropped the subject for the time, only to renew it at the first opportunity. I became impatient at her repeated attempts and seizing the new doll, I dashed it on the floor. I was keenly delighted when I felt the fragments of the broken doll at my feet. Neither sorrow nor regret followed my passionate outburst. I had not loved the doll. In the still, dark world in which I lived there was no strong sentiment or tenderness. I felt my teacher sweep the fragments to one side of the hearth, and I had a sense of satisfaction that the cause of my discomfort was removed. She brought out my hat, and I knew I was going out in the warm sunshine. This thought, if a wordless sensation may be called a thought, made me hop and skip with pleasure.

We walked down the path to the well-house, attracted by the fragrance of the honeysuckle with which it was covered. Some one was drawing water, and my teacher placed my hand under the spout. As the cool stream gushed over one hand she spelled into the other the word *water*, first slowly, then rapidly. I stood still, my whole attention fixed upon the motion of her fingers. Suddenly I felt a misty consciousness as of something forgotten—a thrill of returning thought\* and somehow the mystery of language was revealed to me. I knew then that 'w-a-t-e-r' meant the wonderful cool something that was flowing over my hand. That living word awakened my soul, gave it light, hope, joy, set it free! There were barriers still, it is true, but barriers that could in time be swept away.

I left the well-house eager to learn. Everything had a name, and each name gave birth to a new thought. As we returned to the house every object that I touched seemed to quiver with life. That was because I saw everything with the strange, new sight that had come to me.

\* It seems that among the words Helen had learnt to say before her terrible illness was *water*, and that she had continued to make a sound like it—"wah-wah!"—for some time after all other speech was lost.

On entering the door I remembered the doll I had broken. I felt my way to the hearth and picked up the pieces. I tried vainly to put them together. Then my eyes filled with tears; for I realized what I had done, and for the first time I experienced repentance and sorrow..... I learnt a great many new words that day..... must have been difficult to find a happier child than I was as I lay in my crib at the close of that eventful day, and lived over the joys it had brought me, and for the first time longed for a new day to come."

Thus does Helen recall the wonderful revelation many years after it occurred; but it is also most interesting to read a letter written on the very day about this 'something very important,' by Miss Sullivan herself.

"Helen has taken the second great step in her education. She has learned that everything has a name, and that the manual alphabet is the key to everything she wants to know."

Then follows the story of the water, very similar to that given above. Miss Sullivan continues:

"The word coming so close upon the sensation of cold water rushing over her hand seemed to startle her. She dropped the mug and stood as one transfixed. A new light came into her face. She spelled 'water' several times. Then she dropped on the ground and asked for its name, and pointed to the pump and the trellis; and suddenly turning round she asked for my name. I spelled 'Teacher.' Just then the nurse brought Helen's little sister into the pump-house, and Helen spelled *baby* and pointed to the nurse. All the way back to the house she was highly excited, and learned the name of every object she touched, so that in a few hours she had added thirty new words to her vocabulary."

P.S.—I didn't finish my letter in time to get it posted last night; so I shall add a line. Helen got up this morning like a radiant fairy. She has flitted from object to object, asking the name of everything, and kissing me for very gladness. Last night when I got in bed, she stole into my arms of her own accord, and kissed me for the first time; and I thought my heart would burst, so full was it of joy."

It was on this firm foundation, now securely obtained, that Miss Sullivan began to build patiently, hopefully working, and ever on the alert to use every incident or thought that

... doll I have as likely to further her purpose. Space picked... will not permit us to follow the various stages together... Helen's education, but those who have the I realize... opportunity of reading THE STORY OF MY LIFE\* me I... will find that volume of great interest; here ay.... must confine myself to alluding to a few child... of its main points.

When Miss Sullivan described Helen in the first letter after her arrival, she says of her... face,—"it is intelligent, but lacks mobility, or... but it is... something," also that "she rarely... miles." One year later, when Helen had... been taken by her teacher to Cincinnati, the... letter writes:—

Everyone is delighted with Helen. All the learning... men marvelled at her intelligence and gaiety. There is something about her that attracts people. Everything... think it is her joyous interest in everything and everybody..... Her happiness impressed all; everybody seemed to pity her. One gentleman said to... Keller, 'I have lived long and have seen many... faces, but I have never seen such a radiant... as this child's, before to-night.'

And all this change in appearance was the result of development in the heart, mind and... Helen was now ready to join others... on the study, and Miss Sullivan took her to the... to the Boston Institute, where she had been herself... educated; there they spent together a year or... two, passing their summer holidays often by... the sea.

Let us pass on and take another peep at... Helen when she had been five years under her... teacher's guidance. She is now twelve years... There has come a startling change since... she saw her last. For the gift of speech has... been bestowed, and—in a sense—the gift of... hearing, though this latter is attained, not by... the ear, but by the touch. We have already... alluded to the almost magic power exercised... over her young life by the word 'water,'... at one word remembered out of the few... secured... had learnt before her terrible illness,... to build... which for some time after she had... continued... THE STORY OF MY LIFE, by Helen Keller. Hodder and Stoughton, London.

nued to utter in imperfect fashion. She did this with evident pleasure; and indeed she always retained a great desire to give forth audible sounds; and she loved, too, to put her hands over her mother's mouth, and feel the movement, and try to imitate it. When ten years old she met a lady from Sweden, who told her how a little girl living in that country, blind and deaf like herself, had actually learned to speak, through feeling the movements of the mouth and the vibrations of the throat. This fired Helen's enthusiasm, and she so earnestly begged to be allowed to learn, that Miss Sullivan took counsel with a lady, Miss Fuller, who had given the subject of articulation serious study. The upshot of the consultation was that Miss Fuller offered to try to teach Helen; and, so apt a pupil was she, that in eleven lessons she had mastered the chief difficulties, and, finally, with very constant practice, she was able to converse quite easily. Her joy at being able to speak the first connected sentence, 'It is warm,' was intense; and the knowledge that now she could speak to her little sister gave her supreme delight.

Further, Helen also learned to understand what people said, if they spoke distinctly, by feeling their lips; and this was a great gain, as it materially enlarged the circle of those with whom she could converse.

Another method of communication was found to be of great value to teacher and pupil, and that was a modified form of the Morse telegraphic code, where the alphabet is made up of dashes and dots. This had been taught Helen by a cousin a couple of years before, and the two had enjoyed using it, as a change from the manual alphabet. Miss Sullivan found that if she tapped with her foot—with long and short taps—the vibrations were carried quite plainly to Helen, even when they were a few feet apart and thus they could easily convey a message to each other without being in direct touch.

Helen's senses of touch and smell were extremely acute, and she often made use of the latter to guide her where she wished to go ; and, in a conservatory, would be able to pick out and name all the different flowers by their scent.

If we look at some of the letters which she wrote at this time, we cannot but be struck by her readiness of composition and powers of expression. Of course this is largely due to the fact that Miss Sullivan was constantly at hand to 'show' her the scenery (through her graphic description), to explain to her all difficulties, and to draw forth thought ; but it needed the work of both *together*—the secret of all real power—to enable the seed to bring forth such a rich and full harvest.

Helen continued her studies, with her teacher's help, in two other schools after she had left the Perkins Institute in Boston,—that City of Kind Hearts, as she called it,—and made excellent progress in languages, literature, mathematics &c., and finally her great desire was accomplished, that of going to college ; this meant the passing of examinations with all the special difficulties proceeding from her inability to see and hear as others could ; but she was successful and wrote, July 1899,

"I passed in all the subjects I offered, and with credit in advanced Latin. But I must confess, I had a hard time on the second day of my examinations. They would not allow Teacher to read any of the papers to me, so the papers were copied for me in Braille. \* This arrangement worked very well in the languages, but not nearly so well in Mathematics. Consequently I did not do so well as I should have done, if Teacher had been allowed to read the Algebra and Geometry to me."

It must not be supposed that because Helen was so fond of books that she had no thought but for study. She revelled in out-door life,

\* The Braille type is the raised type used for printing books for the blind.

and that she was not in-expert in various forms of active exercise, we may learn from the following extract from a letter written in the holiday time.

"I am out of doors all the time, rowing, swimming, riding, and doing a multitude of other pleasant things. This morning I rode over twelve miles on my tandem (bicycle). I rode on a rough road, and fell off three or four times, and now am awfully lame ! But the weather and the scenery were so beautiful, and it begins to be such fun to go scooting over the smoother parts of the road, I didn't mind the mishaps in the least."

And now, how this beautiful young life is going to be lived, who shall say ? The very twenty-seven what wonderful possibilities it contains. At least even, thus far, the world is all the richer for these two, the teacher and the pupil. For surely even this slight sketch of what they have accomplished in the face of so many difficulties, must bring hope and encouragement to the hearts of those who are grappling with arduous tasks which to prosaic on-lookers appear to be impossible.

The future must be left to tell its own, 1886 story, but the good wishes of all who have heard of the pair of devoted friends may follow them wherever they may go. Let us conclude with a few words of Helen Keller about herself and Miss Sullivan.

"At the beginning I was only a little mass of possibilities. It was my teacher who unfolded and developed them. When she came, everything about me breathed of love and joy, and was full of meaning. She has never let pass an opportunity to point out the beauty that is in everything, nor has she ever tried in thought, and action, and example, to make my life sweet and useful.....How much of my dearest life, 17 in all things beautiful is innate, and how much due to her influence, I can never tell. I feel that her being is inseparable from my own, and that the footsteps of my life are in hers. All the best which belongs to her—there is not a talent, or an airy station, or a joy, in me that has not been awakened by her loving touch."

MARIAN PRITCHARD  
Ho...  
andson

## WHY PERMANENT SETTLEMENT WAS GRANTED TO BENGAL

my talk. " And when the parties to a treaty make any very  
high-flown professions as to their motives, \* \* we feel  
that the somewhat as a wary magistrate feels when counsel  
begins to take a very high moral tone ; he knows that  
there is some hole in the argument, and he looks about  
at least." see where the hole is. \* \* But when we come  
young life manifestoes, proclamations, \* \* here we are in  
say ? the very chosen region of lies ; \* \* yet they are  
destructive lies ; they are lies told by people who  
know the truth ; truth may even, by various pro-  
cesses, be got out of the lies ; but it will not be got  
the teach of them by the process of believing them. He is  
this slight child-like simplicity indeed who believes every  
word of Parliament, as telling us, not only what certain  
persons must have done, but the motives which led them  
to do it ; so is he who believes that the verdict and  
sentence of every court was necessarily perfect  
righteousness, even in times where orders were sent  
beforehand for the trial and execution of such a  
man." (Freeman's *Methods of Historical Study* ; Lon-  
don, 1886, pp. 258-259).

who hold "Foreigners disbelieve in the existence of the philanthropic ideas and feelings amongst us, they naturally believe that when we allege them as a ground for international action we are using them as a cloak to cover ulterior ends."—*The Times, London, September 8th, 1896.*

To understand why the land revenue was permanently assessed in Bengal in 1793, it is necessary to know the condition of Bengal in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, as well as the causes that led to it. The battle of Plassey fought on the 23rd of June, 1757, did not confer any rights of conquest on the East India Company. In fact, the battle was fought for a treacherous cause, the best of which the company prostituted their military strength. They got better terms for their trade (for as yet they were only merchants and not rulers in India), and those who participated in the battle were very handsomely rewarded. For eight years after

that battle, although the military occupation of Bengal was in their hands, they were not the civil administrators of the country. From 1765, when they secured the grant of the Dewany of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa from the Moghal Emperor of Delhi, they became the virtual masters of the country. One would expect that the portion of the country over which the Company had obtained jurisdiction would be governed on those received principles of statecraft which every government professing to be civilized, acts upon. But the Anglo-Indians of the days of Clive and Warren Hastings had hardly any sense of honor and honesty in them. They behaved like a pack of hungry wolves or vultures in their dealings with the people of this country, which had been entrusted to them for purposes of administration. It was on this account, that Burke described them as "birds of prey and passage in India;" and Herbert Spencer wrote of them:--

"The Anglo-Indians \* \* showed themselves only a shade less cruel than their prototypes of Peru and Mexico. Imagine how black must have been their deeds, when even the Directors of the Company admitted that 'the vast fortunes acquired in the inland trade have been obtained by a scene of the most tyrannical and oppressive conduct that was ever known in any age or country.' Conceive the atrocious state of society described by Vansittart, who tells us that the English compelled the natives to buy or sell at just what rates they pleased, on pain of flogging or confinement. \* \* \* A cold-blooded treachery was the established policy of the authorities. \* \* Always some muddled stream was at hand as a pretext for official wolves."<sup>11</sup>

But as years rolled on and the English obtained a firm footing in the country, instead of matters improving, they grew from bad

to worse. The terrible calamity known as the Bengal Famine of 1770 was brought on by the heartless selfishness of the Company's servants in India. Says Thomas Campbell:—

"Did peace descend, to triumph and to save,  
When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave ?  
Ah, no !—to more than Rome's ambition true,  
The nurse of freedom gave it not to you !  
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
And, in the march of nations, led the van !  
Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,  
Degenerate trade ! thy minions could despise  
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries ;  
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,  
When famish'd nations died along the shore ;  
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear  
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;  
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame ! "

It may be said that Campbell being a poet is not to be relied upon for historical accuracy. But Campbell depended solely on historical facts for his terrible indictment against his co-religionists and compatriots in India. In a foot-note to the verses quoted above, he writes:—

"The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage.

"After describing the monopoly of salt, betelnut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—'Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some

<sup>o</sup> Is this policy of making a corner in grains being pursued now?

<sup>†</sup> "The drought in Bengal, a few years ago, might probably have occasioned a very great dearth. Some improper regulations, some

districts the languid living left the bodies of the merchants, numerous dead unburied.'"—(Short History of English Transactions in the East Indies, page 145).

In their despatch, dated London, 18th December, 1771, the Court of Directors wrote to Mr. Warren Hastings, Governor of Bengal, re account

"We therefore shall not hesitate to declare, that necessary have received such information as will not permit us to doubt, but that several of our Council who were members of the Board at the time of the Despatch, signed the "Lord Mansfield" in April, 1771, and many of the servants in the different districts of the country appointed as supervisors of the collection of revenues, had in manifest violation of our order entered into a combination, and unduly exercised the power and influence derived from their stations, order to carry on a monopoly in the several articles of salt, betelnut and tobacco; and that they had been so far lost to the principles of justice and humanity as to include rice and other grain in the same destructive monopoly; by which an artificial scarcity was made of an article so necessary to the very being of the habitants."\*

It is an established fact of history that the terrible famine of 1770 which swept away one-third of the population of Bengal was brought on by the heartless policy which those who called themselves Christians.†

Adam Smith in his *Wealth of Nations* writes:—

"It is the interest of the East India Company, of every sovereign, that the European goods which are carried to the Indian dominions, should be sent there as cheap as possible; and that the Indian goods which are brought from thence, should bring thence as good a price, or should be sold there as dear as possible. But the reverse of this is their interest as merchants. As sovereigns, their interest is exactly the same with that of the country which they govern. As merchants, their interest is directly opposite to that of the country, and

"But if the genius of such a government, even the most to what concerns its direction in Europe, is in that an manner essentially and perhaps incurably faulty, it is a very great fault of its administration in India is still more so. The administration is necessarily composed of a country, and

injudicious restraints, imposed by the servants of the East India Company upon the rice trade, contributed, perhaps, to turn dearth into a famine."—(Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*).

merchants, a profession no doubt extremely respectable, but which in no country in the world carries along with it that sort of authority which naturally overawes the people, and without force commands their willing obedience. Such a council can command obedience only by the military force with which they are accompanied, and their Government is, therefore, necessarily military and despotical. Their proper business, however, is that of merchants. It is to sell upon their masters' account, the European goods consigned to them, and to buy in return Indian goods for the European market. It is to sell the one as dear and to buy the other as cheap as possible, and consequently to exclude as much as possible all rivals on the particular market where they keep their shop. The genius of the administration, therefore, far as concerns the trade of the company, is the same as that of the direction. It tends to make Government subservient to the interest of monopoly, and consequently to stunt the natural growth of some arts at least of the surplus produce of the country to that is barely sufficient for answering the demand of the company. \* \* \* \*

"The monopoly of the company can tend only to stunt the natural growth of that part of the surplus produce which, in the case of a free trade, would be exported to Europe. That of the servants tends to stunt the natural growth of every part of the produce which they choose to deal, of what is destined for home consumption, as well as of what is destined for exportation; and consequently to degrade the cultivation of the whole country, and to reduce the number of its inhabitants. It tends to reduce the quantity of every sort of produce, even that of the necessaries of life, whenever the servants of the company choose to deal in them, to what those servants can afford to buy and expect to sell with such a profit as may please them. \* \* \* \*

"The real interest of their masters, if they were incapable of understanding it, is the same with that of the country, and it is from ignorance chiefly, and the want of a sense of mercantile prejudice, that they ever used to oppose it. But the real interest of the servants is no means the same with that of the country, and even the most perfect information would not necessarily be an end to their oppressions. \* \* \* \*

"The administration wishes to get out of the country, and consequently to have done with the government as soon as he can, and to whose interest the day after he has left it, and carried his whole fortune with him,

it is perfectly indifferent though the whole country was swallowed up by an earthquake. \* \* \* \*

"Such exclusive companies, therefore, are nuisances in every respect; always more or less inconvenient to the countries in which they are established and destructive to those which have the misfortune to fall under their government." \*

The extracts given above show how the cultivation of the whole country was degraded, the natural growth of its surplus produce stunted and the number of its inhabitants reduced, as the result of the exploitation of the country by the East India Company and its servants.

The land assessment was so heavy that a very large number of the people left off cultivation and so many gardens were turned into deserts. Sir Sumner Maine, in his *Popular Government*, p. 48, writes:—

"An experience, happily now rare in the world, shows that wealth may come very near to perishing through diminished energy in the motives of the men who reproduce it. You may, so to speak, take the heart and spirit out of the labourers to such an extent that they do not care to work. \* \* The failure of reproduction through relaxation of motives was once an everyday phenomenon in the East; and this explains to students of oriental history why it is that throughout its course a reputation of statesmanship was always a reputation for financial statesmanship. In the early days of the East India Company, villages 'broken by a severe settlement' were constantly calling for the attention of the Government; the assessment on them did not appear to be excessive on English fiscal principles, but it had been heavy enough to press down the motives to labour, so that they could barely recover themselves."

In the sentences italicised in the above extract will be found the real reason for the grant of the Permanent Settlement, which is often designated by Anglo-Indians as a concession to the natives of Bengal. The merchants constituting the East India Company were obliged to grant the Permanent Settlement to Bengal because otherwise they were unable to raise any revenue at all to pay dividends to their shareholders and carry on

\* Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Chapter VII, part III.

the administration of the territories they had come into possession of by means which will not stand any scrutiny.

Call the Permanent Settlement granted in 1793 a concession if you like. The East India Company had obtained the Dewany of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa in 1765. During thirty years the Company exercised its sovereign power by crushing the industries and manufactures of Bengal. Mr. R. C. Dutt, in his *Economic History of India* (p. 44), writes :—

" Trade and manufacture declined under a system of monopoly and coercion. \* \* British weavers had begun to be jealous of the Bengal weavers, whose silk fabrics were imported into England, and a deliberate endeavour was now made to use the political power obtained by the Company to discourage the manufactures of Bengal in order to promote the manufactures of England. In their general letter to Bengal, dated 17th March, 1769, the Company desired that the manufacture of raw silk should be encouraged in Bengal, and that of manufactured silk fabrics should be discouraged. And they also recommended that the silk-winders should be forced to work in the Company's factories, and prohibited from working in their own homes. "

" This regulation seems to have been productive of very good effects, in bringing over the winders, who were formerly so employed, to work in the factories. Should this practice [the winders working in their own homes] through inattention have been suffered to take place again, it will be proper to put a stop to it, which may now be more effectually done, by an absolute prohibition under severe penalties, by the authority of the Government." \*

" This letter," as the Select Committee justly remarked, " contains a perfect plan of policy, both of compulsion and encouragement, which must in a very considerable degree operate destructively to the manufactures of Bengal. Its effects must be (so far as it could operate without being eluded) to change the whole face of that industrial country, in order to render it a field of the produce of crude materials subservient to the manufactures of Great Britain." †

The weavers, traders, artisans and craftsmen with their occupation gone had to take

\* Ninth Report of the House of Commons' Select Committee on Administration of Justice in India, 1783, Appendix, 37.

† Ibid, p. 64.

to cultivating the land for their subsistence a stipend. Agriculture has been the chief source of there app livelihood of the natives of India. But under the rule of the East India Company, the land Sudd assessments were so heavy, that in Bengal little w it did not pay the people even to plough the land. Consequently, that which was once a garden presented the spectacle of a desolate people desert. So the European merchants could not so. To raise revenues to satisfy the greed of themselves co-religionists and compatriots. It should be remembered that the whole of India had not then come under the jurisdiction of the company and so their tenure of Bengal was still precarious. There was nothing to prevent the people from emigrating in large numbers to the adjacent provinces and conspire and intrigue against the English. This must have been realized by some among them, and as land was the only source of subsistence left to the people, no wonder that the land revenue was proposed to be permanent "having settled. Of course the greedy Directors of the Company were demanding an increasing revenue from the land, but one man at least at Sir Philip Francis—saw it was impossible for his co-religionists to remain as rulers of Bengal if they did not come to any arrangement regarding the revenue administration of that province. It is necessary to last state that Sir Philip Francis was a member even the council of Warren Hastings, the first Gove, the viceroy-General of India. In that capacity, he recorded a minute in 1776, urging the necessity that existed for permanently fixing the land revenue demand of the State. In the course of that minute, he wrote :—

" The greater part of the zamindars were ruined and dispossessed of the management of their lands and there were few people of rank and family left, who of those who had formerly held high employment such as there were, looked for large profits, who the country could not afford them and pay the rents also. People of lower rank were, therefore, of necessity employed as Amils or collectors on the parting ten the Government. These people executed a contract the

possession a stipulated sum for the district to which they were appointed, and in effect they may be considered farmers of revenue. They then proceeded from the Sudder, or seat of government to the districts, to settle with the zemindars or tenants for the revenue they had engaged to pay. \* \* \*

The Jumma once fixed, must be a matter of public record. It must be permanent and unalterable; and the people must, if possible, be convinced that it could not be so. This condition must be fixed to the lands of themselves, independent of any consideration of who should pay the immediate or future proprietors. If there be any hidden wealth still existing, it will then be brought forth and employed in improving the land, because the proprietor will be satisfied that he is labouring for himself."

The above minute was recorded in 1776, but Permanent Settlement was not granted until 1793. It took seventeen long years for the Directors of the East India Company to consider these proposals. At one time they were even opposed to let the land on leases for lives or in perpetuity. They wrote that "having considered the different circumstances of letting the land on leases for lives or in perpetuity, we do not, for many weighty reasons, think it least at present advisable to adopt either of these impossible methods."

But the rapacious policy of the English merchants led to the depopulation of the country every day. So the authorities were at last compelled to fix permanently the land revenue demand of the State in Bengal. first give, therefore, say again, that although it is a concession, looked upon by some as a concession, it was no concession at all. A writer signing himself "Ich Dien" contributed to *Capital* about eight years ago a series of articles on "The Permanent Settlement." He wrote:—

"When dispassionately discussed, it will appear most clear to every one how the settlement of 1793 was arrived at to the full advantage of the Government \* \* \* \*."

"It will startle most people to know that at the time of the settlement only an eleventh share of the crops was given to the landlords and that the remaining ten-elevenths were appropriated by the State to the public. \* \* \* \* In the face of

these facts there are not wanting men, both here and in England, hot-headed patriots and editors of newspapers, who fulminate in and out of season the incredible story that in the settlement the zemindar was the one party who was benefited, and that the Government and the cultivator were cheated outright.

"If ever there was a great question of administration decided upon what seemed at the time to be sound economic arguments, it was the Permanent Settlement of Bengal. This is the independent opinion of no less a man than Dr. Hunter, whose views cannot be easily impugned. \* \* \* \* But while the Government and the ryot got the lion's share in the bargain, the zemindar, who was to bear the heat and brunt of the action, had to content himself with an insignificant title! The history of the Bengal zemindars for half a century after the settlement is a record of ruin and disaster—a record which demonstrates that the assessment at first was calculated and fixed at a most unconscionable amount. \* \* \*

"The utility of a permanent tax depends on its amount. If it be a moderate one, its permanence is a boon and a blessing to the country; but it can never be so if, as in this case, it was exorbitant, higher than the land could bear and out of all proportion to the progress of cultivation. There were then hardly sufficient data for the proper adjustment of the tax to the capacity of the soil. It was at length hurriedly fixed at the average amount of collections for the last three years, no margin having been allowed for years of dearth and famine, pestilence and flood. Then there arose a wail that the country was overtaxed. From this high taxation has ever any systematic reduction been made? Never, as a rule. On the other hand, accumulating arrears have always been realized with great strictness, and every method of extortion been practised in order to realize as large a revenue as possible! \* \* \* \*

"The standard revenue of Todar Mall seems to have been all that the land could bear. All subsequent augmentations were attended with cruelty and oppression, which reached its height in the reign of Meer Cossim, who was set up by the English, whose policy was to ascertain in this way the produce of the land before assuming the supreme power of the country."

The writer then institutes a comparison between the Bengal zemindars and the landlords in Great Britain. In the latter country, the land-tax is only four shillings in the pound

on the rental of the kingdom or only one-fifth of the rental. In Bengal, when the Permanent Settlement was about to be concluded, the State took three-fifths of the produce of the country and the remaining two-fifths were shared between the zamindars and the *raiyats*. So the land tax in Bengal was three times as heavy as in Great Britain. But if the subsequent imposition of the Road, the Public Works, the Zamindari Dawk and the Sanitary Drainage cesses, be taken into consideration, it will be found that the zamindars of Bengal put in more money into the coffers of the State than the landlords of the British Isles.

The same writer says:—

"The land-tax in France amounts to about an eighth part of the net produce of the land. In Bengal it was fixed at half of the proceeds from the soil, and this is quadruple of what it is in France."

"Unlike England, the letting out of land is fettered here by legislative measures and suits about rent are of frequent occurrence. In England it is quite free, and there are no rent suits. Under this system an English landlord accepts the tenant who is the cleverest farmer and can offer the highest rent. Thus agriculture improves there without Government interference."

So the Permanent Settlement of Bengal was no concession at all to the people of that province. It benefited the Government more than anybody else. It is the revenue derived from Bengal which enabled Lord Cornwallis (the author of the Permanent Settlement) and all his successors till the time of Lord Dalhousie to go to war against the native princes of India and bring the different provinces of this country under the jurisdiction of the East India Company. Says a writer in the *Calcutta Review*:—

"The provinces (i. e. Bengal, Behar and Orissa) are by far the most wealthy and productive in the whole Empire. It is from the resources of the Gangetic valley alone that Government is furnished with any surplus funds; that it obtains the sinews of war, and is enabled to clear off the debts it had contracted. Of the upper and lower division of this valley, it is the lower or that comprised in the Government of Bengal,

which has been a main stay of the public finance and in  
Though it does not comprise more than a tenth of the  
territory subject to the British crown in India, it  
yields two-fifths of the revenue."\*

The Government of India would not have been 'furnished with any surplus funds' and obtained sinews of war, had they not granted Permanent Settlement to Bengal under the conditions which they themselves were not a little responsible in bringing about. Incidentally we may mention that although Bengal helped the British in founding and extending their Empire in India by furnishing them not only with soldiers who were natives of the province but with the sinews of war as well, yet some of them possess such a fine sense of honour and gratitude that they take particular delight in abusing and ill-treating the people of that province. But then the habits of thought having been formed by political life, it is small wonder that they should lack all feelings of gratitude towards the people of Bengal; for, says Lecky:—

"In political life gratitude is of all ties the frailest, the most precarious." †

It is clear then that the permanent fixation of the land revenue demand of the State in Bengal was no concession at all, and its grant was not due to any motive of philanthropy, but was prompted by considerations of political and financial expediency. The Permanent Settlement benefited the government of the East India Company, a fact which the Anglo-Indians of these days are loth to admit.

On this point we add below the testimony of Raja Rammohun Roy taken from his *Revenue System of India*.

"Q. 37. Has the government sustained any loss by concluding the permanent settlement of 1793 in Bengal, Behar, and part of Orissa without taking more time to ascertain the net produce of the land, or waiting for further increase of revenue?"

A. The amount of assessment fixed on the lands of these provinces at the time of the permanent settlement (1793), was as high as had ever been assessed

\* Calcutta Review, Vol. III, January 1815, pp. 167-168.  
† Lecky's History of England, Vol. IV, p. 106.

and in many instances higher than had ever before been realized by the exertions of any government, Mohammedan or British. Therefore the government sacrificed nothing in concluding that settlement. If it had not been formed, the landholders (*zamindars*) would always have taken care to prevent the revenue from increasing by not bringing the waste lands into cultivation, and by collusive arrangements to elude further demands; while the state of the cultivators would not have been at all better than it is now. However, if the government had taken the whole estates of the country into its own hands, as in the ceded and conquered provinces and the Madras Presidency, then, by allowing the landholders only ten per cent. on the rents (*Malikanah*), and securing all the rest to the government, it might no doubt have increased the revenue for a short time. But the whole of the landlords in the country would then have been reduced to the same wretched condition as they are at present in the ceded and conquered provinces of the Bengal Presidency, or rather annihilated, as in many parts of the Madras territory; and the whole population reduced to the same level of poverty. At the same time, the temporary increase of revenue to government under its own immediate management would also have soon fallen off, through the misconduct and negligence of the revenue officers, as shewn by innumerable instances in which the estates were kept *fixing*; *i. e.* under the immediate management of government."

"In my paper on the Revenue System I expressed an opinion that the permanent settlement has been beneficial to both the contracting parties, *i. e.*, the government and the landholders. This position, which, as regards the former, was long much controverted, does not now rest upon theory; but can be proved by the results of about forty years' practice. To illustrate this, I subjoin the annexed statements, Nos. I. & II., shewing the failure of the whole amount of the public revenue at Madras under the Ryotwary system as contrasted with the general increase of the revenue of Bengal under the zumeendary permanent settlement; the latter diffusing prosperity into the other branches of revenue, whereas the former (or Ryotwary system), without effecting any material increase, in that particular branch, has, by its impoverishing influence, tended to dry up the other sources of Revenue: a fact which must stand valid and incontrovertible as a proof of the superiority of the latter, until a contrary fact of greater or at least equal weight can be adduced."

"STATEMENT 1ST.—*Bengal, Behar and Orissa.*

"By a comparative view of the Revenues of Bengal, Behar and Orissa, from the period of the Perpetual Settlement, it appears that, in the thirty-five years, from 1792-3 to 1827-28, there was a total increase on the whole amount of the Revenue of above 100 per cent. (101.71), and that this increase has been steady and progressive up to the present time; in the first seventeen years (from 1792-3 to 1809-10) it was about 42 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; in the next eighteen years (from 1809-10 to 1827-28) 43 $\frac{8}{10}$  per cent., and in the last ten years of that period (from 1817-18 to 1827-28) it was nearly 30 per cent.

"These results are extracted from the Second Report of the Select Committee on the Affairs of the East India Company in 1810, p. 80; the Second Report of 1830, p. 98. In 1815-16, the revenue of Cuttack was incorporated with that of Bengal, but in 1822 the revenue of this Province did not exceed 185,000/-."

"STATEMENT 2ND.—*Madras.*

"By a comparative view of the revenue of the old British territory in Madras, it appears that during the same period of thirty-five years (*i. e.* from 1793 to 1828), there was an increase of only about 40 per cent., 40.15 on the total amount of the whole revenue. That the increase during the first seventeen years (from 1793 to 1810) was 43 $\frac{23}{100}$  per cent.; that in the next eight years the increase was only about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and that in the last eighteen years, (*i. e.* from 1810 to 1828) there has been a decrease of 2 $\frac{15}{100}$  per cent.

"These results are extracted from the Second Report of the Select Committee on the Affairs of the East India Company in 1810 (p. 88); Second Report of 1830 (p. 98), and Minutes of Evidence, 1830-31."

Assuming for the sake of argument that the motive which led the merchants constituting the East India Company to grant Permanent Settlement to Bengal was philanthropic, why was it not extended to other provinces of India? Why should philanthropy be confined to Bengal? As a matter of fact, such a promise was held out to the natives of the Upper Provinces by the British Indian Government. We read in H. Colebrooke's minute of 1808:—

"Government is pledged, by the proclamation of the 4th July, 1802, and 11th July, 1805, to conclude a Permanent Settlement with the landholders, at the expiration of the periods there specified, \* \* \* \*

"The pledge which has thus been solemnly contracted cannot be forfeited without such a glaring violation of promise as would lose us deservedly the confidence of the people. \* \*

"It appears to be a very prevalent opinion, that the British system of administration is not generally palatable to our Indian subjects. Admitting this opinion to be not unfounded, it follows that while they taste none but the unpalatable parts of the system, and while the only boon which would be acceptable to them is withheld, the landed proprietors, and with them the body of the people, must be more and more estranged from the government, in proportion to the expectations which they formed, and the disappointment which they will have experienced."

The author of the *Economic History of British India* writes that the Directors

"had been once influenced by circumstances to sacrifice a prospective increase in their profits for the good of a nation. \* \* The Directors were never guilty of such generosity again." \*

The Directors cautioned the Governor-General in India

"in the most pointed manner against pledging us to the extension of the Bengal fixed assessment to our newly acquired territories." †

In all civilised countries, the land revenue demand of the State is permanently fixed; and in granting Permanent Settlement to Bengal, which, as shown above, the Government of the day were influenced by the circumstances to grant, there was no out of the way concession made from any philanthropic considerations. Had it been so, they would have redeemed their pledge to the inhabitants of other provinces also.

Those who attribute any altruistic motives

\* *Economic History of British India*, p. 181.

† Despatch of 27th November, 1811.

to the authorities of the East India Company or their servants for the grant of the Permanent Settlement to Bengal are ignorant of the principles which their Government were laying down for carrying out the administration of their Indian possessions in the very year of the grant of the Permanent Settlement to Bengal. In 1793, Mr. Barlow, as Secretary to the Indian Government, drew up the minute on which the Bengal Regulations were based. According to him,

"The two principal objects which the Government ought to have in view in all its arrangements, are none can insure its political safety, and to render the possession of the country as advantageous as possible to the East India Company and the British nation."

Kaye, whose opening chapter on the administration of the East India Company is the authority for the above extract, truly observes:—

"The servants of the Company had been for nearly two centuries regarding the natives of India only as so many dark-faced and dark-souled Gentiles, whom it was their mission to over-reach in business, and over-come in war. \* \* Barlow, who sat at the feet of Cornwallis, was far in advance of his predecessor—far in advance of the great mass of his contemporaries. There may be expressions in his suggestion to jar upon the sensitive chords of modern philanthropy; but we must read it, not with the eyes of men just awakening, as it were, from dreams of conquest, and only then ceasing to look upon the inhabitants of India as a race of men to be defrauded and subdued."

Reading the above can any one believe that the grant of the Permanent Settlement was made from altruistic motives involving sacrifice of revenue?

The feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the

beauty of God's working—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment—a lustful their higher missions.—Ruskin.

## THE CRY OF THE MAGDALENE

It is a sign of the times that leaders of public opinion are beginning to voice their indignation against that dark misery—the social evil. Amongst the problems of life in India none is shrouded in deeper perplexity, none hides a deeper national jeopardy, and none calls for greater clearness of speech than the sorrowful problem of how to deal with the strongholds of privileged licentiousness. I hear from our great cities the bitter cry of my Indian sisters, bound in the chains of my brother's lust; and from ten thousand villages the cry is re-echoed by fair daughters of the land, offered with relentless cruelty and unimaginable horrors upon the desecrated altar of human passion. Some one has said "whatever happens in the world, has its sign which precedes it. When the sun is about to rise, the horizon assumes an infinite gradation of colours, and the east seems on fire. When the tempest is coming, a hollow sound is heard on the shore and the waves heave as if stirred by some strange impulse." Be it the dawn of a brighter day, or a storm that heralds a fight of evil forces against the good, let it be realized that the hour is at hand. This problem of the social evil must be faced, fearlessly, frankly for good or ill. Happy is he who faces it with an optimistic faith.

To some have come dark visions of the inexorable laws of nature, and impurity's awful nemesis, so silent, so just, fills the heart with blank despair. To others, man's sympathy for man, and woman's sympathy for woman have given visions of the sorrows of impurity, and a longing has been awakened to save men from the deeper pollutions of a lustful life, from its bitter memories, its cruel

retributions, and its inevitable destiny. To me has come the vision of the Magdalene herself, that girl of happy childhood, unconscious of the evil influence that was marking her beauty, plotting her ruin, and dogging her footsteps to the fatal day of her first fall—girl of a gentle nature, so easily destroyed, so hard to restore; victim, because tender of body and soul, to one unclean and lascivious, heartless, ruthless, vile, poisoner of the springs of a beautiful life, destroyer of individual, social, and national good character. That Magdalene's cry has not come to me as I have sat comfortably in an easy chair dreaming of her sad lot, but as I have stood and talked with her face to face, when the best and the sweetest in her is a faded memory, when she has become a stranger forever to all the gladsome experiences of a pure life, when she has drunk deep of moral poison, and both body and soul are polluted with the terrible effects of her foul vice, when the partner of her guilt walks the city uncondemned, while she—poor girl—is relegated to the vicious haunts of darkness, branded with infamy, robbed of hope, called an outcast, sold of body and ruined of soul! Yet I see within her the divine stamp of womanhood. It was God-given and brutal man cannot efface it. She is some one's child: some one's sister, and might have been mine. Would that I could voice her misery and cry aloud as she might cry, had she the power and influence to make herself heard.

First of all might she not appeal to what is noblest in manhood, and point from her destroyer to his inmost soul. *It is man's duty to live in purity.* Let the cynic sneer, let the epicurean smile—man's moral nature and

his God-given conscience condemn the sexual vice. In every land, among all peoples, this principle though challenged has never been proved false and wherever civic or national life has lived contrary to it, degradation, misery, destitution and finally destruction have inevitably followed. The appeal to history is decisive. What men and nations sow, they reap. The necessity of unchastity in man is an audacious falsehood and "that old and chartered lie" must go.

Further she might say, "*it is man's duty to suffer woman to live in purity.*" The curse of India is the tendency to accept an unequal standard of morality for the sexes. Her application of the moral law to woman has caused untold misery. Manu's legislation, hoary customs and even modern public institutions stand condemned at the bar of moral judgment. To mention only one example—the nautch girl—what a reflection she casts on the tone of Indian society! It is a devil's lie that says there is any difference in the law of purity as applied to the sexes. The theory of life that receives a man into society in spite of his profligacy, while it condemns to misery and shame the woman he sins with, is unjust and wicked. That which is sin in woman is sin in man. And it is one sign of the moral awakening that is dawning amongst us that men begin to accept and proclaim this truth.

And once again, the cry of the Magdalene, if she knew ought of it, might surely be based on *the sacredness of home-life*. A nation's hope is in its homes; political freedom and social progress depend upon purity there. In the clamor of the day one salient fact is overlooked. The place of woman in the national idea is not yet assured. As often as I visit the hiding places of shame and look into the tragic realities of the lives of India's social outcasts, I behold *ruined homes*. Alas, that it is so hard to awaken a passion of pity towards fallen women, women with hearts and

consciences, touched with life's sorrows—capable of appreciating its sweetest joys—and with possibilities of reclamation however low they may have sunk. We need a guild of "lovers of the lost" to seek and to save for home life, these daughters of the land.

The above notes have been suggested by reason of the kind request of the Editor of "the Modern Review" to write a short article on the social evil, with particular reference to the Bill now before the Bengal Legislative Council, dealing with disorderly houses in Calcutta. Most of my readers will be aware that the city of palaces has an unenviable notoriety in regard to the social vice. Of girls and women over the age of ten, one every fifteen throughout Calcutta was censured six years ago as living by public prostitution. It is unnecessary to enter into the reason of this terrible state of things. Government has been memorialized from time to time during the last twenty years to take action, but has either replied that the Police Act was already sufficient to deal with the problem, or had the audacity to say that public opinion on moral questions was not sufficient advanced to enable further legislation to be wisely introduced! What has led to the present determination to strengthen the law? And of the law it is not easy to say. But the educational problem has had much to do with it. There are some ten thousand students in the colleges and schools of the city, and Government has at last realized that houses of vice surround every institution, and the temptations to evil living, abounding on all sides, are a serious menace to the moral rectitude of thousands of lads coming to Calcutta from mofussil homes.

The Bill is one to amend the Police Act present in force, and gives the Commissioner of Police summary powers to deal first with disorderly houses, and then with inmates. Regarding the houses, an advance is made on previous legislation in that owners, tenants, and occupiers th

are all made liable—upon satisfactory evidence of the bad character of a dwelling—to be summoned before the Commissioner of Police. Upon conviction, 10 days' grace is given, after which the use of the premises for any immoral purpose must be discontinued. Disobedience to the order incurs a penalty of both fine and imprisonment. Houses of assignation are also liable to be closed. To guard against possible mistakes, an appeal lies to the Magistrate against the Commissioner's orders—but his decision cannot be appealed against to any other court.

If the amendments suggested are carried, it should be a simple matter to secure for Colleges, Schools, Places of Recreation or Worship immunity from the pestiferous nuisance of brothels contiguous to them—but those who know the social evil in its every day and every night aspect deeply regret the timidity of the legislation proposed. It only touches the fringe of the garment of uncleanness. Prostitution flourishes by advertisement, and while dealing with the habitation of the evil, the methods of its propagation have been foolishly ignored. No reference is made to solicitation, which is becoming one of the crying evils of even main thoroughfares. And again the intimate and dastardly connection of the social evil with a traffic in child-

ren is only too well known, and the law needs considerable amendment to make the possession of other people's children by brothel inmates a crime. This unfortunately has not been done. It will not surprise me if the amended Police Act does little more than drive the evil into darker haunts—saving, perhaps, the student community from the public temptations of past days.

The most satisfactory aspect of the suggested legislation is the policy of attacking the strong as well as the weak. We have been working at the wrong individual. It is the men, and not the Magdalenes that need punishment. When landed proprietors making incomes from brothel tenants are publicly accused, when the stronger sex is called before the Commissioner and all evil livers having a financial interest in the traffic are subject to public rebuke, legislation is getting on to the right lines. But it is not by punishment this plague is to be stayed. Rather is it by sympathy and love—the efforts of the good for the reclamation of the bad. India's noble men—so many of whom are coming forward generously in every good work—might well endow Homes of Mercy. Workers will not be wanting when funds for rescuing the lost of Indian society are generously given. Let the cry of the Magdalene be heard.

HERBERT ANDERSON.

## EDUCATION IN JAPAN AND INDIA

THE modern history of Japan begins with the great Restoration of 1868, when the Shogun (Commander-in-Chief) Tokugawa first abdicated his administrative power in favour of the Emperor Mutsuhito. In the very same year the young Emperor swore to establish his throne on five great principles, one of

which was that intellect and learning should be sought after in all quarters of the globe. Since then the Japanese have literally followed the apostolic maxim of proving all things and holding fast to that which is good in the matter of education. The education department was first formed in 1871. In 1872 an

imperial rescript was published in which the following noble declaration was made. "It is designed henceforth that education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." And so faithfully has this policy been adhered to, that in 1902 (the most recent year of which statistics are available) 96 per cent. of the boys and 87 per cent. of the girls, or a combined average of 91 per cent. of the children of school-going age, were receiving the prescribed course of education in primary schools. Japan thus enjoys the proud distinction of being the first country in the world with respect to the diffusion of mass education. For the whole of Japan, on the average, every town or village has two schools. In India, the Zoroastrian or Parsi community alone makes some approach to Japan in respect of diffusion of literacy, 91 per cent. of the males and 79 per cent. of the females being returned as literate in the last census. But if we take the case of India as a whole, only one male in every 10 can read and write, and one female in 144. Four villages out of every five are without a school.

In 1890 the Emperor of Japan issued a famous rescript on morals in education which has since been made the basis in all schools for the teaching of morality and patriotism. The war with China (1894-95) marked the next great development of the Educational system. "There was an enormous expansion of Japanese life in all directions," followed by "an unparalleled outburst of energetic development." It was only after the war, as Professor Sharp rightly says, that Japan 'found' herself.

"The sudden development of national self-consciousness led the Japanese to look abroad, and their entrance upon the arena of world politics and world commerce was accompanied by a very general feeling of the increased necessity of education, general and special. The subsequent growth . . . is astonishing."

This aspect of war is instructive. By calling forth the latent manliness of the people,

a victorious war not only gives a powerful impetus to the spirit of enterprise and leads to the growth of material prosperity, but it also strengthens the spiritual and moral force of the national life and causes it to expand in all directions. The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 must have inaugurated a second period of great internal progress in educational as well as other matters, but the event is too recent a date to make reliable statistics available.

The population of Japan is 46 or 47 million. It approaches most closely to Madras in area and the United Provinces in population, while British India as a whole has a population five times as large. But while Japan spends at least five millions sterling out of her public funds on education, the cost to the public revenues in British India is less than a million and a half. To make the expenditure equal to that of Japan, it should have been at least the 27 millions, or eighteen times as much as it is now. In fact, the State and the local authorities in British India spend less on Education in all its aspects than what the remarkable kingdom of the Mikado spends on education. Private buildings alone, and the latter amounts in number only 26 per cent. of the total cost of education, were to be found in Japan. The State expenditure on education is Rs. 1-12-4 pies per head in Japan, in British India it is a little over an anna! Even the small State of Baroda spends seven annas per head on Education. That Japan is not exceptionally liberal in this respect, will appear from the fact that Germany spends Rs. 5-1 pies; France, Rs. 3-13-11 pies; England, Rs. 3; Spain, Rs. 1-7-2 pies; and Italy Rs. 1-1 pies, per head on education. The small States of Europe spend even more. Again Liverpool University spends Rs. 1,050 per student and Manchester Owen's College, Rs. 1,070. The Tokio University annually spends Rs. 1,485 for every science student, Rs. 1,050 for every medical student, Rs. 5 for every agriculture student, and Rs. 498

every student of literature. The Presidency College of Calcutta, perhaps the premier College in all India, spends Rs. 207 per annum on each student, out of which the student himself contributes Rs. 144 in the shape of fees. The Japanese student has to pay no examination fees whatever, and only a fee of Rs.  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per month for the highest courses of education in the Imperial University.

"While the public revenues of Japan contribute 83.2 per cent. of the cost of education, Bengal contributes only 42.9 per cent.; and while a Japanese student pays only 9.8 per cent. of the cost of his education, the Bengali student pays 38.91 per cent."

Education in Japan begins with the kindergarten schools, presided over by female teachers. They are attended by infants of the age of 3 to 6. Everything here is fun and play, and there is very little of school discipline. "In the official quarters the main value of kindergartens is considered to lie in their accustoming the children to the idea of going to school, so that there is less trouble about the period of obligatory attendance when this arrives." All the kindergarten materials, it may be here remarked, are now made in Japan.

Primary education was already compulsory in name before 1890, but in that year steps were taken to make it so in fact. And yet no stronger power than moral suasion is used in Britain to secure the attendance of pupils, and truants are rare. Primary education was made practically free in 1900. There are two grades of Primary schools, Ordinary primary, with a course of four years (shortly to be extended to six) and Higher primary, with a two to four years' course. A child must be six years old to enter a primary school. Here boys and girls are taught together, but the education of the sexes is completely separated after the primary stage. The schools are supplied with plenty of appliances, models, specimens, maps, diagrams, pictures and **portraits of Japanese heroes**, illustrations of former costumes and manners and naval and military diagrams of an up-to-date character. Often

there is a small museum, with stuffed birds and animals, botanical models, insects, minerals, models of Japanese warships, etc.,—cameras for photographing flowers for drawing lessons, and magic lantern exhibitions are occasional features. **Wooden dumb-bells for all, and light rifles for senior boys, are provided to encourage physical culture.** The school buildings, sometimes capacious enough to seat one to two thousand pupils, cost anything between forty thousand to a lakh of rupees, and there is one teacher on an average to 55 pupils. There are no examinations, whole classes being promoted, and corporal punishment or fining are unknown. In the higher primary course the subjects taught include morals (an invariable accompaniment of all kinds and grades of education except the very highest), Japanese arithmetic, Japanese history, geography, science, drawing, singing and physical exercises. Sixteen per cent. of the teachers in the primary schools are females. The teachers are all entitled to pension after fifteen years' service. They earn about Rs. 22 per month—much more than what a *pathsalā guru* gets in India. Teachers in higher primary schools get a more liberal salary.

The object in teaching history in the primary schools is to "give the children the outline of the evolution of Japanese nationality and foster in them the sense of honour becoming in subjects of this great Empire." The lives of distinguished Japanese, the bravery of the nation, are enlarged upon. Patriotic and civic virtues are inculcated from the very beginning. As a result the boy when he leaves the school, "is filled with the sense of Japan's uniqueness, her superiority to the rest of the world, the glory of her Emperor, to die for whom may be his highest privilege in the future." So steadily is this object kept in view, that "few nations are more widely instructed in the traditional history, whether national or local." Foreigners allege that a considerable amount of "cooking" is allowed in the manufacture

of historical text books for use in schools. But this process is not unknown in India, with this difference, that here all the glowing epithets are reserved for the foreigner, and the people of the country are generally painted dark. The authorities in Japan want to produce a different effect, and hence the "cooking," if any, is the other way about.

Secondary education begins with the middle schools for boys and higher schools for girls. This is a course of five years, and an entrant must be at least 12 years old. Except English, which is taught in every school but the quality of which is very poor, the whole education is conducted in the vernacular, thus causing an estimated saving of half the time. As usual, the school buildings are excellent and provided with complete appliances. The schools possess collections of specimens and apparatus of a chemical, physical, and biological character, besides all necessary charts and diagrams. Almost the whole of these are constructed in Japan. Good collections of Japanese insects and botanical specimens, a geographical and historical museum, pre-historical museum, pre-historic stone implements, relics of the Ainu aborigines of Yezo, old Japanese armour, clothes and head-dresses, numerous historical drawings, casts of classical figures, are all to be found. Libraries are few, which shows that a purely literary education is not much in favour. As between teachers and students there is little personal intercourse, and the teacher who is not popular with the students has to leave the school. Strikes are frequent and general, and discipline is lax. Here also there are no examinations. This feature of Japanese schools is also shared by the German schools. It is said to have a beneficial result in discouraging cramming and excessive competitions, which ruins the health of many and gives an exaggerated and fictitious value to mere memory work. The abolition of examinations is also due to the desire to preserve the youth of the country

from disappointment and the consequent ruin of careers. The subjects taught in the secondary schools are morals, vernacular, Chinese classics, English, French or German, history, physical geography, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, zoology, botany, mineralogy, physics, chemistry, elements of law and economics, drawing, singing, drill, &c. This, it will be seen, roughly corresponds to the intermediate Arts course of Indian Universities. Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in his *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, thus describes the quality of the teaching imparted in a remote provincial middle school :

"It is no small surprise to observe how botany, geology and other sciences are taught even in the remotest part. Plant physiology and the natures of vegetable tissues are studied under excellent microscopes, and in their relations to chemistry; and at regular intervals the instructor leads his classes in the country.... Each series of lessons in geology is supplemented by visits to the mountains about the lakes, or to the tremendous cliffs of the coast.... The country is studied physiographically after the plan laid down in Huxley's manual. Natural history, too, is taught according to the latest and best methods, and with the help of the microscope. The results of such teaching are sometimes surprising. I know of one boy of sixteen who voluntarily collected and classified more than 200 varieties of marine plants for a Tokyo Professor. Another, a youth of 17, wrote down for me almost without omission the error, a scientific list of all the butterflies to be found in the neighbourhood."

Next above the middle schools are the Higher Schools with a course of three years. Students must be at least seventeen years old at their entrance into these schools. The student are preparatory schools for the Universities, and correspond to our Higher Arts Colleges. The examinations, as before, are nominal. "There is a good deal of military drill and field exercises, and many of the students are practically young soldiers." *Esprit de corps* is strong in all the schools. Students of the Higher schools may postpone military service, and the graduates need serve for

it runs only one year as volunteers, instead of for three years as conscripts. There are debating societies in which all subjects except those of a religious character may be discussed. There are foreign teachers in many of these schools for the teaching of languages. At the conclusion of their course the students, it is to be expected, will have to appear in a competitive examination—practically the only examination of the universities in the Japanese educational system—for admission to the Universities, in which the accommodation is not sufficient for all the students who come out of the Higher Schools.

Besides the Imperial University of Tokio, established in 1886 and that of Kioto, established in 1897, there are some private universities or more properly colleges for men, of which two are very considerable, and one for women, established in 1900. The minimum age for entering the University of Tokio is about 19 years, but the average is 23. The students enjoy the privilege of remission of two years after military service, and of postponement of the remaining one year till the end of their university career. Each student has to furnish two securities, but students live in surprising lodgings over which there is no supervision. There is no reason to suppose that it is otherwise here than in German Universities, where the students enjoy the most absolute freedom. The examinations are of an informal character, being chiefly oral, and there are few or no failures. The ordinary course is three years in some subjects, and four years in others. The examination takes place at the desire of the student, at any time after the course is finished, and he may call himself *Gakushi*, corresponding to our Master's degree, but this title is not officially recognised. The only title so recognised is the Doctor's degree or *Hakushi*. It is of nine kinds, denoted by prefixes appropriate to the subject in which the holder has graduated. These subjects are law, medicine, pharmacy, engineering, literature, science, agriculture, forestry, and veterinary medicine.

The degree is conferred by the Minister of Education on (1) those who have passed the prescribed tests in the University Hall, or have produced a special thesis and are considered by a college faculty to have attained the same standard, (2) those who are considered by the assembly of the *Hakushi* to be worthy of that degree."

The Emperor attends from time to time. The University Hall is not a building, but a collective name for students engaged in advanced studies. The development of the Hall shows a remarkable growth of such studies; 15 per cent. of the whole number are now reckoned as its students. Law is the most popular subject, and is considered very difficult; it leads up to political and diplomatic appointments and to a lucrative practice at the bar. Law students learn Latin, Medical students learn German, students of diplomacy learn French. The supply of graduates even of the *Gakushi* type (about 500 annually) is far short of the demand. The University Library contains between 300 and 400 thousand volumes. All the colleges maintain associations of professors, graduates and students for the investigation of special branches; these meet periodically, and publish their results in their respective journals, which enjoy a deserved reputation in learned circles in Europe and America. Attached to the College of Literature is a committee for the compilation of materials for the History of Japan, which has collected 100,000 old documents and nearly 2,000 volumes of old records. Four volumes of the 'Materials,' and two of 'Ancient documents,' have been published. The laboratories attached to the College of Science are well-equipped with instruments, apparatus, &c., and much original work has been done here, the account of which has been published in the fifteen volumes of the *Journal of the College of Science*, a periodical well-known among scientific men. The zoological, geological and anthropological museums and the botanical herbarium are provided with very good collections. The Tokio Astronomical

Observatory is part of this college, and publishes its annals in the French language. The botanical garden of the University with an area of about 40 acres is under the control of this college. The University is the birthplace of the science of Seismology. The Seismological observatory attached to this college is perhaps the best in the world, and much active work has been done. The marine biological station is also part of the College of Science, and it has made many contributions to the cause of science. The College of Agriculture is situated in the suburb of the city, and occupies extensive grounds of about 138 acres, being well-furnished with an experimental farm, a nursery, a botanical garden, a veterinary hospital, extensive training forests in different parts of the country being also attached to the college. The four volumes of the *Bulletin of the College of Agriculture* already published are well-known among specialists.

The College of Medicine possesses very extensive buildings, including laboratories provided with everything necessary for demonstration or research in every branch of the subject.

The Engineering College teaches civil engineering, mechanical engineering, naval architecture (ship-building, &c.), technology of explosives, mining and metallurgy. The Japanese now make all ordinary machines themselves, and build their own ships and lay out their own railways. The result of the work of the students of this College as geological surveyors, mining engineers and teachers, is a record of astonishing progress in trade and commerce. "The Engineering College of Tokio has in some respects proved itself in advance of the rest of the world, and many of its methods have since been adopted in other countries." It may be remarked in this connection that the Army and the Navy have separate colleges and training schools of their own.

The University is governed by a president and council of professors, while each college has its own director and faculties. The president ranks in the first class of officials. Foreign professors are not invited to take part in the deliberations of the Council. The details of curricula, the examination of students, &c., are left to the faculties of the college; whilst the method and manner of instruction depend on the judgment of the individual instructor, no text book being prescribed. The Minister of Education exercises a nominal control, Government intervening very little with the University. Government expenditure on the Tokio and Kioto universities amounts to nearly 23 lakhs of rupees a year, and is constantly on the increase.

The standard and ideal of the Imperial Japanese Universities are very high, as high as those of the best European Universities, and the programme of subjects taught covers the whole ground of human knowledge. The ambitious scale on which Japan has gone to work in her premier University will appear from the following list of chairs:—

CHAIRS OF PROFESSORSHIP IN THE UNIVERSITY  
OF TOKIO.

### 1. College of Law.

## 2. College of Medicine.

(1) Anatomy, 3 chairs ; (2) Physiology, 2 chairs ;  
 (3) Medical Chemistry, 1 chair ; (4) Pathology, 1 chair ;

resid Pathological Anatomy, 2 chairs ; (5) Pharmacology, 1 chair ; (6) Medicine, 4 chairs ; (7) Gynecology The prud Obstetrics, 1 chair ; (8) Paediatrics, 1 chair ; (9) Surgery, 3 chairs ; (10) Ophthalmology, 1 chair ; (11) Dermatology and Syphilis, 1 chair ; (12) Psychiatry, 1 chair ; (13) Hygiene, 1 chair ; (14) Forensic Medicine, 1 chair ; (15) Dentistry, 1 chair ; (16) Otolaryngology, Rhinology, and Laryngology, 1 chair ; (17) Pharmacy, 3 chairs.

### 3. College of Engineering.

(1) Civil Engineering, 4 chairs ; (2) Mechanical Engineering, 3 chairs ; (3) Naval architecture, 3 chairs ; (4) Marine Engineering, 1 chair ; (5) Technology of Arms, 2 chairs ; (6) Electrical Engineering, 3 chairs ; (7) Architecture, 3 chairs ; (8) Applied Chemistry, 3 chairs ; (9) Technology of Explosives, 1 chair ; (10) Mining and Metallurgy, 4 chairs ; (11) Applied Mechanics, 1 chair ; (12) Dynamics, 1 chair.

### 4. College of Literature.

(1) Japanese Language and Japanese Literature, 2 chairs ; (2) Japanese History, 2 chairs ; (3) Chinese in the classics and Chinese Language, 3 chairs ; (4) History and Geography, 2 chairs ; (5) Philosophy and History of Philosophy, 2 chairs ; (6) Psychology, Ethics, and Logic, 2 chairs ; (7) Sociology, 1 chair ; (8) Pedagogics, 1 chair ; (9) Aesthetics, 1 chair ; (10) Philology, 1 chair ; (11) Sanskrit, 1 chair ; (12) English Language and English Literature, 1 chair ; (13) German Language and German Literature, 1 chair ; (14) French Language and French Literature, 1 chair.

### 5. College of Science.

(1) Mathematics, 4 chairs ; (2) Theoretical Physics, 1 chair ; (3) Astronomy, 2 chairs ; (4) Physics, 2 chairs ; (5) Chemistry, 3 chairs ; (6) Zoology, 3 chairs ; (7) Botany, 2 chairs ; (8) Geology, Palaeontology and Mineralogy, 3 chairs ; (9) Seismology, 1 chair ; (10) Anthropology, 1 chair.

### 6. College of Agriculture.

(1) Agriculture, 2 chairs ; (2) Agricultural Chemistry and Chemistry, 2 chairs ; (3) Forestry, 4 chairs ; (4) Botany, 1 chair ; (5) Zoology, Entomology, and Poultry, 2 chairs ; (6) Horticulture, 1 chair ; (7) Zootechnology, 1 chair ; (8) Geology and Soils, 1 chair ; (9) Organic Physics and Meteorology, 1 chair ; (10) Agricultural administration and Political Economy, 1 chair ; (11) Veterinary Medicine and Veterinary Surgery, 3 chairs ; (12) Veterinary Anatomy, 1 chair ; (13) Physiology, 1 chair ; (14) Zootechnical products, 1 chair ; (15) Utilisation of forest products, 1 chair.

The Imperial ordinance of 1899 was the basis of the present system of technical education in Japan. There are three classes of technical schools, e.g., (1) agricultural (comprising agriculture proper, sericulture, aquatic products and fishery, veterinary science, forestry), (2) commercial and (3) industrial (comprising navigation). Each class is divided into three grades—elementary or supplementary, secondary, and higher. There are 730 elementary technical institutions of all classes, 132 secondary, and 7 higher (excluding the Universities). The object of the elementary schools is to supplement the work of the primary schools in a practical direction; sons of farmers and artisans form the majority of pupils in these institutions, whereas in the technical schools of the middle and higher grades the children of the once proud Samurais predominate. Secondary technical schools give, as their name indicates, agricultural, commercial or industrial education of the middle grade. The students who enter these schools must be over 14 years of age, and have completed the higher primary course of general education. The higher schools convey advanced technical instruction, and are adapted for original research work. Their object is also to train up not the rank and file, but the captains and leaders of industry. The total annual expenditure is 55 lakhs of rupees, of which the Government alone contributes 31 per cent.

There is an Imperial agricultural station devoted to scientific investigation on a large scale. There are 40 prefectoral\* agricultural farms which employ several experts at an annual cost of six lakhs of rupees, and the rural districts† maintain 110 agricultural stations. There are, moreover, 5 local agricultural institutes, besides travelling lecture-ships, agricultural societies, local shows, laboratories and institutes under the control

\* A prefecture corresponds to an Indian district.

† Corresponding to our Sub-divisions.

of the Minister of Agriculture. The agricultural schools of the elementary grade are 503 in number, and there are 46 secondary schools, and the courses in these schools are of four kinds, *e.g.*, preparatory, post-graduate, special and supplementary. Besides the Agricultural College of Tokio, there are two higher agricultural schools, one at Sapporo, the capital of the island of Hokkaido (Yezo), and the other at Morioka. The Sapporo school is managed by a faculty of 15 professors (mostly trained in Europe and America), 13 assistant professors and 9 lecturers. There is a splendid library, museum and botanical garden, and the annual expenditure is over a lakh of rupees. The following is a list of some of the subjects taught. Botany, zoology, mineralogy, physics and chemistry, vegetable histology, comparative anatomy of plants, political economy, vegetable physiology and pathology, manures, soils, entomology, agricultural engineering, history of agriculture, horticulture, sericulture, forestry, fishery, bacteriology, agricultural technology, agricultural politics and economy, hygiene and feeding of domestic animals, colonisation of insects, &c. It will be seen how complex, comprehensive and thorough is the course of instruction, suited to the varying needs and capacities of students of the most diverse aptitudes. The result of this education, in the department of sericulture alone, will appear from the following trade returns. The value of raw silk exported in 1872 was 75 lakhs of rupees; in 1892 this grew to over  $1\frac{1}{2}$  crores of rupees; in 1902 it amounted to nearly 3 crores of rupees. "The effect produced by the development of this industry is remarkable; districts marked by a poverty-stricken appearance have become smiling and prosperous." Connected with the agricultural department there are schools and colleges of forestry, fishery and veterinary science. Some of the subjects taught in the forestry schools are—analytical geometry, finance, sylviculture, forest policy and admini-

stration, meteorology, zoology, botany, a steady est utilisation and protection, surveying, cultural hunting, chemistry.

Commercial education is intended not only to supply the demand for specially trained men among business firms, but also to help the starting of new commercial enterprises.

"It is a significant fact that the great commercial and industrial awakening of Germany and America has been more or less synchronous with the establishment of the great commercial *Hochschulen* (why sending might be aptly termed colleges) in the former, and the rise of numerous business colleges in the latter and mer-

try." There are 99 commercial schools of the elementary type in Japan, 41 of the secondary type, and there are two higher commercial schools at Tokio and Kobe. The Nagoya commercial school is a good example of the secondary class. The building cost seventy thousand rupees, books six thousand, furniture and samples, fifteen thousand. The subjects taught include—commercial arithmetic, book-keeping in banks, government offices, and workshops, general principles of commerce, political economy, commercial products, contract and commercial law. The average Tokio Higher Commercial School, with 61 school instructors, 957 pupils and an annual expenditure of a lakh and a quarter of rupees, teach in addition to advanced courses of the above elementary subjects, English and French, mathematics, statistics, science of commerce, commercial morality, international law, applied chemistry, general jurisprudence, &c. Two of the presidents, the president of a life assurance company, the president of the Japan steamship company, the chief manager of another great company and a professor of the college of agriculture constitute the managing council of this school.

The industrial development of Japan has been phenomenal. Some of the factories building and equipment vie with those of Europe and America and the industries

any, a steady stream of immigrants from the agricultural districts thus relieving the pressure on agriculture. The government started railways, arsenals, dockyards, mints, and other public enterprises in which the people received a thorough training and started industries on their own account. Government also maintains model workshops and laboratories, hires out the most up-to-date machines of a costly character, encourages enterprise (by sending travelling lecturers and practical experimenters into the interiors and students and merchants by the hundred to foreign countries, and in all these ways contributes to the industrial prosperity of the country.

The special subjects taught in the industrial schools are physics, chemistry, practical geometry, freehand drawing, instrumental construction, tools and materials for wood and metal work, architectural drawing, machine drawing, dyeing, weaving, applied chemistry, industrial designs, lacquer work, casting, ship-building, &c. There are 44 elementary industrial schools, 25 middle schools and 3 higher industrial schools at Tokio, Kioto and Osaka. The elementary or apprentice's schools correspond to the technical schools in India. The average annual cost of an apprentice's school is ten thousand rupees. There is a great demand for the graduates of the industrial schools of all grades. The graduates of the above elementary schools go to work in the shipyards or railways, and some set up as carpenters. In India, in the language of the *Two Annual Review*, 'where the school has succeeded to train a carpenter, it finds that it has produced a clerk': and in Lord Curzon's Education Resolution of 1904 it is admitted that the teaching given (in these technical schools) does not provide a training of a sufficiently standard to enable the pupils to hold

The proposed Tata Research Institute would correspond in degree to the Tokio Higher Technical School. But to show the which separates even such a school from the premier research those *Institut of Germany*, I shall give an extract from a description of the *Imperial Reichsanstalt at Charlottenburg* by Professor Kuebler

their own with artisans who have learnt their craft in the bazar.'

The industrial schools of the middle grade correspond to the newly-opened Bengal Technical Institute, which is not a Government institution. They train foremen and managers of factories, and have played an important part in the industrial development of Japan. The pupils mostly belong to the higher classes. Electricity, ship-building, weaving, dyeing, ceramics, designing and metallurgy are some of the special subjects taught. A prefectoral school of this class costs a lakh of rupees in building and workshops, and the annual expenditure is about thirty thousand rupees. The products of these schools are sold to the public.

The Higher Technical (Industrial) School of Tokio is maintained at an annual expenditure of nearly two lakhs of rupees. The professors devote their spare time to investigating methods of applying technological science to Japanese industries, and their researches have exercised a great influence on the industrial progress of Japan. The school has been remarkably successful in its experiments in silk-weaving, umbrella fabrics, earthenware, &c. There are at present a few Indian students in this school. Many graduates of this school have made inventions and discoveries. Osaka is a great ship-building centre, and brewing, ship-building, and marine engineering are the principal courses taught in the Osaka Higher Technical School. The bacteriological researches of this school have led to great improvements in method. The Kioto Higher Technical School teaches industrial fine arts, e.g., designing, weaving and dyeing. In each case there is a co-ordination between the course of instruction and the local industries.\*

of the Presidency College of Calcutta, noting *en passant* that the Government research scholars of our universities correspond to the 'freshmen' of the German Universities and are far behind those who are dignified with that name in Germany. "This magnificent institution . . . is under the control of a committee of professors of

Among the technical schools may be included the nautical schools—also of three grades—which train both navigating and engineering officers for the Japanese mercantile marine; the schools and colleges of the Japanese navy; the Government School of Fine Arts (with subsidiary fine arts schools and societies) which is the chief centre of Japanese art education and teaches painting, designing, sculpture and industrial arts; the Government Academy of Music where the subjects of study are singing, piano, organ, Japanese instruments, harmonics, theory of music, method of teaching music; and a School of Architecture, where the teaching is analogous to the architecture course of the College of Engineering at Tokio.

There is a school of foreign languages at Tokio, maintained at a cost of nearly a lakh of rupees per annum, where English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Chinese and Corean are taught. Except in the case of commercial students and cadets of the diplomatic corps, who generally acquire a thorough conversational knowledge of the language of the country with which they have to deal, the object in learning a foreign language is not to speak the language, or even to write it, but to be able to consult foreign text-books and works of reference.

There are five special schools for students of medicine. There are also special schools for the aristocracy, the aborigines, the out-casts, the defectives, as well as for youthful offenders.

physical science selected from the various universities, and is divided into two sections, the physical and the technical. In the former purely physical investigations are carried on by scientists of special eminence appointed and paid by the State, who give up the whole of their time exclusively to the work of research. No expense is spared in the provision of the specially constructed and costly apparatus which their delicate and abstruse researches for the most part involve. The separate building in which this invaluable work is carried out is of unique construction and specially adopted for the various optical, electrical, thermal and mechanical investigations to which it is given up. The continuous additions to our knowledge which are the outcome of this systematic attack on the problems of physical science, are freely given to the world in

A few words about female education may be inserted here. Legally, the minimum age for marriage is 17 for man and 15 for woman in Japan; generally, women marry between 17 and 20, and men between 25 and 30. The education of woman is not, therefore, cut short by early marriage, as in India. Many women in Japan even remain unmarried. As observed before, education in the primary stage is compulsory for both boys and girls, and is imparted in mixed schools. The higher schools for girls correspond to the middle schools for men. Every prefecture is bound to establish a girls' higher school, where the usual term is four years. In 1902 there were eighty such higher schools with 21,500 pupils; besides these there were fifty-seven 'miscellaneous' schools of similar character with 7,400 girls. The higher schools lead up to the Women's University, established in 1900 by Mr. Naruse, with ordinary students in the college department. These students live in dormitories split up into a number of 'homes,' where they cook, wash for themselves, set tables, and decorate rooms, so that their training may not qualify them for home-life. They indulge in plenty of exercise, tennis being the favourite game with these young ladies. Naruse, with his wide experience of female education in the West, observes:

"Modern institutional education has many advantages, as well as disadvantages, and its greatest evil for many of us is the danger of making them unfit for their future

various scientific publications. .... It is in the second section that the questions of a more directly practical importance are dealt with. The last section of the Anstalt is the workshop, where, to illustrate the ideas suggested by previous research, new apparatus constructed or improvements are introduced into already existing types. .... The Reichsanstalt cost alone in land and buildings £ 250,000 (37½ lakhs of rupees); it maintains a staff of nine professors, scientific assistants and expert mechanicians, it receives a handsome annual grant from Government for its maintenance."

on me home duties. How to avoid this danger is a problem that remains to be solved in the future."

There are some large industrial schools for girls where dyeing, sewing, knitting, braiding artificial flower making, embroidery, &c., are taught.

The last class of educational institutions with which we have to deal are the normal schools. These are of two grades, ordinary and higher. The ordinary normal schools, of which each prefecture must have one, and some have two and even three, turn out teachers for the primary schools of that prefecture. Each such school has a practical school attached to it. **As elsewhere, "the physical training, combined with military drill, is thorough,** and normal students are a body of young soldiers even before their military service." There are 57 ordinary normal schools, the total expenditure of which is 44 lakhs of rupees per annum. There are two higher normal schools for men, one at Tokio and the other at Hiroshima, and one for women. They train teachers for the prefectural normal schools and the secondary schools. The Tokio higher normal school cost the government in land and building seven and a half lakhs of rupees. The students are picked men from all over Japan. All learn English, a good many German, a few French. Many after completing their education at home, many of them visit Europe and America to acquire foreign qualifications. These schools are maintained entirely by Government.

The lavish scale of expenditure on education will appear all the more admirable when we consider that during all these years of nation-building, Japan has had to spend liberally in other directions as well, and also if we remember that Japan is a very poor country. There are only seven persons per thousand who earn Rs. 350 a month. The prime minister receives a salary of Rs. 1,200 a month (besides allowances), a cabinet minister receives Rs. 750, a general Rs. 750, and the Chief

Justice, Rs. 690. That a professor in the higher schools and colleges earns Rs. 75 to 315 a month should not, therefore, cause surprise. A professional man in Japan can live on this comparatively small income because it is a free country where all the services are recruited from the natives of the soil, and the demand for trained men is greater than even the vast educational organisation of Japan can supply. All the careers being open to his sons, a gentleman is not under the necessity of saving much for posterity. It is enough if he can meet the current expenses of their education, which, compared with India, are very small. Directly they come out of their schools and colleges, they can enter one or other walk of life and as the field is vast and the scope ample, they get on very well. As soon as a Japanese can do the work of a foreigner even tolerably well, the latter is discharged. The high offices there are not, as in India, monopolised by foreigners under the plea of efficient administration. It is clear that if Japan had given the plea of efficiency the first place in her consideration, she could never have got rid of foreign assistance, and developed the wonderfully efficient system of administration that she has to-day. A sympathetic government is not afraid of making mistakes. Its object is to train up the people, and it knows that nobody can learn to swim without going to the water. Take a practical instance. The great Sapporo School of Agriculture was opened in 1876 with only 24 students.

"It is amusing to read of the changes in the curriculum whereby mental and moral science was transformed into agricultural history. The first transition was to the history of philosophy, but no suitable textbook of this being at hand, it was thought philosophy of history would do as well. This led to an easy transition to the political history of Europe, which gave place to general history, which in turn succumbed to agricultural history."

In spite of these ludicrous mistakes at the beginning, the college is now a flourishing

institution. The graduates of this college have transformed the face of the island of Hokkaido. "Hundreds of miles of railway have been opened, agriculture, stock-raising, mining and fishing are all yielding valuable returns: harbours and other public works have been constructed" by these graduates. "The Japanese ignore as much as possible the names and services of their European employers," complains Professor Sharp. They would "be sorry to see a foreigner seeking to gain influence over their students, they regard their own morality as higher, they are afraid that their patriotism may be corrupted." In fact, the Japanese consider the employment of European Professors as a necessary evil, and naturally, therefore, they try to get rid of them as soon as practicable. The same policy of preferring indigenous to foreign agency is manifest in her trade. Count Inouye, who has filled most of the high offices of state and is one of the greatest authorities on finance and economics in Japan, justifies this commercial policy thus:—

"On looking at the systems in force throughout the world, I found that the universal tendency was in favour of protective tariffs. England was the leading exception, and it is well-known why she is an adherent of free trade. Thus it seemed to me that it was only just to Japan that she should be allowed to follow the example of other nations, and erect tariff walls if she should so desire.....The encouragement of factories which supply substitutes for imported articles is also absolutely indispensable."

Is not this policy the very essence of Swadeshism?

The average pay of a foreign professor in Japan is about Rs. 430 a month. It may be safely taken for granted that the Japanese take care to get their money's worth, and none but properly qualified men are appointed. The term of service is insecure, and there is no certainty of pension. The contrast to the European Professor in India is significant. Here he is invested with all the privileges of a dominant ruling caste, and permanency and

pension are secured to him. And he draws a salary of Rs. 500 to Rs. 1,500 a month. "India is entitled to ask for the highest intellectual and cultural that either English or India can furnish," says the Government Resolution of 1904. But the qualifications of the average European professor in India leave very much to be desired. It is scarcely open to doubt that had the Indian Government given the Indian Government the power to select their own professors from Europe, they would have got a better class of men on a lower scale of pay.

The charge of imitativeness is frequently laid against the Japanese student. The answer given by Professor Nitobe of the Imperial University is effective enough.

"It is true that in a certain sense we certainly possess imitativeness. What progressive nation has not possessed and made use of it? Just think how little Greek culture originated in Hellenic soil. Of what Indians at their best, who does not know that the Romans imitated most freely from Greece? How much Spanish grandeur and glory at their zenith was of Moorish origin? I need not multiply examples. It seems to me that the most original—that is, the imitative—people are the Chinese, and we see why their originality has led them. Imitation is education and education itself is, in the main, imitation. The Chinese, and after him many other zoologists have taught us what a role imitation and mimicry play in the preservation of life in nature. We shudder to think what might have been our fate, in this cannibal age of nations, had we been always consistent original. Imitation has certainly been a means of salvation."

Decay of manners, due to laxity of discipline, is another frequent charge laid at the door of the Japanese students. The amount of *esprit-de-corps* in the large public schools is considerable, and teachers as well as students have to bow to the force of school opinion. "Elsewhere it is the master who expels a boy, here it is the boy who expels the master." Strikes are of frequent occurrence. And yet, beyond admonition and persuasion, there is practically no system of punishment. We in India are quite familiar with

draws complaint, but Professor Sharp has himself shown that it is not bad manners, but sometimes intellect very different, which is really resented. India He says:—

the Govt. "It is no doubt very wrong for a young man to be conceited, but after all, the failing is not confined to Indian B.A.'s; and it may be suspected that the student. It called 'conceit' is often only that measure of self-respect and independence which the student has learnt to acquire in a well-conducted college."

We find that even so far back as 1887, the Indian Government was exercised over this problem, and in a letter addressed to the local governments observed that tendencies unfavourable to discipline "are probably inseparable from that emancipation of thought which is one of the most noticeable features of our educational system." But the recent Universities Commission very properly remarked that Indian students are rarely guilty of disorder. The circular recently issued over the signature of Sir Herbert Risley, which intends to turn our University students into harmless, worthless youths, can hardly be justified in the light of what is permitted to students in Japan and other countries, and the contrast between a free and a subject people even in a matter like this is not without its lessons.\*

**The health of the students, and their physical training, form the subject of special care with the authorities in Japan.** Medical examinations of the students are carried out twice a year. Military drill, gymnastic exercises, fencing and wrestling, outdoor sports, long walks, climbing the mountains and visiting distant temples, are the exercises most in vogue. The practice of *Judo* (the modernised form of *Jiu-jutsu*) is systematically encouraged. One cannot help thinking in this connection of the attempt in a recent issue of the London *Times* has been published an account of the damage done to public buildings by the Oxford undergraduates, who lighted a huge bonfire to celebrate the victory gained by Christ Church at the boat race. The damage is estimated at over five thousand rupees. Yet not a single arrest was made, though the

which is being made in Bengal to put down *lathi*-play with the aid of the Gurkhas.

The questions which are discussed in teachers' conventions are as follow: What shall we do to encourage the spirit of glory among the youth of the nation? Shall real guns be used in school military actions, or wooden ones? In 1894 the education department of Japan issued instructions for the introduction of military songs in primary schools. In Bengal we have in their stead circulars prohibiting *Bande Mataram* songs. "The custom of marching children off to welcome or bid farewell to official or distinguished persons is discouraged" in Japan. We all know that the exact opposite is the case in India. The moral text-books prescribed by the education department and universally in use in Japan contain illustrated articles and stories on such subjects as these: the flag of the rising sun; courage (illustrated by military and naval scenes); loyalty (troops fighting for their emperor); the public good; patriotism; self-sacrifice; independence; self-respect; national holidays; national duty; self-government; election of representatives; the constitution; duty to the community; military service; the state; the public services and rights; *esprit-de-corps*. How many of these subjects have a chance of being taken up by the Indian writer who wants to have his book approved by the Government text-book committees? Again, the authorities in India seem to be repenting of their religious neutrality, and feeling the necessity of imparting religious instruction in schools and colleges. In Japan, while the formation of character in public and private life by moral teaching is everywhere insisted on, the public schools are not allowed to impart any kind of religious teaching, although the government and the

police was present in strong force, and the only way in which the rowdyism of the students was sought to be put down was by turning a jet of water on them from the fire-engine which was brought there to check their incendiary frolics.

people belong to the same religious persuasion. The greatest living statesman of Japan, Marquis Ito, holds very pronounced views on the subject.

"I regard religion itself as quite unnecessary for a nation's life.\* What is religion but superstition, and therefore a possible source of weakness to the nation? "It would be the height of folly to invoke the aid of religion.....The modern progress of Japan is partly due to the fact that all religious entanglements have been wisely avoided in the domains of education and polities. Look at those oriental countries which are still in a state of religious bondage. Do we not observe in them that *religious prejudice still constitutes a fatal barrier to the introduction of an intelligent system of administration?*.....The important thing is to conserve the national morality."

And with regard to it, Japan considers the moral ideals of her own country to be distinctly superior to the results of Christian religion in the West.

Students and instructors are sent abroad in hundreds every year, and the allowances which they receive from their Government are much more liberal than those on which Indian students are expected to proceed to England. The Japanese students take up every conceivable subject in the foreign Universities, whereas Indian students are sent only to compete for the Civil Service examinations, though of late a few technical scholarships have been established. Another feature of Japanese school life which is worthy of note is that

"the alumni of any large institution seem to hold together well, frequently revisiting it, or else holding gatherings of their own on its anniversary days, frequently maintaining a magazine of their own, frequently also bestowing gifts and mementos on their old school."

Comparing the Japanese with the Indian student, Professor Sharp says:—"There is no reason to suppose that the average Japanese student is abler than the Indian; on the contrary, the Hindu intellect is probably the

\* This shallow view of religion only shows a conspicuous defect in the Japanese character and culture.—*Ed., M. R.*

keener and the sharper of the two." To turn Japanese have no taste or aptitude for mathematics and philosophy, the two subjects in which Indians excel. Over against the advantage which the Japanese student possesses in the fact that his education is conducted in the vernacular, may be set down the other fact that "the Japanese alphabet is the most complicated and uncertain system of writing under which poor humanity groans." Their written and spoken characters do not correspond and the nature of the language thus places a considerable stumbling block in the way of education. "It may also be said that the Indian tests are unduly stiff," continues the learned professor, and they are going to be made stiffer still under the new University Act. This, however, is not sufficient to explain the poverty of the results achieved in India as opposed to the brilliant successes of the Japanese in all departments of human activity. More than ten years ago, the late Mr. A. M. Bose, from his place in the Bengal Council, said:—

"I remember well twenty-five years ago meeting one of the first batch of students sent from Japan to Europe. I was then a student at Cambridge. I could hardly dream then of the wonderful intellectual and material progress which has followed the inauguration of that bold experiment by the Japanese Government.....I believe, Sir, in the intellectual capacity of my countrymen.....I believe that our country is not inferior to that of the Japanese, and to the end what Japan has achieved, India, too, may achieve."

That belief has alas! no chance of being put to the test in a hurry. The recommendations of the Public Service Commission remain a dead letter, and our present Secretary of State has already learnt, from what sources is not known, that we could not carry on the work of administration for a week. To us it seems that the different results in Japan and in India can only be accounted for by the difference in the policy of the respective Governments which control Education in the two countries. The aim of the one

... to turn out a perfect and complete man, that of the other is to make strong and self-reliant, that of the other is to create subordinates in Government and mercantile offices, so as to render the work of foreign administration and exploitation possible.

In the opinion of Professor Sharp, though the Japanese have no fault to find with the mental powers of the Indian students, and even compliment them on the excellence of their English, the Indian students have not produced a very favourable impression in Japan, as some of them have denounced the political condition of India and fallen foul of the British people with whom the Japanese are in alliance. Except a few students of Buddhism and Sanskrit, nobody in Japan, in the Professor's opinion, takes any interest in India. But the Indian students all told the professor that the Japanese were very kind to them. And we read in the papers that so distinguished an authority on education as Count Okuma presided over the latest Sivaji celebration at Tokio. The Professor's remarks on this subject must, therefore, be taken with a grain of salt. He winds up with the following warning and advice to the Indian students who may think of visiting Japan:—

"First, there is very little room for them; secondly, they will find the language a great difficulty; thirdly, they can bear the cost of going to England or America, they will probably do better for themselves, and to the end; and fourthly, if they must go to Japan, they should arrange for a preliminary study of the language, and give as long a notice as they can to the rector of the Institution they wish to join, in order that a place may be reserved for them if possible."

Among the more salient points of contrast between the Indian and the Japanese systems of education noticed by Mr. Sharp, are the following: (1) the uniformity of the Japanese system; (2) the use of the vernacular throughout both as medium and subject of instruction; (3) the formal moral teaching; (4) the prominence given to compulsory physical training; (5) the wide range of subjects

prescribed and provided for; (6) the absence of colossal public examinations; (7) the systematic organization of technical instruction of all kinds; (8) the great difference in the scale of expenditure; and (9) the absence of prizes and scholarships, the last being due to the desire to discourage undue competition. The best scholars are excused their fees, and needy students are provided by the numerous Students' Aid Societies with loan scholarships to be subsequently repaid by educational work.

While Japan is straining every nerve to bring education to the door of every man and woman, and spending all that she can to make that education as complete as possible, the Government of India, after much cogitation and deliberation, solemnly laid down in the year of grace 1904, that the system of public instruction inaugurated in India 'is upon the whole powerful for good.' One would think that in recognising the principle that education is wholesome and that people should be educated, government might assume a less cautious attitude without fear of contradiction. But we in India always discover a truth when it has become too old for use among the nations of the West and has been discarded by them in favour of some higher truth, and the discovery that education is beneficial, belated though it be, is not without its value. For it has led to the recognition of the utter inadequacy of the present system of education, and the true solution of the problem. "The wider extension of education in India is chiefly a matter of increased expenditure; and any material improvement of its quality is largely dependent upon the same condition." This being the deliberate opinion of the Government, we may hope that some share of the attention of the Finance Minister will now be diverted to the subject of education. "The most striking, as well as the least satisfactory, feature (of the quinquennium ending with the year 1902) was the comparatively small

increase of expenditure on primary schools." And to remedy this defect, "the Government of India fully accept the proposition that the active extension of primary education is one of the most important duties of the State." We learn that steps have been taken by Mr. Morley and Lord Minto to mature a scheme for making primary education free, though the public would like to see it made both free and compulsory, as is going to be done in Baroda. Grants are also being made to private colleges for constructing properly equipped laboratories. Though in this way a small beginning has been made, a much more considerable outlay, systematically incurred for a series of years, and a more enthusiastic and energetic devotion to the cause of education on the part of the powers that be, will be necessary to make up leeway and cover lost ground. The energies of the government at present seem to be taken up

entirely by the attempt to crush out the divine enthusiasm of youth by Swadeshi persecutions and repressive circulars. It is in mood to direct its attention to those things which are of real benefit to the student. Whether it will be able to carry out the policy of expansion adumbrated in the Government Resolution of 1904 remains, therefore, to be seen. Sympathy, so much talked of but rare in official action, is the keynote of progress in that direction. The want of practical sympathy with the aims and aspirations of the Indian community has given rise to a number of national schools in Bengal, which may have a more glorious career before them than government schools and colleges. Whether government will read aright the signs of the times and be able to keep pace with the spirit of the age depends the future success of its educational policy.\*

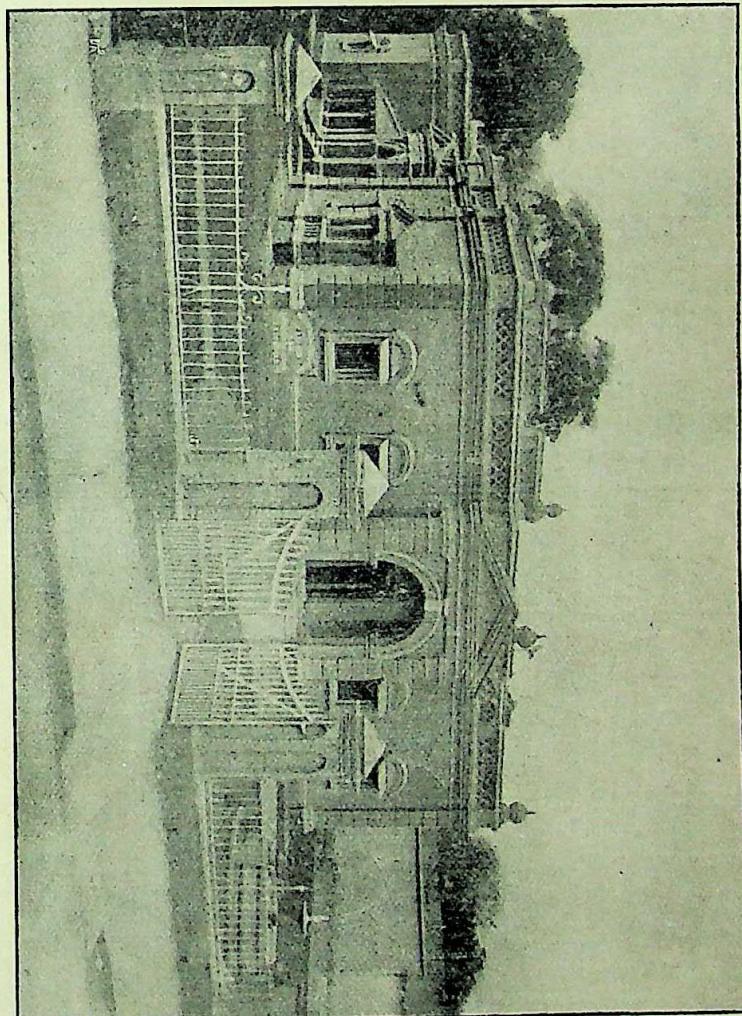
V.

## HINDI AND THE NAGARI PRACHARINI SABHA

THE destiny of a language, which is the mother-tongue of something like 80 millions of people in North India, hardly rests with a literary society whose affairs are directed by a committee consisting of about 20 members. Yet in an age when the printing press plays such an important part in most great movements, an association such as the Nagari Pracharini Sabha has distinct possibilities before it in influencing, and possibly even in directing, the future of Hindi.

\*This article is compiled mainly from 'The Educational System of Japan' by W. H. Sharp, Professor of Philosophy, Elphinstone College, Bombay. The volume was published last year, from the office of the Director-General of Education in India. The price is Rs. 3-1-0, and considering that it is an octavo volume of over five hundred pages, it may be called cheap. It is an excellent production, complete in every detail, though rather official in the tone of its references to Indian students. Other books and publications, which have been

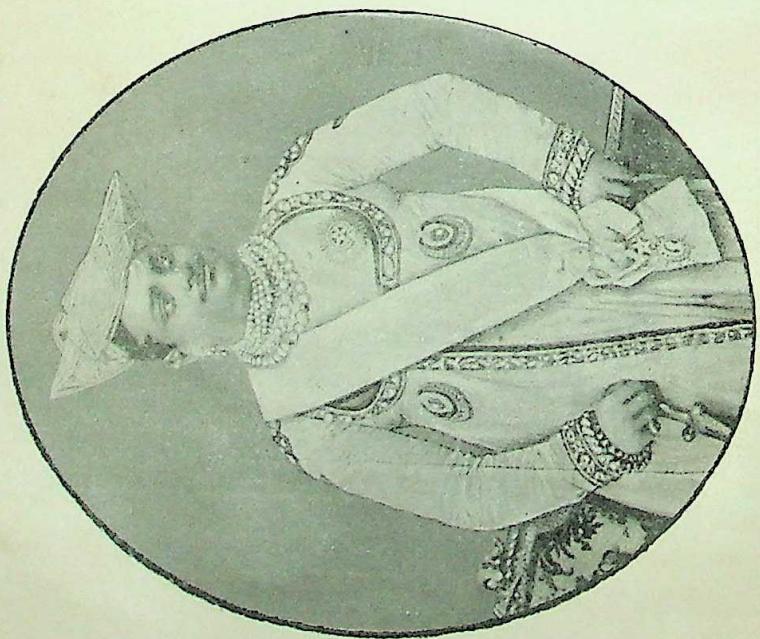
The Nagari Pracharini Sabha has a wide program and large ambitions, and the fourteen years of history gives clear evidence that it is not an association of vain dreamers, or of babblers, but of honest workers. Some of its hopes may be doomed to disappointment or be fulfilled in a modified form; some of its views may be open to discussion, or even in the opinion of some, to criticism, but the work it has already accomplished, both as regards its quantity and quality, warrants a reasonable hope that it will be successful. The sources from which the information referred to, or quoted from, are—'Occasional Report' published from the same Office, 'Quinquennial Review on Education' (1897-98 to 1901-2), 'Census of India, 1901,' 'Calcutta Gazette' (budget speeches), 'Japan by the Japanese' (edited by Alfred Stead). I have generally avoided acknowledging the sources of my quotations in the body of the article in order to save the reader from unnecessary weariness.—THE WRITER.



NAGARI-PRACHARINI SABHA BUILDING.



RAJA UDAYA PRATAP SINGH, C.S.I., OF BHINNA.



H. H. THE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR, G.C.S.I.

usefulness in the future may be wide and effective.

It is just 14 years ago that a few young fellows started the Sabha as a literary club. It is now a society not only with a large and distinguished membership, but fostering projects which touch various interests and range over a wide area.

At the close of its first year (1894) it had a membership of 82 and an income of Rs. 158. In its 14th Report, for the year 1906-07, it is able to record a membership of 681 and an income of over Rs. 9,000.

A very interesting feature of the 14 years' history of the Sabha is, that some of those whose names appear in the first report have not only steadily maintained their connexion with the Sabha, but have done splendid service during its successful course. Mahamahodadhyaya Pt. Sudhakar Dvivedi is up to the present time the President, and is not merely a figure head, but one who has done much solid hard work. Babu Adhakrishna Das, who passed away only a few months ago, had throughout all the years of the Sabha's existence spent his strength and great abilities freely in the Sabha's service. It is well nigh impossible to speak too warmly of his loyalty and labours. Babu Vamsundar Das has perhaps been the hardest worker all, for many years he was Honorary Secretary, and though now enjoying the title of Vice-President, it only is his interest in the Sabha as great as ever, but his varied abilities and unflagging energy lavishly devoted to the aims and activities of the Sabha. The other Vice-President, Babu Govinda Das, has also rendered valuable service of various kinds.

Without attempting to enumerate the names of those residing in other places, whose great services to the Sabha might claim notice, such as, e.g., the Hon. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and Pt. Shyambehari Misra, the number of those who, in Benares itself, have been associated with the Sabha, and worked with it, speaks powerfully as to the calibre of the Sabha. Take such names, e.g., as Babu Indranarayan Singh, Pt. Lakshmi Shankar Misra, Babu Bhagwan Das, Babu Urga Prashad, Babu Jagannath Das (Ratnakar), Babu Bopal Kishore, Babu Thakur Prashad, Pt. Kishori Lal Goswami, Pt. Ram Narayan Misra, Babu Kartik Prasad, Babu Ramkrishna Barma, Babu Madho Prasad. The names of such European scholars as Dr. Grierson, Dr. Hoernle, and Dr. Thibaut are also found among the Sabha's membership.

In its earlier days the Sabha held its meetings in humble and very limited premises in a back street of Bula Nala, but since 1904 it has occupied a fine building of its own, which leaves nothing to be desired, (except the payment of the debt still resting on it). The site is an exceedingly good one—a corner of the Municipal Gardens—, and forms, with the central Telegraph Office, right opposite, and the Kotwali and Town Hall, close by, quite an imposing group of buildings. The Sabha Hall does not utterly eclipse these other public buildings, but takes no unworthy place by their side, the blush of its comparatively new brick work is only one of modesty not of shame. The premises comprise a good central hall for meetings, a library and reading room, a roomy office with a store room at the back of it, and two other rooms. The buildings were admirably planned and are in every way suited to the purposes for which they were erected.

The site, buildings, and furniture cost about Rs. 22,000, and by far the greater part of this amount has been paid off, there is still, however, a debt of about Rs. 6,000 to be paid off. Will not some of the patrons of Hindi extinguish this debt and distinguish themselves. It would be a great relief to the Sabha, and surely there are some who might set it free to go on its career untrammelled by this Rs. 6,000 debt.

What are the aims and the scope of the work of the Sabha? These have been stated by one, who is evidently keen on a jingle, as "Hindi ka uddhar, sudhar aur prachar," the redemption, reformation and extension of Hindi. Something may be said on one or two of these points later on. For the present we confine ourselves to a review of what has been undertaken and the methods pursued, and an attempt to appreciate the success which has attended them. The lines along which the Sabha has mainly worked are the following:—

1. By meetings and correspondence to enlist the sympathies, and unite the efforts, of those interested in the use of and development of Hindi.
2. To promote the publication of good texts of old Hindi books, and to produce (or get produced), and publish, good new ones.
3. By its regular organ The Nagari Pracharini Patrika, and by occasional circulars and pamphlets, to ventilate questions affecting Hindi.

4. To encourage the study of Hindi in Educational Institutions.

5. By communications with the Government, and in other ways, to secure for Hindi its right place in the Courts and in public business.

6. To prosecute, and encourage, the search for old Hindi MSS., and to publish reports of such researches.

7. To foster the study of Hindi in Benares itself by the maintenance of a Library and Reading Room.

Without preserving the above order, we may give in somewhat more detail, some of the achievements of the Sabha.

I. PUBLICATIONS. Perhaps the Sabha's most serious undertaking in original work is the production of :—

“THE HINDI SCIENTIFIC GLOSSARY.” This unpretentious-looking, but very neat, volume of 359 pages, published in 1906, represents much solid work. It was first taken up in 1898 and steadily carried through. Existing material was utilized, but a task of considerable magnitude lay before the Sabha. It would be invidious to mention the names of *some* of those who helped in this enterprise, and we can hardly attempt to enumerate *all*. The preliminary work consisted in collecting English words for which Hindi equivalents were to be found. Then came tentative editions, committees, correspondence, consultations, and revisions, until, under the editorship of Babu Syamsundar Das, the work was carried through the press and published in 1906. There are 7 sections in the book dealing with technical terms in Geography, Astronomy, Political Economy, Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics, and Philosophy, containing a total of over 10,000 English words, and over 16,000 Hindi equivalents. Hindi, of course, must here be used in a broad sense, for Sanskrit has been largely indented on; Urdu and English words are also not infrequently used, and this is as it should be, when a thing and its name come into the market or into the domain of knowledge, together which had not previously been current, there is no wisdom in fabricating a new name. Again, when a name has come into general use, though, etymologically, it may not be severely exact, it savours of little but pedantry to try and replace it by another which, to the majority of hearers and readers, will be unintelligible.

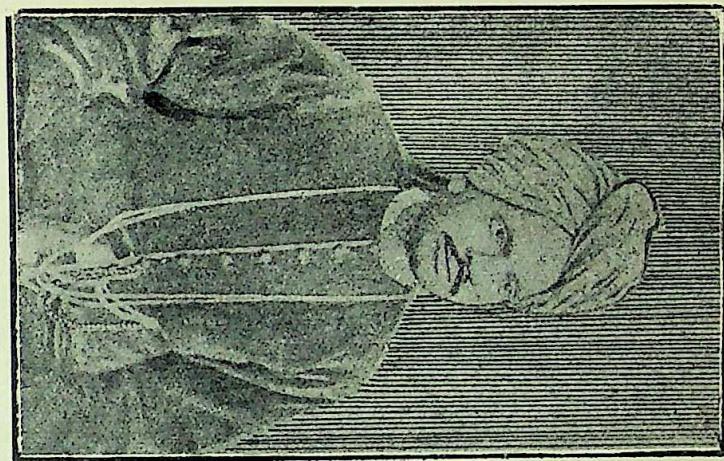
Two of the points explained in the preface are very indicative of the sound character of the undertaking. (1) It is realized that this attempt must necessarily be marked by imperfections, it is pioneer work, tentative. (2) It is most refreshing to find the editor after the 8 years of the labour of the compilers, talking of a second and revised edition. This is a true note of progress.

The book does not, of course, cover the whole range of Science, many Sciences find no place in it. It is just open to question whether “Scientific Glossary” is the best name that could be chosen; it is rather a Glossary of Technical Terms, for Philosophy can hardly be called a Science. Another question worth considering is whether the whole content might not advantageously be brought under alphabetical arrangement instead of seven. This would save the repetition of such a word as *Mach* under *Political Economy*, *Mathematics*, and *Physics*. Or, again, it might not occur to some to look for the equivalent of *Estimate* under *Mathematics*. One might demur to regarding “Suicide” and “Prevention” as peculiarly associated with Philosophy. One alphabetical arrangement for the entire vocabulary, without classifying the words under different sections, would obviate all such difficulties.

However, we have in the Scientific Glossary a splendid bit of work, and it will, we trust, lead on to a still more comprehensive and generally accepted terminology as the years roll on.

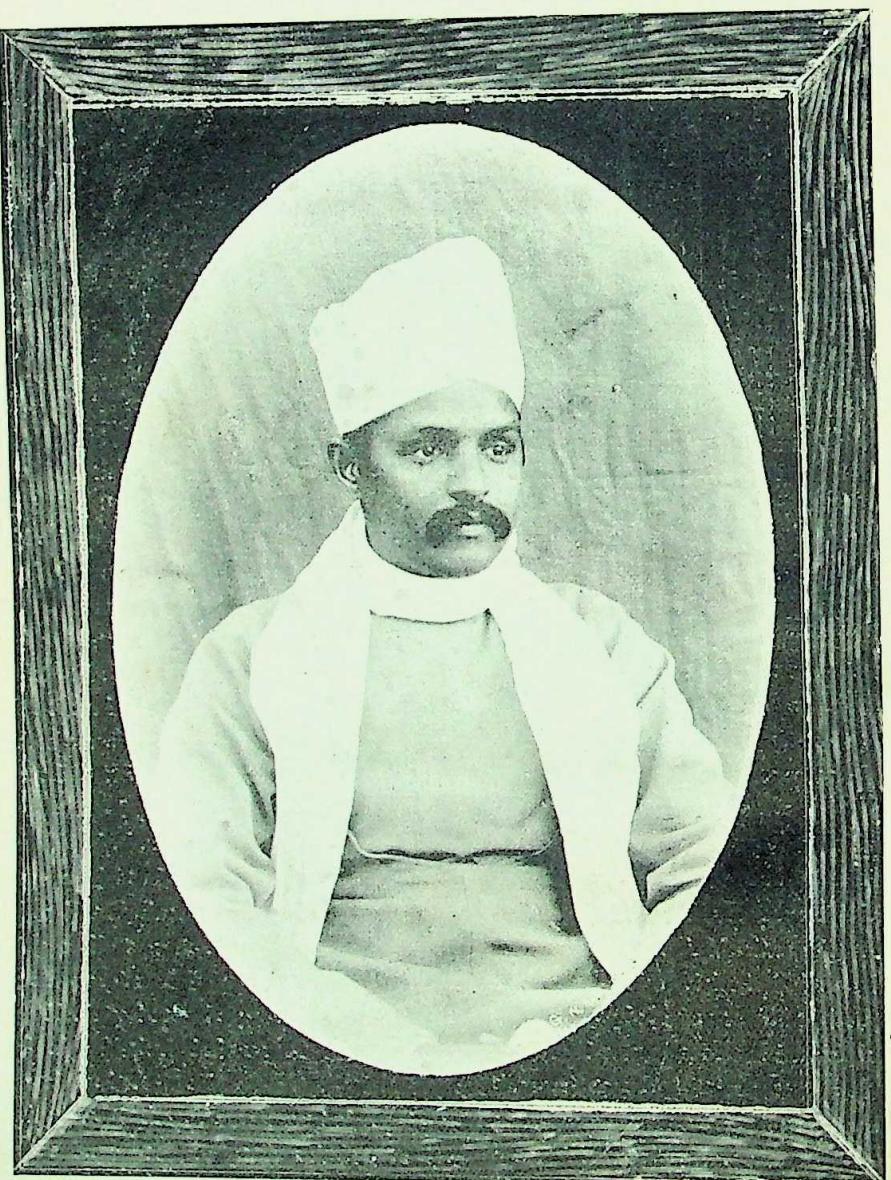
PRITHVI RAJ RASO. The collating and publication of the text of this very valuable item in Hindi literature, with notes, carefully prepared “contents” and dissertations at the end of each section, and abridged paraphrases or summaries of the chapters, is an undertaking deserving the gratitude of all students of Hindi. Some 1,200 pages of this work have already been published, a further substantial instalment is in the press, and it is hoped to complete the enterprise in 2 years. Such a book as this must necessarily be secure but a limited number of purchasers and, probably, a still more limited number of readers, for time and ability are necessary to spell out the archaic Hindi of this bard who wrote 700 years ago. The work is well printed and will prove a valuable addition to the library of any Hindi scholar.

THE LATE RAI BAHADUR PANDIT  
LAKSHMI SANKAR MISRA, M.A.,  
PRESIDENT, N.-P. SABHA.



THE LATE BABU RADHA KRISHNA DAS,  
SECRETARY, N.-P. SABHA.





HON'BLE PANDIT MADAN MOHAN MALAVIYA.

INDIAN PRESS, ALLAHABAD.

TULSI DAS' RAMAYANA OR RAMCHARIT MANAS. Another laudable piece of work done by the Sabha is the publication of this fine edition of Tulsi Das' immortal poem. An endeavour has been made to give the purest text which diligent research and careful collation could produce. There is an introduction, and some footnotes giving *Various Readings*. The book is adorned with reproductions of numerous pictures from the magnificent manuscript copy of the Tulsikrit Ramayan in the library of His Highness the Maharaja of Benares, which he graciously allowed the Sabha to have photographed for the purpose. The Indian Press, Allahabad, is to be congratulated on the printing of this book.\* We have not seen any Hindi book so well printed as is this.

Space will not allow us to give a description of all the useful books published by the Sabha. Two Reading Books (Bhasha Sar Sangrah) and a Hindi Letter-writer (Patra Bodh) did good service in their day. Quite recently a Reading Book for women (Banita-binod) was undertaken at the request of, and financially helped by, His Highness the Raja of Bhinga, who has in many ways helped the Sabha from time to time. The latest production is a short History of Western Philosophy (Yuropiya Darshan). A considerable number of smaller books and booklets (original and translations) have also been published. These are not all equal in value, but they all come within the compass of the Sabha's endeavour to encourage the production of Hindi literature.

Two books of great importance—a Hindi Dictionary and a Hindi Grammar—have long been on the programme of the Sabha. The publication of a comprehensive Dictionary and a really sound Grammar should greatly increase the Sabha's fame, and greatly benefit the Hindi public.

II. PERIODICALS. THE PATRIKA. From the year 1896 the Sabha has issued a Quarterly paper—The Nagari Prachariui Patrika. This is mainly devoted to the publication of original articles with brief notices of the Sabha's business, meetings, etc. It has now been decided to publish the Patrika monthly, and it is to be hoped that with more news about the work of the Sabha and its plans, a wider interest in the

\* The Indian Press is also the publisher of this work, having met all the expenses of its publication. Editor, M. R.

Sabha's work may be aroused and a larger membership secured.

During the 11 years of its existence some able and useful articles on a variety of subjects have appeared. The articles have dealt not only with Hindi and Sanskrit literature, but interesting short biographies have been given, also papers on History, Topography, Archaeology and Science. An occasional poem also is printed. This magazine, regularly forwarded to all the members of the Sabha, offers quite a literary education, and probably opens out to many lines of interest which are not suggested by the ordinary newspaper, and are far healthier than the great mass of Hindi novels which play such an important part in the literature issued from many of the Hindi presses.

THE GRANTHMALA.—For the last six years or so another quarterly has been published called the Granthmala, and is sent to all who subscribe Rs. 3 or more yearly to the Sabha. This Granthmala is mainly devoted to the publication of old and comparatively rare books, many of which have only existed in manuscript. To secure copies of such works, to collate and edit them is by no means an easy task, and the Sabha has already accomplished much for which Hindi scholars do well to be grateful. It is to be hoped that through the efforts of the Sabha many further valuable works may be unearthed and see the light in the Granthmala. There probably lie hidden away in Rajputana, and other provinces, many unpublished works, which, if not of great literary merit, (though literary merit does not *always* secure recognition and publicity), may contain much matter of great value for the elucidation of the political and religious and literary history of India.

Among the works which have appeared, one or two may be briefly mentioned. Chandravati (a translation from the Sanskrit by Sadal Misra) is very valuable from a literary standpoint, as Sadal was a contemporary and fellow-worker with Lalluji, and, therefore, presents Hindi at a very interesting point in its development. Akbarawat by Malik Muhammad Jayasi is another interesting work. Mahila Mridubani is a collection of Hindi poems by women, and should prove stimulating at the present time, when the intellectual development of woman is taking such an important place in the Reform movement in India. Two works of Dadu, (The Bani and Sabad), have also

appeared. In all something like 14 works have been published in the Granthmala up to the present.

III. SEARCH FOR HINDI MANUSCRIPTS. It is some 12 or 14 years ago that the Sabha approached the Government and the Asiatic Society of Bengal in the hope of getting them to carry on this work in conjunction with the search for Sanscrit MSS. which was already being prosecuted. Favourable responses were received and *something* was done, but nothing at all commensurate with the importance of the matter. It was perhaps inevitable that scholars whose interests centred around Sanskrit should greatly subordinate the interests of what they would regard as *only* Vernacular works.

Since that time, however, substantial progress has been made. In 1899, the Government agreed to make a grant to the Sabha to help it to carry out this search for Hindi MSS., and also arranged to publish the reports which the Sabha should furnish. The indefatigable Babu Syamsundar Das was placed in charge of this important department of the Sabha's operations, and has more than justified the wisdom of the choice. Already 4 carefully prepared Reports (1900-03) have been printed and published, another is on the point of being issued, (just issued as we go to press) and a sixth is in the press.

In the four volumes which lie before us there are notices of over 500 MSS. A brief description of each is given—the name of the book, probable date and authorship, a description of the size and condition of the MS, the subject of the work, and the opening and concluding lines printed in Hindi. Useful and illuminative appendices are added, and some reproductions of photographs of pages of peculiarly interesting MSS. Each volume is provided with carefully prepared alphabetical indexes of the names of both authors and works.

A review of some of the volumes, and also private letters which we have seen, by such scholars as Dr. Hoernle, Mr. Griffiths, Pundit Aditya Ram Bhattacharya, Prof. Barth, and Prof. Pischel, clearly shew in what high estimation this work (and the way in which it is being carried out) is held by men who are experts in such matters.

By a new arrangement, which the Government has accepted, it is hoped that the Reports will gain in interest, and in use for future reference. The area

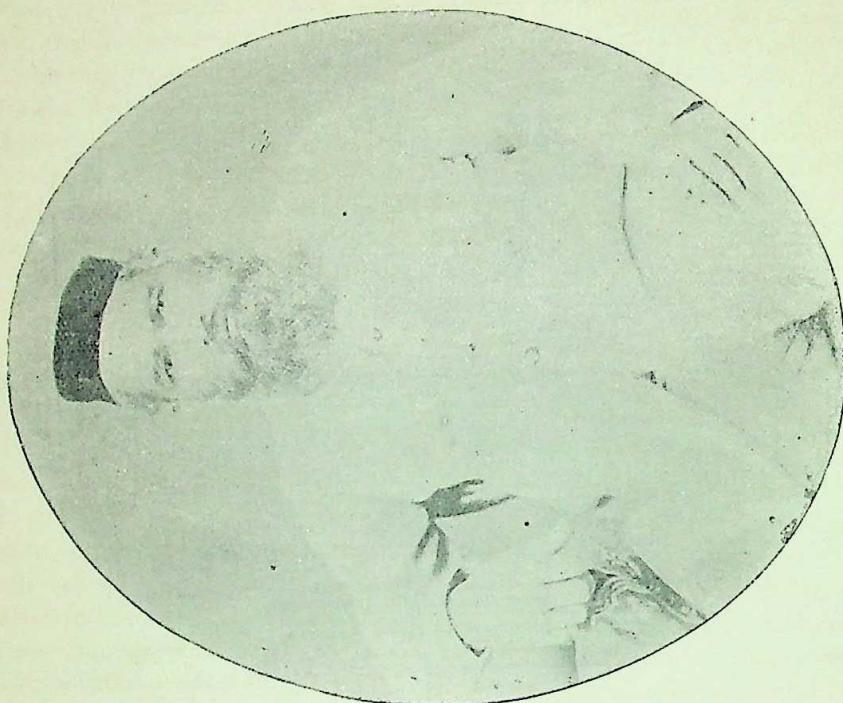
in which the search is to be carried out has been mapped out, and it is intended to concentrate the search in a special direction for 3 years at a time, and then issue a Report which will thus cover one division. This will give a measure of completeness to each Report, as each will contain an account of all works found within a certain territory. Whether, however, the search in any division is complete or not at the end of 3 years, the Government requires a Report to be then issued. The programme embraces a wide area and reaches to 1925. With larger funds at the Sabha's disposal this programme could be carried more speedily.

IV. EDUCATIONAL.—The Sabha has done well in refraining from the attempt to establish any school of its own. It can do better work by trying to influence existing institutions, and it should always be remembered that education is by no means confined to teaching in schools.

Prizes are offered year by year for Nagari handwriting, also for Hindi essays on various subjects. Some attempts have also been made, and not unsuccessfully, to provide Hindi Reading Books, etc.

V. NAGARI IN THE COURTS.—It was long felt in those parts of India in which Hindi is the language of the great bulk of the people, the Nagari, less than the Persian character, should be allowed presenting petitions, etc., in the Courts, and that Government papers addressed to the people should be issued in a language and character "understandable of the people." His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor (The Hon. Sir A. P. MacDonnell) was addressed on this subject when he visited Benares in 1895. Without giving any pledge as to what the government might do, His Honour expressed his willingness to consider the matter. In 1898 a strong and representative delegation waited on His Honour, and received not a careful hearing but a most hopeful response. His Honour admitted the apparent justice of the claim urged, but said that any change in existing regulations could be effected only after most careful enquiry and patient consideration of all that such a change would involve. Such enquiries were instituted after mature deliberation results were reached, and gave rise to the issue of the following orders, dated April 18th, 1900.

1. Façsimile of a page of the Ajodhya MS. of the Ramayan of Tulsi Das. Date A.D. 1604.
2. Façsimile of a page of the Rajapur MS. of the Ramayan of Tulsi Das in the author's own handwriting.



THE LATE BABU GADADHAR SINGH,  
Founder of the Sabha's Library.

INDIAN PRESS, ALLAHABAD.



MAHAMAHOPADHYAY PANDIT SUDHAKAR DAVYEDI,  
President, Nagari Pracharini Sabha.

"(1) All persons may present their petitions or complaints either in the Nagari or in the Persian character, as they shall desire.

"(2) All summonses, proclamations and the like in vernacular issuing to the public from the courts or from revenue officials shall be in the Persian and Nagari characters, and the portion in the latter shall invariably be filled up as well as that in the former.

"(3) No one shall be appointed except in a purely English Office, to any ministerial appointment after one year from the date of this resolution unless he knows both Hindi and Urdu; and any one appointed in the interval who knows one of these languages but not the other, shall be required to qualify in the language which he does not know within one year of his appointment."

It was hardly to be expected that such an innovation as this would meet with no opposition. Conservatism is strong in most countries, it seems peculiarly rampant in India, or *was*. However, steady progress has been made. The Sabha has appointed some *muharrirs* to attend the courts and write petitions for the unlettered in their own language. Efforts have also been made to procure publicity for the Government rulings on this subject. *Vigilance work*, moreover, has had to be carried on to prevent subordinates making ineffective the rights granted by the Government.

In Gwalior, Indore, and other Native States, Hindi has taken its proper place as the Court language.

VI. LIBRARY AND READING ROOM. The Library is the outcome of one of the earliest efforts of the Sabha. In the first report published we read of the help afforded in this matter by such men as Babu Ramdin Singh of the Kharg Bilas Press, Bankipore, and Babu Ramkrishna Barma of the Bharat Jiwan Press, Benares.

The late Babu Gadadhar Singh greatly interested himself in the Library, and on his death left to it his own library and also some property.

Among the most recent contributors to the Library may be mentioned Seth Khemraj Shri Krishna Das of Bombay who is making a present of Rs. 500 worth of books.

In this Library there are at present 4,153 books, and is probably the best collection of Hindi books that exists in the U. P. The English books in the Library are not numerous but are valuable books of reference. Both the Library and Reading Room are freely used.

VII. Space will not permit of mention being made of all that the Sabha has undertaken from time to

time. It has collected information and published pamphlets and booklets on various subjects connected with the Hindi language and literature. For instance, in about 1900 it issued, first in Hindi, afterwards in English, a report on "certain questions connected with the style and grammar of Hindi." This was produced after careful enquiries and lengthened deliberation, and was an endeavour to fix certain rules on such matters as the transliteration of words from other languages into Hindi, the method of writing the suffixes forming the various cases of the Noun, the forms to be adopted in the case of Sanskrit words which had become current in Hindi in a corrupted form, etc.

The Sabha could, of course, give no authoritative utterance or mandate on such questions. Some writers will "gang their own gait," let the Sabha say what it may, and it would be a sorry day for the literature of any country when style and method were bound hand and foot (the latter would apply specially to poetry, I suppose); but the ventilation of such questions is exceedingly useful, and the publication of the consensus of opinion of scholars of no little value.

An exceedingly good Magic Lantern and a number of valuable slides have recently been acquired by the Sabha. The liberality of Babu Moti Chand, as also of the Municipality and District Boards, enabled the Sabha to purchase these. It is anticipated that this Lantern and slides may prove of much service for lectures and for general educational work, using this word in its broadest meaning. Mr. Radice, the Collector of Benares, helped the Sabha in this matter, and has in many ways manifested his readiness to further its work.

An endeavour has been made to utilize the lantern and slides in a series of "Popular Lectures" in Hindi, on Scientific, Literary and other subjects, but up to the present this endeavour has proved but a limited success. The Lectures have been good, but all too few. It is not easy to secure the services of men best fitted to give such lectures, and to arrange a regular series. It is hoped that a new attempt may be made next winter, and that it will be attended with greater success.

Some reference must be made to a movement with which the Sabha, though not wholly responsible, has

had not a little to do. We refer to the effort now being made to get one character adopted for all the languages of India, and frequently this is quietly transmuted into the still larger "order" of one language for all India. Nagari would be the character and Hindi the language. It is not necessary to enter into the history of the movement. The subject was mooted long ago in the pages of the Sabha's Patrika and in the Saraswati, and the "Ek lipi vistar Parishad" has also warmly advocated the adoption of the Nagari character. The breadth of the movement is indicated by the fact that some of its warmest supporters are not those whose birth and education would incline them to Hindi and Nagari, but men from East and West, such as the Hon. Mr. Justice Sarada Charan Mitra, Mr. Romesh Chandra Dutt, Mr. B. G. Tilak, Prof. N. B. Ranade and Mr. A. S. Desai. Quite recently a monthly magazine has been started (The Devanagar) to champion this cause, and the first number contains articles in some eight different languages but all printed in the Nagari character.

Certainly not a few advantages would accrue from the currency of one character for the numerous languages of India, and the fact that, through Sanskrit, the Devanagari character is more or less known throughout the whole continent, is a strong argument for the Nagari above any other character. If any one character is to be adopted then Nagari can establish a far and away better claim than that of any other vernacular. Our own feeling is, however, that this question of one character will never loom sufficiently large as to stir up a wide-reaching enthusiasm, it will necessarily be merged in the far broader and incalculably more important one of one language. If the best national aspirations in the various parts of India are to be realized, one of the most pressing needs is a common medium for the expression of thought. If from North and South and East and West men are to confer freely, by the printed page and by speech, then a common character is of small service, it is one language that is wanted. By this alone can fellowship find articulate expression and united movements be sustained. Unmoved, we believe, by any national prejudice, we are driven to the conclusion that the one language for India, if one there is to be, (and we certainly regard this as desirable), will be English. This is not a question of advocacy but of common-

sense observation, we simply note what is being quietly and effectively worked out year by year.

The advantages of English are many and cogent. It already is the medium for communication among the best educated in all parts of India, again there is a vast literature to hand, a literature which probably contains more about the history, religion, literature, philosophy, and antiquities of India than vernacular, possibly more than all the vernaculars together. As a matter of fact probably, all the modern books by Indians themselves are written in English, and how great is the number of those among cultured Indians who can express themselves far more freely and clearly in English than in their vernacular. While theories are being ventilated and propaganda carried on, the question is a long distance on its way to a practical solution.

There are doubtless reasons, patriotic reasons, which it should be felt desirable to have a common language which is indigenous to India, and personally we should rejoice to see Hindi the one language. But neither principle should never be sacrificed to sentiment, nor can such strong claims to a difficult and the question before us must be viewed in the light of practical wisdom, and yield to the guidance of the force of circumstances. If Englishmen are so cheerily about Indians adopting a language originally their own, it should be remembered that they are only suggesting to others to do what they may be able to do themselves. They may claim that English is the language of the world now, but it is so by adoption and development in the course of time.

The issue of this question, however, is yet far from being settled. One of the pressing questions is the development of the vernaculars for the masses. Much yet remains to be done for Hindi, and the Nagari Pracharini Society is nobly taking up its task and endeavouring to spread its influence, with its omission, but there are some large problems unsolved about the future of Hindi, and not the least of the effort needed, but wisdom and tact.

The contact of Hindi and Urdu naturally tends to names the production of an "amalgam" or "khichari," page needed this is not to be regretted in matters domestic, Bazaar commercial; but in literature, and all matters of a technical language must be employed, such a language as Hindi or English can hardly be deliberately adopted. Such an attempt is being made, it is true, in a series of Re-

begotten, or adopted, by the Education Department. The course is so prepared that it may be printed in the Persian or Nagari character, but is not changed in *language*. The idea is carried out with considerable ability, but as Dr. Johnson once remarked about a dog dancing that the dancing was very good *for a dog*, but was not *good dancing*, so we may say that this attempt to produce a language which is both Hindi and Urdu is about as successful as could be expected, but it is not a success; the result is not a language which is both, but which is neither.

Vernacular education has a tendency to be crowded out by the attention bestowed upon English, and this arises from no eagerness of the Education Department to thrust English upon all scholars, but by reason of the eagerness of parents and children that English should be acquired. We fear that not a few boys leave school, after what ought to constitute a fairly general education, who really know no language properly. They know something of English, something personally of their own Hindi or Urdu, a little, perhaps of both, but neither language is well known. Attention, however, is being bestowed on vernacular education, and difficulties are doubtless great where there is only one school, and both Hindu and Mahomedan children have to be taught. Our hope is that, without at all countenancing purism, it may be recognized that whatever may be the case in the Bazaar, Hindi and Urdu are numbered among languages for the educated, and that education shall be arranged accordingly, and a language not English as Hindi which is largely composed of Urdu developed in the Nagari character.

Looking now at this question of style and vocabulary far from the Hindi stand-point what can be said about the near future of Hindi?

There can be no question that that future depends largely upon the attitude adopted by Hindi writers, with reference to the style of Hindi to be used. We have no sympathy with, we cannot even comprehend, the position of those who venture the assertion that Hindi and Urdu are not two languages but only names for one. It is true that the amount of language necessary for the purchase of a few articles in the Bazaar or to enquire the nearest way to the Police Station or the Lunatic Asylum need not be specifically such a jargón as Hindi or Urdu, but a jargon, which is conveniently called Hindustani. Some books have been printed in

this Hindustani, but as soon as serious subjects are handled in conversation or in writing the language should be either Hindi or Urdu. Vast numbers of words are freely used which are derived either from Sanskrit or from Persian and Arabic, and there are constructions associated with these languages. As one or the other of these predominates, the language becomes Hindi or Urdu. No sharp line can be drawn, it is true, for as regards vocabulary, grammar, and construction, there is very much that is common to both languages, as much Urdu as Hindi, as truly Hindi as Urdu; but with this common element there are elements which are distinctive. To say, for instance, of a King "gaddi par baithé" or "takhtnáshín hue" is to adopt one language or the other, and there are countless subjects whose treatment demands that we definitely choose one language, Hindi or Urdu.

The question which now lies before us in the interests of Hindi is this:—Shall we maintain and increase these differences between the two languages and thus try to use more pure Hindi, or shall we try to minimize the differences? In other words shall we try to keep at a distance all words not of Sanskrit origin, or shall we freely adopt words, no matter what their source, if they are widely understood, largely used, and adequate to express our meaning? Our belief is that if the former alternative be adopted, Hindi is practically doomed, there will be only Hindustani and Urdu. If on the other hand the situation be fairly faced, facts accepted, and a spirit of compromise allowed to prevail, a splendid career lies before Hindi. Its development and vigour depend upon its adaptation to environment. Purism must be politely bowed out (or if necessary drummed out), except by those authors who will be content with a select but very limited audience.

If Hindi is to maintain its place it must be by accommodation to the times and circumstances amid which we live. Fly to Sanskrit only when in a desperate corner for a word, dismiss the theory of "purity of diction" as a snare, aim at a style which has simplicity, clearness, force; if in addition to these, perfect ease and a measure of grace can be united, so much the better, but the first essential is intelligibility. Both the profit and the pleasure of the reader largely depend on the ease with which he can get at the meaning of the writer (if he has any). Some readers

rejoice in difficult books, they, as they read, are able to feel that they belong to the elite, by all means let them have a highly Sanskritised Hindi, vain writers can cater for vain readers.

The secret of so much futile Hindi is the fact that so many write for the writing's sake, they have really nothing to say and they succeed in saying it admirably, but the man with a message to his readers has the key to a good style, he wishes to make his readers understand what he says and to agree with him. Let him but have a vocabulary at his command, a knowledge of grammar and idiom, an estimate of his readers' or hearers' intelligence, and he is some distance on the road to acquire a good style.

May Sanskritised Hindi find its right place, a ~~play~~ <sup>place</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>in</sup> the top shelf of the Literary Museum, and ~~purposes~~ <sup>count</sup> there, day by day, grow in strength and volume in Hindi which shall be popular because intelligent. In this widely received because appealing to the ~~understanding~~ <sup>Medical</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>of</sup> all.

The Nagari Pracharini Sabha has done ~~great~~ <sup>some</sup> ~~benefit~~ <sup>service</sup> to the ~~irritated~~ <sup>men</sup>, ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> ~~chronic~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~conditions~~ <sup>excuse</sup> times, lighten her vessel by throwing Sanskrit overboard and sail gaily and prosperously to the ~~place~~ <sup>light</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>re-disposition</sup> she deserves to reach, a place of honour and regard among all those who love Hindi.

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## HOW THE SEPOY IS HOUSED

IN the 151st paragraph of his now well-known farewell Minute, dated the 28th of February, 1856, Lord Dalhousie said:—

"The position of the Native Soldier in India has long been such as to leave hardly any circumstance of his condition in need of improvement."

Regarding the European soldier's barracks, Lord Dalhousie wrote in the same Minute:—

"The lodging of the Soldier has been greatly improved, and no nation can show better or more appropriate quarters for its troops than the Government now provides for European soldiers in the East.

"No Barrack in the Plains is now built with less than twenty-four feet of height within. All are raised from the ground, and every appliance for cleanliness, ventilation, and healthiness, which experience has suggested or ingenuity can devise is introduced into the buildings. \* \* \*

"Proper provision for washing and cleanliness has been made in all the new plans, and of late Reading Rooms have been included in the design for each Barrack.

"The scanty comforts of the Soldier within his quarters have also been increased."

"Punkhas are hung in every barrack as in a private house."

Let us now turn our attention to the sepoy's lines. Let us see what the All-India Reports of the Sanitary Commissioner later lod the Government of India have to say regarding the lodging of the Native Soldier. The reader will then be in a position to judge the accuracy of Lord Dalhousie's assertion regarding the position of the sepoy.

REPORT FOR 1896.—TABLE XXX. NATIVE TROOPS. PAGE 85.

NEEMUCH.

"The floors of the huts are, as a rule, below health \* outside surface. The huts of the cavalry are large and small for more than a single man, having 80 sq. feet area and 760 cubic feet capacity. A cavalry man's kit, which is larger than an infantry man's, and that sometimes two men live in one room. The floor of the line the huts require raising. The drainage requires improvement also."

REPORT FOR 1897.—TABLE XXX. NATIVE TROOPS. PAGE 93.

DEHRA DUN.

"The prevalence of eye affections, especially among the married men, is in a great measure due to sentery

ce, a faulty arrangements in their quarters for cooking and purposes, causing a smoky atmosphere. This may also account in some measure for the lung affections." In this connection the District Principal Medical Officer remarks :—

"I concur in the above remarks. \* \* \* \* Immediate beneficial results can hardly be looked for, as the irritating smoke has so weakened the eyes of many men, women and children as to induce a form of chronic conjunctivitis, which becomes acute on any slight exciting cause. Similarly, with tubercle, the re-disposition has been established in many cases."

#### KOHIMA.

The District P. M. O. remarks :—

"To improve the ventilation of the married quarters, roof ventilation should be provided, and it would be an improvement if ceiling cloths were provided in the barracks."

#### EDWARDESABAD, P. 94.

The District P. M. O. remarks :—

"\* \* \* But indeed, the insanitary condition and almost ruinous state of these (cavalry) lines, owing to the plague of myriads of rats, may lead eventually to their final evacuation. The rat holes penetrate the foundations, floors, walls and even roofs. Water lodges and becomes stagnant in the holes, and the whole position is a source of danger. Special correspondence has passed on the subject."

#### BERHAMPUR, P. 94.

"A number of houses in the lines are very damp. The flatness of the surrounding country, and the large number of tanks scattered about the municipality and in the neighbourhood of the lines, are the cause of this defect. There is also a marshy jheel close to the regimental lines, which is not conducive to health \* \* \* \* . The huts in the lines being very damp during the monsoons and for some time after, it is strongly recommended that the floors of the quarters be laid with some impermeable substance, and that some system of deep drainage be adopted for the flood of the lines."

#### SIRDAPORE, P. 97.

"There are no trench latrines, or latrines of any kind, for the rank and file of the regiment."

#### INDORE, P. 97.

The District P. M. O. remarks :—

"I consider the excessive admission rate for dysentery amongst the native troops to be due to

inferior food supplies owing to the dearness of provisions, to the want of sufficiently high plinths to the huts, and to the huts being built on black soil. I recommend that the floors of the huts be raised as high as the buildings will permit."

#### KAMPTEE, P. 97.

"Except in the case of a few families in the lines there was no overcrowding. There was a deficiency of 27 feet superficial space and 150 cubic feet per man in some of the huts which were overcrowded."

#### SIRUR, P. 97-98.

The District P. M. O. remarks :—

"A good supply of pure water from deep wells is urgently required. At present the water is obtained from the Ghod, and this is believed to be the cause of outbreaks of cholera. The men's lines are so close to the native town that any infecting disease occurring in the latter invariably spreads to the former."

The General Officer Commanding the District remarks :—

"There is plenty of good water in the Sirur wells; and when there is any cholera about, the men of the regiment can be prohibited from going to the river for water. The site of the Poona Horse lines cannot be altered without spending two lacs of rupees."

[Query.—Would the G. O. C. have ventured to make such remarks had the health of British troops been in question?]

#### REPORT FOR 1899. TABLE XXX.

#### BARRACKPORE, P. 86.

The Medical Officer in charge of the 2nd Madras Infantry remarks :

"The regiment has not the authorized cubic space and the barracks are extremely damp and have only mud floors. Allowing 8 men on guard from each barrack, the barracks are 8,000 cubic feet each deficient by rough measurement."

The General Officer Commanding the District :—

"The main point to be attended to is the improvement of the drainage generally. There are difficulties connected with this, but the matter is being looked into and the drains improved, as funds become available. \* \* The other suggestions will be taken up as soon as possible, with the exception of the rebuilding of the native infantry lines, which, no doubt, should be eventually rebuilt on the standard plan."

**The Lieutenant-General Commanding the Forces :—**

"There are many native troop lines that have to be reconstructed before those at Barrackpore."

**DEHRA DUN, P. 86.**

"The 1st battalion, 2nd Gurkhas, suffered most from sickness. The causes of sickness being more in the above battalion, are: The area occupied by the lines is smaller; \* \* \*. Conjunctivitis was due to defective ventilation in the married quarters. Tubercle of the lungs was also chiefly amongst the married men, and so defective ventilation is probably an important cause."

**The Lieutenant-General Commanding the forces :—**

"\* \* \* The defective ventilation is now being remedied."

**KOHIMA, P. 87.**

"Chest affections are partly due to the well-known pre-disposition of the Gurkhas to suffer from these diseases, and partly to the badly built and badly ventilated huts. The latter with their *ekra* walls and corrugated iron roofs are hot in summer and cold in winter. There has been no overcrowding in the individual huts used by the Sepoys, but the barracks are built much too closely together, and they are of faulty construction and badly ventilated. They have been frequently adversely reported upon. If this station is to be retained as one for regular native troops, it will undoubtedly be necessary to build new barracks. Those at present in use are cramped upon a hill side,—8 barracks on a site barely large enough for 2. They are built on a wrong principle, and the ventilation, when any exists, is natural,—from holes between the roof and walls. It is no wonder that chest affections should be so common in the winter, when one sees the barracks the men have to live in."

**KOHAT, P. 88.**

"The 33rd Punjab Infantry had the highest constantly sick ratio, \*\*. Also the infantry occupied the condemned infantry lines. Taking the average strength of the 6th Punjab Infantry occupying the lines as 713 unmarried and 46 married men, there is a deficiency of 363 cubic feet for unmarried and no deficiency for married men. New lines are badly wanted, and good sites for such lines are available, but it seems useless making any recommendation at present."

**The District P. M. O. :—**

"The demolition of the present overcrowded and partly ruinous centre infantry lines and the building of new lines on a fresh site, are urgent sanitary requirements."

**The G. O. C. the district :—**

"The centre infantry lines have been condemned for the last 20 years, and their unsuitability for occupation insisted on in every sanitary report."

**The L.-G. Commanding the Forces :—**

"Proposals are being considered for the building of new lines to replace the present central infantry lines, which are insufficient and in a ruinous condition."

**EDWARDESABAD, P. 88.**

**The P. M. O. P. F. F.**

"\* \* \* The rebuilding, on a fresh site (if obtainable) of the cavalry lines."

**The L.-G. C. the Forces :—**

"The question is under consideration."

**BARAGULLY, P. 89-90.**

"The native drivers and muleteers, having not authorized cubic space, are merely 'hutted,' as buildings have been provided for them. This state of affairs has been brought forward several times without any apparent benefit."

**The L.-G. Com. the Forces :—**

"An estimate amounting to 12,000 has been sanctioned for the provision of quarters for the drivers and followers, but funds have not yet been allotted."

**DATTAKHEL, P. 91.**

"\* \* \* The huts in which the men were housed are too small to give adequate cubic space for the men living in each; besides they are so constructed as to be equally inefficient as a protection from sun in the hot weather, and from the cold wind during the winter months."

**BOMBAY, P. 94.**

**District P. M. O. :—**

The lines of the 2nd Bo.-Grenadiers are old and sanitary, and the only measure to remedy the deficiency is to vacate them. The men cannot be healthy in a position, and it is sure to keep them in a bad state of health, especially when it is considered that barracks are almost completely surrounded by healthy sites."

## FORT SANDEMAN, P. 94.

"The accommodation for the native troops and the followers of the native cavalry is exceedingly overcrowded; the deficiency of space amounts to upwards of 13,000 square feet. The followers have no accommodation at all, and consequently they have to remain herded together at night with the *sowars*." \*\*

"The bathing places for the native troops are quite unprotected from the weather."

## PESHIN, P. 95.

\*\* The barracks and all other buildings should be erected on permanent masonry plinths, 3 feet high. If this is considered impossible, the present mud-boiling of all the barracks, hospitals, &c., should be paved with brick and cement."

## REPORT FOR 1900. TABLE XXX.

## BELLARY, P. 75.

"The native infantry barracks are old, broken down, and unfit for occupation. New blocks are, however, in course of construction; but these also have their defects, *viz.*, the system of private urinaries, in the married quarters, defective ventilation, and defective roofing."

## VIZIANAGRAM, P. 75.

"Beri-beri is supposed \*\* to have been aggravated by housing in low damp huts. \*\* New lines are in course of erection."

## BOMBAY, P. 76.

"The lines of the 2nd Bo. Grenadiers should be evacuated, as their surroundings are insanitary. There being a great deal of overcrowding in the married quarters of the 21st Bo. I., sufficient accommodation should be provided."

## FORT SANDEMAN, P. 76.

"Pneumonia was probably due to the severe winter, and to the insufficient accommodation. Overcrowding exists among the native troops and followers of the native cavalry. The deficiency of space amounts to over 13,000 square feet. There is no accommodation for the followers, who have, therefore, to sleep with the *sowars* or to make some other arrangement."

## HINGOLI, P. 76.

The G. O. C. the District :—

"The infantry lines require to be rebuilt, if the regiment is to remain at Hingoli."

## REPORT FOR 1901. TABLE XXX.

## ALIPORE, P. 16.

"The station is low-lying, damp, and imperfectly drained\*\*. The men's barracks have earthen floors, which always become damp in wet weather, and are no doubt, a cause of ill-health \*\*."

The G. O. C. the District.

"The floors of the men's barracks should be made *pucca* as funds are available."

## SHILLONG, P. 76.

"The construction of seven sheds, \*\* as also the addition of verandas to the single men's barracks, and the re-construction of the married lines, still remain to be done. These have all been approved, and an allotment of funds is awaited."

## DEESA, P. 77.

"The huts (of the 2nd Bo. Lancers lines) are old, small, and badly ventilated, and have, it is understood, been condemned by all inspecting officers. \*\* But it has been decided by the Lieut.-Genl. Com. the Forces that the question of new lines must stand over till the Poona Cavalry lines are completed."

## FORT SANDEMAN, P. 77.

"The accommodation for the Cavalry and the followers is insufficient. The construction of lines for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  Squadrons is recommended."

## REPORT FOR 1902, TABLE XXX.

## FEROZPORE, P. 72.

The present barracks have been condemned, as being insanitary; new ones are to be built.

## MEEAN MEER, P. 72.

The drainage of the lines, like that of the station in general, is defective, and water lodges under the culverts. A large drainage scheme, conceived on a liberal scale, is required. Till this is done, the station must remain unhealthy in years of ordinary rainfall. \*\* There are over-crowding and deficient ventilation in the men's huts, due to deficient quarters for *syces*, many of whom cannot sleep in their own lines; this has been brought to the notice of the President, Bengal Cavalry Lines Committee.

## DERA ISMAIL KHAN, P. 72.

"Verandas are required to be built for the barracks in the native infantry lines."

## KENG TING, P. 72.

"The barrack accommodation is not good. \*\* The condition of the Cantonment is swampy."

## BANGALORE, P. 72.

"All the follower's lines \*\* are generally in an insanitary state for want of proper sanitary control over them, and for want of funds to carry out improvements."

## REPORT FOR 1903, TABLE XXX.

SEHORE, P. 76.

"The barrack accommodation is not sufficient: when most of the men of the garrison are present, the surplus number will have to be accommodated in tents or in any available buildings. The matter is under consideration by G. O. C. the District."

FORT SANDEMAN, P. 77.

"An increased accommodation both for the troops and for the followers is badly needed. The Lieutenant-General Commanding the forces remarks that it would seem wiser to provide more accommodation when the permanent location of troops at the fort will be required."

LORALAI, P. 77.

"The construction of the cavalry barracks is a matter of urgent need. An estimate for this work was sanctioned two or three years ago, and has since been included every year in the schedule of demands, but no funds have been given. A shallow channel near the main road leading to the Cantonment, which is at present used as a latrine and filth place, should be filled in; this has been included in the list of minor works, but no funds have been given."

## REPORT FOR 1904, TABLE XXX.

EDWARDESABAD P. 76.

"The Cavalry lines are unsuitable and a new site should be selected."

The Officer Commanding the Brigade says:—  
"Several sites have been selected in past years."

The L.-G. Commanding the Forces remarks:—

"The scheme for the extension of Bannu Cantonment has been postponed by Government till further orders."

BAKLOH, P. 76.

The following defects have been brought to notice:—

"(1) Overcrowding. The entire space of the 2-4th Gurkhas Barrack is not sufficient. (2) The earthen floors harbour the *Bacillus tuberculosis*."

The General Officer Commanding the Division says as regards the defects enumerated above:—

"(1) More barracks have been sanctioned, but funds have not been allotted. The serious epidemic long been tubercle has been got in hand by temporary evacuation of his condition at some expense. There is grave danger of the Sir John having to be incurred all over again owing to want of money to carry out the most ordinary sanitary measures repeatedly recommended in diverse shapes by committees. (2) Concrete floors are needed."

## ABBOTTABAD, P. 76.

The following defects have been brought to notice:—

"(1) Tubercle is still prevalent in the Gurkha Battalions, and a recommendation is made as in the Sanitary Report for 1902, that the floors be dug three inches and fresh earth put in its place. The accommodation in the barracks of the Gurkha Battalions should be increased to 50 Square feet a 600 feet per man. This increased accommodation is sanctioned by the Government of India \*\* in order to check the prevalence of and mortality from tubercle."

"Pucca floors are not authorised for native troops."

May we ask why? Is it because in the opinion of Lord Dalhousie mud floors represent the acme of perfection?

## REPORT FOR 1904. TABLE XXX.

LORALAI, P. 78.

"The present new Cavalry lines are badly designed as the rooms are between animals and they are over crowded."

## REPORT FOR 1906. TABLE XXX.

DHARMSALA, P. 74.

"The cubic space has hitherto been defective in lines. This as well as lighting and ventilation [noted] to be attended to in rebuilding the barracks."

NASIRABAD, P. 74.

"A great number of minor defects have been brought before the Cantonment Committee, and a sub-committee has been sitting to consider remedies. The report will be considered when completed; but the only difficulty will be provision of funds which may be spread over a term of years."

After reading the above quoted extracts from the Annual Reports of the Sanitary

Commissioner with the Government of India for the last ten years, can anyone say with Lord Dalhousie that

"The position of the Native Soldier in India has been such as to leave hardly any circumstance of his condition in need of improvement"?

Sir John Kaye has observed that Lord Dalhousie, whom Sir Charles Napier had nicknamed the "Laird of the Pen," lacked imagination, and that he could not

"understand the genius of the people among whom his lot was cast. He had but one idea of them—an idea of a people habituated to the despotism of a domi-

nant race. \* \* \* He could not see with other men's eyes; or think with other men's brains; or feel with other men's hearts. With the characteristic unimaginativeness of his race he could not for a moment divest himself of his individuality, or conceive the growth of ancestral pride and national honor in other breasts than those of the Campbells and the Ramsays."

Historians may very properly investigate whether Lord Dalhousie's action in providing luxurious lodgings and increasing the comforts of the white soldiers and doing nothing for the black or brown ones was not one of the contributory causes of the Sepoy Revolt.

## LIFE OF SHIVAJI

(From the Persian.)

### § 39.—Shiva recovers his own.

[On his way back] he secretly met Abdulla Qutb-ul-mulk, king of Haidarabad, charmed him by his spells and deception, and vowed that if Abdulla lent him troops and siege-materials he would quickly recover the forts in the Qutb Shahi frontier seized by Bijapur and make them over to the Kutb Shahi officers who would accompany him, as well as some of his own forts then in the hands of the Imperialists, if they were recovered by means of the materials supplied by Qutb Shah. Shiva was renowned for his skill in taking forts. Qutb Shah, without thinking of Shiva's [noted] foresight and stratagem, sent a strong force with siege-materials under some men intended to act as *qiladars*, and ordered them to obey Shiva.

With this force Shiva quickly took every fort which he came, as he was wonderfully expert in sieges. Then he befooled the Qutb Shahi officers who accompanied him for taking over the forts, saying, "You are now witnessing mere play. When I take a stronger fort

than this I shall give it up to you." He won them over by means of presents in cash and kind out of the booty seized in these forts, and passed on to other forts. Thus he speedily conquered Satara, Parnala, &c.,—10 or 12 famous Bijapur forts, which others could not have taken even in years and by the expenditure of *lacs*,—and recovered Rajgarh and other forts of which he had surrendered the keys to Jai Singh and Dilir Khan. Abdulla's men were given one or two forts and dismissed. The report is current in Haidarabad that in the 1st or 2nd year of Abul Hassan's reign Shiva visited him at Haidarabad and made a tool of him. (*Khafi Khan*, ii. 220-221).

Shiva now recovered by force the 27\* forts which he had given up when he interviewed the Mirza Rajah, and strengthened them. When the Emperor learnt of it, his wrath overflowed. Just then the news reached him that Kheluji, the uncle of Shivaji, was staying at Mathura. He was ordered to be produced before the Emperor. On being

\* So in the text.

brought there, he gave harsh and haughty replies, and was sentenced to be killed [by being sawn to pieces] between two planks.

In the Kokan Shiva built, under the wealthy noble Keshav Panth's supervision, two forts near his old ones; these were named *Ramanranjan* and *Rajashri-wardhan*. He deputed Pradhan Panth, the *peshwa*, to the Kokan to regulate the district. (*Tarikh-i-Shivaji*, 25, b.)

#### § 40—Shivaji crowns himself at Raigarh.

By the grace of God Shiva's good fortune and success increased daily. One day he planned to deck out his throne and diadem and crown himself in the Hindu mode of royalty. After deciding it he ordered the construction of a throne and a crown. All the nobles bent their heads in obedience. Ganga Bhat, a very pious and accomplished Brahman, and other holy Brahmins were brought from Benares, and at an auspicious moment he ascended the throne at Rajgarh according to the Hindu custom. Henceforth the name of the fort was changed to Rajgarh. He ordered that all his officers, great and small, should build nice *pucca* houses and live there. For himself he laid the foundations of a palace in 8 blocks (*manzil*), named the Bek-sava Mahal, the Kalian Mahal, the Birak-sava Mahal, Daftar Mahal, &c. He built and gave to his sons and other relatives charming mansions according to their desire. Large sums were distributed in charity. Sital Puri, a very pious *Sanyasi* of Benares, was invited and made his *guru*. Daily sustenance was ordered to be sent to every pious man and devotee according to his need. Sital Puri was lodged at Sangameshwar, a holy place. Parmanand Gosain of Phaladpur and Narain Asram, a very saintly Brahman of Trimbakeswar Maha-deo, were highly honoured and served by Shivaji. Then he busied himself in laying in provisions and building forts, and achieved these tasks. (*Tarikh-i-Shivaji*, 25, b and 26, a.)

Shiva is said to have collected ten or two thousand Cutch and Arab horses. Wherever he went a force, most of the men rode on his own horses. He repaired the forts formerly built on the sea-coast, constructed war-vessels in those stations near the forts, and began to plunder the ships going to Persia and Mecca. Then, his mind being composed with regard to the settlement of the environs of Rajgarh, his old asylum, he cast about to secure a stronger place and hill for his own residence. After a good deal of search he pitched upon the hill of Rairi, 6 miles in height from base of the skirt of the hill to its summit, 48 miles distant from the sea, though an of the sea lay only 14 miles from its foot. the environs was the road of Surat, which was one stage of 24 miles by land. Rajgarh was 4 or 5 stages from it. The way was covered by high, strong and inaccessible hills. For five months it rains incessantly in the region. It is situated in the Kokan of Nizam Shahi.

He began to build a fort here. The gates, towers and battlements were made extremely strong. Then he gave up his residence at Rajgarh and made Rairi his treasury and abode. After building the fort, mounting guns, and closing all the roads except a very difficult one,—he assembled his men, placed a purse of gold and a gold bracelet worth hundred *huns* before them, and proclaimed, "The money and bracelet will be given to one who can climb the hill with a flag by path other than the one left open, and without the aid of ladders or rope-nooses." A man of the Dher tribe said, "If your Majesty pleases, I shall ascend the hill with a plant it, and then return." He did it, returning quickly blessed and praised [as king]. Shiva gave him the purse and bracelet, but ordered his feet to be cut off from the joints. Then he caused the path followed by the Dher to be closed. (*Khafi Khan*, ii. 223.)

### § 41.—Further conquests of Shiva.

Shiva after establishing himself at Rajgarh renewed his disturbances, plundered Surat, the city having been without a defensive wall in those days, and carried off booty worth thousands of rupees in cash and kind and thousands of prisoners male and female, respectable Hindus and Muslims. The Emperor on hearing of it ordered a protective wall to be built round Rajgarh fort (or city ?), and deputed Dilir Khan and Khan Jahan Bahadur with an army to chastise Shiva (*Khafi Khan*, ii. 222).

Shiva sent his soldiers to plunder the Imperial dominions, and they sacked the houses of the port of Surat, the *parganah* of Karija, and other places, and recovered some of the forts previously surrendered by him. But

Rajgarh certain forts which were strong and well provisioned could not be captured by him. He watched for an opportunity. One day he attacked the fort of Mahuli, (the commandant of which was Manohardas Gaur, a nephew of Bithaldas Gaur) entrenched around

the hill, and tried to seize it. Manohardas, despite of his lack of provisions and war materials, the largeness of the enemy's number, and the hopelessness of getting reinforcements [in time], sent word to Shiva, "We Rajputs and servants of the Emperor, are ready to face death. This fort will not be captured without loss; many men must be sacrificed." Shiva besieged the fort, and one night sent 500 or 600 infantry familiar with the paths of the fort, to its top with the help of rope-nooses. Manohardas, who was ready with his Rajputs day and night, fell on them, killing many and hurling the others down.

Foiled by his valour Shiva withdrew, and fell on Uzbak Khan, the *thanahdar* of Kalian himri, who with many of his followers perished after a heroic fight. The wounded sought refuge in Aurangabad. Manohardas signed and was succeeded by Alawardi Beg, whom Shiva wrested Mahuli, slaying the 200 men of the contingent of Daud

Khan. In addition to the forts previously surrendered by him, he conquered Ahunt, which was an Imperial possession from the first (*Dilkasha*, 64-66).

### § 42.—Shiva befools the Mughals.

Shiva, wishing to conquer Bijapur territory and to provision his own forts [without hindrance] wrote to Maharajah Jaswant Singh, "His Majesty has cast me off. Otherwise I had thought of conquering Qandahar [for the Emperor, at my own expense] without taking any materials from him. I fled from the court in fear of my life. The Mirza Rajah, my patron, is dead. If through your mediation my offences are pardoned, I can send my son Sambha to wait on the Prince [Muazzam, the Viceroy of the Deccan], that he may get a *mansab*. I can render service with my followers wherever I may be ordered to go." A petition to the same effect was sent to the Emperor, who assented to it at the recommendation of the Prince and the Maharajah.

Shiva sent Sambha with his trusted officer Partab Rao and 1,000 troops to the Maharajah to wait on the Prince. After the audience Sambha was given the rank of a commander of 5,000 horse, a choice elephant, jewelled arms, and *jagirs* in Berar and other provinces. He stayed with the Prince with half his force, the other half being sent to his *jagirs* [for collecting the revenue]. After some time Shiva begged that as Sambha was young he might be permitted to come home, promising that he would be again sent to court when old enough to do service [in the field]. It was granted and Sambha was given leave to depart. Partab Rao served at Aurangabad as his deputy. The men of the Maharajah conveyed Sambha home.

The Emperor attached some of the *mahals* of Sambha's *jagir*, in return for the lac of rupees presented to Shiva when he went to the court. Shiva heard of it. As he had

in the meantime conquered much of the Bijapur kingdom and satisfactorily replenished the provisions and stores of his fortresses, he summoned Partab Rao and his troops from Aurangabad. He slipped out, and the party [of Marathas] previously sent to the *parganas* of Sambha's *jagir* also fled after plundering the villages. The Imperial force sent in pursuit could not capture them.

There was a great reduction in the Mughal army in the Deccan, and the dismissed men took service under Shiva to earn their bread. (*Dilkasha*, pp. 69-71).

[The above is a clear and rational account of this affair. The Maratha chronicle, from which I translate immediately below, gives a confused and seemingly inaccurate version of it.]

As fate had kept in hiding a different state of things, a strange incident now happened. One day Sambhaji, the son of Shivaji, forgetting the dispensation of death, planned to spread his name by force and valour. Getting disgusted with his father for some reason or other, he went to Dilir Khan, an Imperial grandee who was appointed to conquer Bijapur. The Khan immediately arrested him and reported to the Emperor that Sambha who had fled from the Imperial prison had fallen into his hands. The Emperor sent *ahadis* and mace-bearers with orders to bring him as quickly as possible. Sambha's suspicions being excited by this, he tried to get out of his danger. One day seizing a favourable chance he escaped back to his father.

The *ahadis* and Abyssinians returned after fruitless efforts. The Emperor on learning of it from the news-letters, punished and reprimanded Dilir Khan, who, unable to bear the wrath of his master, took poison, preferring death to life. Prince Shah Alam was now appointed to govern the Deccan. Maharajah Jaswant Singh,\* Rajah Bhaos Singh, and other Rajput chiefs were posted under him.

\* The text has Mirza Raja Jai Singh, which is evidently wrong, unless we take this passage to be a detached fragment of an earlier part of the book.

Shivaji on hearing of it sent Niraji B and the I Raghunath, his *diwan-bakhshi*, Isaji, Par and seize Rao Gujar (who had the right of beat Rajah d kettledrums), and others of his chiefs to the Assembl Prince, and through the mediation of the Mamout harajah, whom he knew from before, submitted his prayer [for terms of peace]. A set souled w ment, satisfactory to him, was made, viz., back from giving up to the Prince 27 forts he m she deliv peace. For three and a half years good f Raja Ra was kept, but at last the peace was brok Shivappa Partab Gujar and Niraji, who were stay maudarg with the Prince as Shivaji's agents, on see his fleet, that affairs had taken a contrary turn, left the ship place on the pretext of pilgrimage and retu Arriving to their own country. Moro Panth and Tand slew bak Sondev, two of Shivaji's great generals used to their master's order attacked all the 27 f Till then surrendered to the Prince and took them country, escalade. The whole province of Baglan grace. which these forts are situated was occup Raigarh.

Shiva ordered all his troops in Khan became Berar and other places to arrive on an rising t pointed day within 10 miles of Surat. at 3 lac himself, as was his practice, reached the pointed deзвous by forced marches. All the tro Even no from the four sides mustered as agreed u 44.—A As the governor of the city resisted, the to of Surat was attacked and plundered, Shahji a vast booty taken. A report was sent to the Kist Emperor [by the Marathas]: "The (surat) of your Majesty has been disfig Shahji, placed b (bad surat). You should rule over Hindud them ac [only]. The Deccan was originally under oorts an Nizam Shah, whose descendants are no Baji Gh power. Your Majesty has no right to province. Although the sovereignty of Shahji, dustan [rightly] belongs to us, Hindus, brought tence o Majesty may rule over it." The Emper seized a hearing of it flew into a violent rage, bu to overlook it as he had no leisure the mace-be bur Sh punish Shiva].

#### § 43.—Birth of Rajah Ram.

Shivappa (? Shoshappa) Naik, a *paligar*, Khan, n native of Zunargarh, lived between the K Shahji, l

aji and the Karnatak. He collected a large force and seized many places in that district. Shivaji beat the Rajah determined to punish and expel him. Assembling all his troops he gave them a vast amount of bounty, and choosing an auspicious moment set out. \* \* \* One of his pure-souled wives accompanied him, and was sent viz., back from the way to his home. In due time he delivered a fortunate son who was named Raja Ram. He himself went on to punish Shivappa Naik. Arriving at Marwan near Sambandargarh (=Samudra-garh ?) he summoned his fleet; and after fitting out and provisioning, left the ships he sailed away with his Mawals. Arriving at Bednore Pettah he fought with and slew the brother of Shivappa Naik, who used to live in the Kokan at Mahableshwar. Till then no one had attempted to take this country, but Shiva conquered it by God's grace. After the victory he returned to Raigarh. Shivappa Naik, on hearing of it, became alarmed and inclined to peace, promising tribute, the amount of which was fixed at 3 lacs of *hun*. Wamanji Pandit was appointed to collect the tribute and send it. Even now they are true to their agreement.

#### 44.—Arrest of Shahji by the Bijapuris.

Shahji had gone into retreat on the bank of the Kistna. Parsuji, his brother's son, was placed by him in charge of the Karnatak and his other possessions, and he administered them admirably. Shivaji, too, seized many forts and territories. The ruler of Bijapur getting alarmed at these occurrences, asked Baji Ghorpure of Mudhol, a subordinate of Shahji, to arrest him by stratagem. Baji brought Shahji to his house under the pretence of an invitation, imprisoned him, and seized all his property and things. The king of Bijapur, pleased at the news, sent mounted mace-bearers and ordered Baji Ghorpure to bury Shahji alive in the ground. Randaula Khan, *naib* of Bijapur and a staunch friend of Shahji, knowing indifference and neglect to be

against the rules of friendship in such a time of need, determined to go on pilgrimage. On a bright day he came to the king of Bijapur with one thousand lighted torches to take his leave. The king at the sight of it reflected and realised that all the Deccans were in concert and might cause an irremediable disaster to his throne. He, therefore, took the Khan by the hand, drew him towards himself, caused him to sit down, and asked him the cause of all his dissatisfaction. The Khan replied, "Shahji has done nothing to deserve such a severe punishment. It is unjust to slay an innocent man. It is not considered justified by reasons of policy." On hearing this sharp and open protest, the king gave up his wrath and said, "Bring Shahji to Court, and if you stand surety for him his faults will be pardoned." At this an order was issued on Ghorpure asking him not to shed the blood of Shahji but to bring him to Court. Randaula Khan promised the bearer of the order that if he went most speedily one *maund*'s weight of gold would be given to him as reward. Ghorpure, in accordance with the first order, had rubbed Shahji with scented oil, bathed him, and put him into a hole. Shahji knowing this to be his last moment was engaged in reciting God's name and repeating on his tongue the *Gita* or the Book of the Truth of Truths. The servants had commenced filling up the hole with earth and stones and buried Shahji up to the neck, and were going to place a heavy stone on his head to cover him up entirely, when—as his predestined period of life had not yet come to its end,—the swift courier arrived with the order which granted him life. The cry of lamentation and grief ceased. The servants drew him out of the hole and made many apologies. All his confiscated property was restored and he was taken to the king of Bijapur, as ordered. Randaula Khan advanced to welcome him, ushered him into the Presence, and caused him to be honoured with a *khilat*, an elephant, a sword, and other gifts.

Shahji was ordered to attend at the Court when required. His mind being reassured, he feasted all the other nobles and they him, and thanked the Omnipotent Giver of Life for 15 days. Then he went to the Karnatak. Randaula Khan said at the time of his departure, "Henceforth never trust a Ghorpure, as this family is faithless to its salt. Try your utmost to crush them."

From the Karnatak Shahji went to Kooloor Balakrant, and wrote to Shivaji in the terms of Randaula's speech, "If you are my truly begotten son and no coward, punish Baji Ghorpure Mudhol-kar who has treated me so falsely." Immediately after getting the letter and learning its purport, Shivaji marched from Rajgarh to Panala-garh, summoned the Mawals from all sides, assembled a strong force, and then making forced marches plundered and burnt down Mudhol. He captured and slew Baji Ghorpure with 3,000 of his soldiers. Baji's son Venkaji, who was absent, escaped with his life, but all other members of his family were put to death, even the pregnant women. Then Shivaji returned to Panala.

#### § 45.—Meeting between Shahji and Shivaji.

This affair greatly pleased Shahji. His paternal love welled forth. He wished for a meeting with such a good son as a very desirable thing, if it could be accomplished. So he set off with his army towards Puna, taking his brother's son Parsuji with himself. When he arrived near Panala, [Shivaji's] officers in that district welcomed him on the way and showed him due hospitality. Thence he approached Puna. Shiva, drawing up his army and taking all his nobles with himself, waited for him 10 miles in advance of Puna. When Shahji's cortege approached, Shiva dismounted from his horse, bowed to his father, and proceeded towards him. Shahji, too, alighted from his elephant, and the two met and embraced each other with intense delight. For three hours

they shed tears of joy at each other's fee their throats were choked with the surging delight, in excess of happiness they could no speak. Then Shahji got into a *palki* and asked Shiva to enter it. The latter respectfully declined, [but walked] holding the ring of the *palki* and thus earned bliss in this world and the next. They proceeded [thus] for 10 miles and reached Puna.\* As they entered the palace, Jija Bai, the mother of Shiva, who had been long parted from her husband, saw him. Delicious dishes were tasted; beautiful and costly clothes and jewels were presented; large sums were spent in alms and gifts. In the [outer] palace Shahji sat on the *guddi*. Shivaji stood among the servants and followers, holding in his hands his father's shawl in which lay all the blessings of this life and the next. Shahji, on being informed by the *karkun* Raghunath, of the service and good conduct of Shiva, was greatly pleased with him, took him by the hand, and made him sit on the *guddi*. Two months were thus passed in rejoicing and pleasure; all men, high and low, were gratified with gifts to their heart's content.

#### § 46.—Death of Shahji.

Then Shahji bade him farewell and returned to the Karnatak. Randaula Khan was engaged in an expedition in Sundha Bednur and Shahji like a friend came to his aid. After the [first] pleasure of the meeting they set out to hunt. Shahji on the back of a māla was striking down game, when a hare—whom was really the Messenger of Death—suddenly came in view. He gave it chase. The horse stumbled on a stone, the rider was thrown down and trampled by it. Thus his life passed away. Randaula Khan was greatly grieved at this occurrence, laid out a garden on the spot, and built monasteries, assigning revenue of the district for their maintenance.

\* What a fine subject for a historical picture is this meeting between father and son, and what splendid opportunities does it offer to an artist! I recommend it to Mr. Dharandhar's brush.

This arrangement still prevails. He wished to appropriate Shahji's property, but Parsuji resisted and brought all his effects to Shivaji, who regarding Parsuji in the light of a brother presented all these articles to him with the title of *Sena Sahib-i-subah*, i. e., the commander of the whole army.

Shivaji one day plundered the *pettah* or bazaar of Bijapur and circled round the city plundering its environs. The king of Bijapur in sore distress sent expert envoys and saved his land by promising to pay a tribute of 3 lacs of *hun* a year. Shiva accepted the terms and sent Shyamji Naik as his agent. Thence he went and looted [the suburbs of] Haidarabad, the seat of Tana Shah. Madna [Panth], the *diwan* of Tana Shah, promised a tribute of 9 lacs of *huns* a year to save the land.

Thenceforth the rulers of Bijapur and Golkonda used regularly to send elephants, jewels and other rare things of their lands as presents.

After a time by bribing Dianat Rai, the manager of Bijapur, who was all-in-all in that kingdom, with 20,000 *huns* a year, he made him neglect [the defence of the kingdom], while he levied *khandani* from all parts of it to his heart's content. By looting Khawapur he secured a large amount in cash and kind. Thence he marched into Berar, plundered the city of Karanjara, seized the *sahukars* of the place, and levied *khandani* or *chauth*. Two lacs of *hun* were given to Nilaji Panth to go to the Kokan and perform sacrifice (*yajna*) and alms-giving.

JADUNATH SARKAR.

## SAVITRI—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

### XI

THREE years after the birth of my first child I had a second child—and that too was a daughter. She was more charming than her elder sister, fairer in colour and more active. My husband loved his children so much that he resolved to educate them—and ours were the children that first lisped the alphabet in our village. A private tutor's services were engaged, in spite of all my protests to the contrary. There was a public school, and why should they not go there? "Are we so wealthy? With that five rupees that he is given I can make an ornament for them at the end of three years. You will not understand it now. It is when you become old that you will understand it."

But my husband would have his way. Apart from the private tutor he had a musician

whom he payed rupees three every month—and my children improved every day. Only the expense was too much, I always insisted upon saying, and my husband as often repudiated it. Why should he lay by money? Let his children be educated. There he could find his best wealth.

"Why hanker after wealth? Have we not enough now to live upon as happily as you or I lived in our respective houses? No one gives us money now. It is I alone that earn; and even like this I will earn always. I have that capacity. And as to wealth, after the litigation pending in the court, I may get my share—and there is then wealth for you."

But I was not to be satisfied. I have seen many a rupee and many an ornament with my mother. I have seen my father's box full of money and currency notes. Why should

we not be rich too? Why should I not have as much money at my command? That was my way of thinking.

My children would always be reading or singing or going out with my brother, who was living with me, as my mother said that I was young and would not be able to manage the house. My brother was only ten years of age and was a clever boy, and though he was sent only to help me in my household duties, yet, seeing the cleverness of the boy, my husband insisted that he should go to school, a proposition that I strenuously opposed.

"You are a very rich man, Sir—" said I to my husband, "and perhaps you could afford to turn the world round with your fingers. My father never studied English—neither did my elder brothers. They are all now very well-to-do, contented and happy. It is a very enviable life that they lead, and I would have my Vythu lead no other life. The farmer's life has more happiness in it than yours."

But whatever I might say, my husband would only smile. He said that he was afraid of me; and that was all. My brother went to school and came back, and along with my daughters progressed well in his studies.

## XII

The news reached our village, with many embellishments, that we were living in right royal fashion. It was said that my husband, though now getting only forty rupees, was actually getting nearly one hundred rupees. And my daughters were being bred up in English fashion. They were dressed in petticoats and stockings. They had two tutors. They had everything that they desired. And my brother also was like an 'Englishman,' going to school in trousers and boots.

When such news reached my mother's home all was joy and prayer. My mother prided herself that her daughter, so dear, so clever as she was pleased to call me, was happy with

her husband. She prayed to God that we might be like that for ever, and on such occasions she would inveigh against her son-in-law, that is my husband, who, she was sorry to find, was very extravagant. Could he live like this for ever? Was the Government appointment an everlasting affair? Would he not have one day to retire? And should he not provide against a rainy day? She would often wonder how even I, her own child, bred after her, with an eye to economy, should fall into extravagance like this. But otherwise she was well pleased, and loved to hear that we were happy. And when, during the vacation he would go to my mother's house, she always delighted to see my daughters dressed in boots and stockings, and they had invariably the largest amount of ghee, the biggest and the best mango and the freshest fruit. They were made much of, both because they were beautiful and agile, and because they could repeat a, b, &c., and knew how to use the pen. Even my father who was never known to play with any child would often, after his evening meal, when he was disengaged, call upon them to sing—and it was a source of the greatest pleasure to me to see my father enjoy it. And when one day he requested my eldest daughter to copy out a document for him, I felt so proud that I actually forgave him to take my midday meal.

## XIII

But far other was the effect of the news that my husband was earning much and was spending more, in my mother-in-law's house. She was infuriated. She walked like a lioness in a cage. She fretted and she fumed and she frowned.

"Earning! earning nearly a hundred rupees a month! What of that? He has his brother-in-law with him. He does not care for brothers, why should he? Does he care for his own mother?" and she would burst into tears at the thought—"did he not say that I made

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attempts against his wife? And has he not instituted legal proceedings against his own father? Has he not laid the axe at the root of a happy family, blasted its budding happiness, cast gloom upon the evening of his own father's fast fading days? Earning? What of that? The children of that wretch, his wife, enjoy? Oh! how I wish that—"

That was the difference. The son was apparently hated by his mother. She would even wish his death to see me 'a widow.' But it was far otherwise with my father-in-law. He really loved his son. He often said that his son was very clever and would make his way in the world. And he was very much pleased to hear that even his grand-daughters could sing and read, and in his fondness, sent for them to his house.

And here rose a wrangle. My mother and myself were against sending them. "Who knows but they might be injured by her *mantras*? Did she not try them on me, nay, for the matter of that, did not her *mantras* affect me? And does not rumour say that even Narayana, the awful man who was so much feared, was under her *mantras*? How could I, knowing all that, send my children? Would it not be just like throwing them into the lion's mouth?"

But my father interposed. Whatever might be the differences, Narayana was a man to be respected, and his blessings were necessary for my children. He insisted that my children ought to be sent; Narayana was not an ordinary man, and his likes and dislikes were to be greatly cared for. And so it was settled that my children should go, and I had to give them so much advice. I told them never to approach my mother-in-law. I told them never to speak to my sisters-in-law; and above all I asked them to swear that they would not take anything in that house—neither water nor food. Why, some medicines might be mixed with their food or drink, and my children might die! Oh the very thought of it!

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My daughters were sent, and I sent my brother with the strictest injunctions to wait upon them and watch over them. I asked him to come away with them before evening. "They may insist upon your remaining there and pass the night with them, but do not remain. Come away. They may ask you to take oil-bath—do not take it, for they may mix salt with the oil which will result in the rapid falling off of the hair." And I had to make grand arrangements against their return, prepare a peculiar mixture and all that, so that any evil eyes that might have fallen upon them in my mother-in-law's house might have no effect upon them. Such was the hatred and suspicion I had!

#### PART IV.

#### OH FOR A SON !

##### I.

My third child too was a daughter! It was not at all joyous to think of. No one was ever glad when I was having only daughters. Each daughter meant an expense of a thousand rupees or so, and my mother always shook her head. And no opportunity was lost to impress upon my husband the necessity of economising to the utmost extent, as in six or seven years my first daughter would be of marriageable age; and then there would be the second, and then the third! What next?

That was the question. Would I still bear a daughter? No, if *mantras* had any effect; not, if fasts had any virtue at all. Every Monday I fasted; every Saturday I fasted: and I do not know how many other fasts I observed. Every evening I went to the temple and had only one prayer to make—that a son might be born to me.

And special worship was offered up to God by my husband. Every Friday in our house a priest would invoke the blessings of the goddess Saraswati. Much money was given away in charity; and I vowed that I would present a golden bell for Lord Sri Krishna if a son were born to me.

But still a daughter ! My mother went out of the room in disgust. A daughter still ! A fourth daughter ! Why, we must now find out a big round vessel and go a-begging. Who knows what sins I might have committed in my previous birth that all the *mantras* and *pujas* should after all have proved unavailing ?

## II

A fourth daughter ! aye ; my mother-in-law was mightily pleased. "A fourth daughter—I wish she would have a hundred daughters that she might beg from door to door, and I live to mock at her. Yes, that would be so. The wretch—" I had alienated the affection of her own son from her. Wretch that I was, it was I that had spread that wild rumour of her having made attempts against my life. I deserved it—nay deserved more.

Thus my mother-in-law—even so my own mother. Even she felt that something was wrong somewhere, and naturally the suspicion fell upon my mother-in-law. Yes, it must be she alone that would do so ; she must have invoked the aid of some deity ; otherwise how could I, her daughter, bring forth four daughters ?

The astrologer was called, and he gave his decision. I must go to Rameswaram ; and I must name my son Ramanathan. There alone lay all my hopes. That must be done—and whether my husband agreed or not, my mother promised that she would defray all the expenses of the journey ;—and so I went to Rameswaram.

## III

Though I had four daughters, and I felt that sooner or later, having my daughter's welfare at heart, I must necessarily keep apart some money, yet my husband was as careless and extravagant as ever. He spent everything upon their education and dress. He had curious notions. He would never make ornaments, but would spend in dress, which would be in tatters in no time ! I would protest

at times. Why should they put on costly clothes while at home ? Had we so much to spend ? Should we not be economical ? For the matter of that the eldest born was already ten years old, and old women had already begun to whisper why no attempts were being made to marry her. It was pity, I would put in, that some people did not realise the duty they owed to their family.

And why should the girls be educated at all ? What need of it was there ? Why need they, the best part of whose life was to be spent in the kitchen, learn to read and write ? Waste of money and nothing more ! And why should they be taught to sing and to play on various instruments when in course of time they would forget everything ? When would they have opportunities to either improve or at least to exercise their skill ?

But my husband would only smile. I was anxious for the marriage of my eldest daughter. But my husband was of a different opinion. Why, anyone who heard her sing would snatch her away. Anxiety to marry daughters who were so accomplished ? Why I must be mad—and as to extravagance, he not expect ten thousand rupees as a share of the ancestral property ? Had he sued for partition ? And why should he live happily on what he earned, since what he would get from his father would be sufficient for all other purposes ?

Yet I was very careful ; and my husband loved me, and could not tell me nay. Then I laid by small sums of money, and several tiny ornaments for my children.

## IV

Perhaps I may here mention one small affair over which we used to quarrel outrageously. It was when I would insist upon boring holes in my daughters' ears and nose, my husband would protest against it ! He would not have any of his daughters suffer that dreadful punishment. They were by nature beautiful enough.

But I would have my way. I bored holes regularly, in their ears and noses. I wanted that my daughters should be as other girls were. Because they knew how to spell a few words in English, were they to be kept like boys? Already my mother-in-law had spread all sorts of rumours. She had given out that my daughters did not know how to work in the kitchen. She had given it out that my daughters were all taught Christianity and that they would be Christians, for were they not reading in a Christian institution, where the tutors were all missionaries bent upon making converts? And how could my husband live like a lord, as he did, on thirty rupees a month, unless he was helped by these missionaries?

All this was, of course, false, but my mother-in-law insisted upon saying all this, though, of course, many who knew her, knew that she was only giving expression to the rancour

in her heart. But yet I felt that I ought not to give any grounds for any talk like that. I hastily withdrew my children from the school, much against my husband's will. I put my eldest daughter into regular training at cleansing vessels, cooking curries and a thousand and one things to be attended to in that wonderfully mighty kingdom—the kitchen. To myself it was a surprise how quickly she grasped everything, and within a comparatively short time could manage the whole house and none knew whether it was she or I that did it.

Though I had withdrawn them from school, yet they underwent a regular system of studies at home; they had a singing master and a teacher of English, while their father himself taught them their vernacular. My third and fourth daughters soon overtook my first and second in accomplishments.

S. PARUKUTTY.

## DEPORTATION—AND AFTER!

In his excellent "Sketch" of the life of Caesar, the late historian, J. A. Froude, in one of his earlier chapters, whilst referring to the agitation over the proposal of Caius Gracchus to extend the Roman franchise to the Italian States in the century preceding the Christian era, observes as follows:—

"Political convulsions work in a groove, the direction of which varies little in any age or country. Institutions once sufficient and salutary become unadapted to a change of circumstances. The traditional holders of power see their interests threatened. They are jealous of innovations. They look on agitators for reform as felonious persons desiring to appropriate what does not belong to them. The complaining parties are conscious of

suffering, and rush blindly on the superficial causes of their immediate distress. The existing authority is their enemy; and their one remedy is a change in the system of government. They imagine that they see what the change should be, that they comprehend what they are doing, and know where they intend to arrive. They do not perceive that the visible disorders are no more than symptoms which no measures, repressive or revolutionary, can do more than palliate. The wave advances and the wave recedes. Neither party in the struggle can lift itself far enough above the passions of the moment to study the drift of the general current. Each is violent, each is one-sided, and each makes the most and the worst of the sins of its opponents. The one idea of the aggressors is to grasp all that they can reach. The one idea of the conservatives is to part with nothing, pretending that the stability of the

State depends on adherence to the principles which have placed them in the position which they hold ; and as various interests are threatened, and as various necessities arise, those who are one day enemies are frightened the next into unnatural coalitions, and the next after into more embittered dissensions."

I have quoted this passage in full not because it exactly describes in every detail the present political condition of India, but because it enunciates the broad principle of history that a great deal of what is called "unrest" in any nation or any country is due to this tension of feeling, this lack of co-operative sympathy, between the rulers and the ruled, or rather between "the traditional holders of power" and the "agitators for reform." Such, too, is our unfortunate position to-day. On the one hand there is a class of men, "conscious of suffering," and working step by step, some of them perhaps "blindly," for their national emancipation ; on the other we have a rigid, cast-iron form of administration which refuses to expand, and merely makes from time to time a pretence at expansion which practically leaves it in much the same state as before. And what is the result ? An inevitable struggle follows, with all the forces of monopolized power arrayed against the forces of strong discontent, and the conflict deepens as days roll on and each side becomes more and more persistent in its demands. Men's passions get excited, their emotions are roused, and the resulting unrest filters down to the lowest strata of society and gradually spreads over the land. Of course it may happen that a man's "reason is swamped when emotion's flood-gate is left ajar," and in the heat of the moment things are said or done which had better been left unsaid or undone ; but even agitators are human beings, and any excesses they may have been guilty of in these days are not without their parallel in the constitutional history of the West.

This year has been one of deep unrest in India. The last session of the Congress was

a success in its broader results, but it left behind it a legacy of ill-feeling and unpleasantness amongst a certain class of political thinkers whose one fault is that they lean hopelessly on the side of the impossible and the impracticable. Local disturbances in all parts of the country added to the general excitement, and matters came to a climax in the month of May last when Lala Lajpat Rai was deported without trial, followed about a month later by the deportation of Ajit Singh. & much has already been said about these extreme measures that it would be futile to go over the same ground again. Suffice it to say that for once Morley, too, like his great master Edmund Burke, in 1785, "allowed his political integrity to be bewildered," and in an unguarded moment yielded to the ill-considered advice of the all-powerful "man on the spot," regardless of all the higher principles of political morality and justice which he had under the most trying circumstances of his life so heroically advocated by the side of Gladstone. It is true to say that the Regulation of 1813 stands on the Indian Statute-Book and that any step taken under it is taken according to the law of the land ; but it must never be forgotten that at the time of its enactment the political condition of India was quite different, and the Indian Penal Code which altered the whole criminal law of the country had not yet come into force. Moreover the so-called "law" is in the higher sense of the word no law at all.

Whatever may have been its political value in former times, when British rule had been sufficiently consolidated and the warring factions of Hindustan had still to be at rest, yet on the face of it it implies negation of justice, and negation of justice means the violation of the natural law which determines the issues of right and wrong. It does not confer any moral rightness on actions based on it, and the only authority its back is the physical force which the S

can always command. An act of coercion is, therefore, morally wrong, and what is morally wrong cannot be politically right. The Government may congratulate themselves as much as they like on the salutary effect of the deportations on the disturbed atmosphere of the Punjab, and a Radical Secretary of State may also lay that flatteringunction to his soul. But such a grave political step has a deeper significance than what appears on the surface, and the general effects left in men's minds throughout the length and breadth of the land will long outlive the temporary disturbances in the affected province. Hitherto whatever may have been said against the administration, there was hardly room for doubt about the general fairness and impartiality of *British Justice*, for the prestige of the law-courts was always considered above the prestige of the officials. But recent events have shaken this belief, and we sincerely hope in the interests of all concerned that the good will of that venerable and sacred name may never be impaired. It was Burke who once observed,

"Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society; and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstance, lies under the suspicion of being a policy at all."

We cannot but recall to mind these noble words when we look back upon the deportation of two British citizens, unheard and undefended, when we think of the Rawalpindi and Cocalanada riots cases, and consider the press-prosecutions against the *India*, *Hindustan* and *Yugantar*. The present is perhaps the hour when the most glaring defects of the combination of Judicial and Executive functions are being exposed in their true light, and there is still more trouble ahead. In fact there is trouble everywhere, and its causes are known to all. What is wanted is the right remedy, not that violent repression which cures nothing, but real, substantial, Liberal reforms which will gradually raise the

country out of her present position as the subservient instrument of British prosperity.

The long wished for Budget debate, the one day on which India receives some sort of hearing, has come and gone. The Secretary of State, like his own aloe which blooms once in a hundred years, has spoken. His speech has been read and re-read by thousands, and criticized from every point of view, with every epithet ranging from "dull and disappointing" to "epoch-making." The truth is it is neither the one nor the other. Epochs are made either by the triumph of a great moral principle or by the achievement of grand material results. No material results worth the name have followed in the wake of Mr. Morley's utterances, and far from any moral principle having triumphed, some have been deliberately set at naught. On the other hand the speech is not quite so dull and disappointing. There are some brilliant passages here and there, instinct with all the spirit and fervour of the old Liberalism in its best days; but side by side with these there is also to be found a great deal of the usual talk manufactured for willing ears by our "man on the spot," and the general impression left on one's mind by this juxtaposition is much the same as would be produced by a picture in which the artist had introduced a frozen river into a harvest scene. This is, however, a matter of minor importance. No one ignores the value of noble sentiments nobly expressed, but in their present perturbed state of mind sentiment is not all that the people want. The issues between the rulers and the ruled are now definitely fixed and perfectly clear. The authorities at the head of affairs wish to reserve all executive power to themselves; the people in their turn wish to be associated with the governing body in the actual administration of their land, so that step by step, and from experiment to experiment, they may ultimately be able to govern themselves. This is the main issue; how far has it been

met by the reforms adumbrated by Mr. Morley?

It is not for me to belittle even these small concessions to the popular voice, nor do I wish to anticipate the results that may ultimately accrue to us from them. Under different circumstances these reforms would have been welcomed, but recent measures of repression coupled with Mr. Morley's pronounced distrust of the educated classes detract considerably from their value, and rob them of all their grace and of more than half their efficacy. And even if we leave circumstances apart and judge these reforms on their merits as they appear to us at the moment, what do they amount to? There is the Council of Notables (is it "Not-ables"?) which will consist of men, very likely nominated, who will talk to their heart's content. There is the expansion of the Imperial and Provincial Councils, which at present only seems to imply more manuscript eloquence. And lastly, there is the addition of one or two Indian members to the Secretary of State's Council who will no doubt give expert advice which may or may not be followed at all. It will, therefore, be all talk and nothing more. I do not want to suggest that a wider expression of opinion is altogether without its advantages, but if it be at all true, what the educated classes are so often charged with, that they only know how to make long speeches and eloquent perorations, and are incapable of action, then it is also true that these reforms can only serve to put a premium on their volubility and intensify their powers of the tongue and the pen. From whatever point of view we look at them, these reforms will never teach the people the art of self-government, and then, of course, we shall be told that Indians cannot hold high offices because they are unfit, and they shall never become fit because they will not be allowed to hold any of these. Is this really all that we have come to? Three-quarters of a

century have elapsed after the Charter Act which declared that there shall be no governing caste in India, and half a century has rolled over our heads since the great Proclamation which abolished (on paper) all race distinctions in the interests of better government for India; yet after years of patient waiting and preparation all that we are promised is an extension of man's eternal privilege to talk. It is true a few hair-brained optimists keep on telling us in magniloquent style, hardly understanding what they mean, that "the day of glory has arrived"; whereas Mr. Morley's poor imagination cannot penetrate even the remotest future when such a day will dawn and India cease to be governed by the autocrat. The truth, as always, must lie in the proverbial middle. The progress of the last twenty years is a clear indication of what is still to come, and though it is not for any mortal to lift the veil that hangs over the future, there can be no doubt that the tide of political reform is already now breaking against the bed-rock of Anglo-Indian pride and prejudice. The future lies in our hands. If a man is the architect of his own fortune so is a nation, and nothing can daunt a people if they are true to themselves and the responsibility they have undertaken. New ordinance can silence the voices of a few, but can never suppress the ideas which must sway the minds of all those who dream of a brighter and happier future for their motherland. Let us be firm and united in our endeavours, for unity of action is the first article of every national cult. The work is long and arduous, but with the high ideals of devotion and self-sacrifice before us, the time is sure to come when all this pain and excitement, this worry and anxiety, these mistakes and misunderstandings will only read like "the records of nightmares that fly before the growing day," and India become a free and united country pursuing her own destinies under the aegis of the British Crown.

B. J. WADIA

## THE STORY OF PRINCE MAHBUB

THERE was in ancient times a very powerful king of Persia called Mansur-i-Alim (the conqueror of the universe). He was blessed with everything which a man could desire, and had vast treasure and large armies. His subjects were happy and contented under his just and good administration. All praised his great wisdom and noble virtues. But unfortunately he had no son to inherit his enormous riches and extensive domains. One day the king assembled all the astrologers of his realm and asked them to tell him on what particular day, hour and minute, one should be born in order to be a great and powerful king. The astrologers made their calculations and replied:—“Sire! the child born at midnight on Sunday last will be very fortunate and happy and will be endowed with every royal virtue. So if your Majesty is desirous of adopting an heir, adopt the child born on that day and that particular hour.”

The king hearing this told his prime-minister to find out in whose house a son was born at the time mentioned. Messengers ransacked the whole kingdom and brought the news that no male child was born at that particular time, except that the wife of a butcher had given birth to a son. The king calling the butcher asked him to give him his son. The butcher, who was a poor man, gladly promised, saying:—“Your Majesty is the lord of our lives and limbs. You have to command and we to obey.” The generous monarch replied:—“Friend, I do not ask as a king but as a private individual. Do you agree to part with your son out of perfect free-will and good intention? For I will not otherwise accept the gift.” The butcher

replied:—“Sire, I offer you my son with the most perfect good-will and without any compulsion. It is my great good fortune that my son should be adopted in such a royal family.” The child was then brought and all the ceremonies of adoption were gone through.

When the butcher’s son, now called Prince Qassab, grew up, the king appointed wise and learned teachers, by whom great pains were taken for his education. When he attained majority, the king made him Viceroy of one of the richest provinces of his empire. Here when in power, the Prince displayed all the evil propensities of his disposition. For though born under auspicious signs, and brought up under good teachers, the hereditary qualities of a butcher, which were ingrained in his nature, manifested themselves in full force. He tyrannised over his subjects and spread terror throughout the country by his atrocities. Reports of his misgovernment and complaints of the persons ruined by his tyranny or disgraced by his debaucheries daily reached the just king, but he did not, out of his good nature, give much credence to them.

In the meantime, the queen who was supposed to be barren, exhibited signs of maternity, and great was the rejoicing of the king at this discovery. He had despaired of having any issue of his own, but was most pleasantly disappointed. He at once despatched messengers to Prince Qassab with the following news:—“Rejoice, O son, for I soon hope to have an addition to our family. Your mother the Queen is *enceinte*, and the astrologers have predicted that a son will be born to me. O happy news for you that you will get a

brother!" As soon as Prince Qassab got the news, he said to himself:—"Now my evil star has appeared on the horizon. When a Prince of the royal blood is born, who will care for a butcher's son though raised so high? Surely my fall would begin with the rise of my brother. Oh, it is painful to lose such a position and rank as I now enjoy. Had I remained the son of a butcher, I should have been contented with my lot, but having tasted the fruits of power and royalty it would be very painful to lay them aside. I must go to the city of my adoptive father and see whether I cannot retain my power." Thus musing, the Prince riding on a swift horse went in all haste towards the capital. He reached the palace of the king when it was about midnight and getting admission, for everybody knew him and nobody apprehended the evil purpose which had brought him in such an unseasonable hour to the palace, he at once repaired to the apartment of the king. He found him asleep, and with one blow of his sharp sabre cut off his head. He then went with the bloody sabre in search of the Queen, but she had heard of the arrival of the Prince and had disappeared by a secret door out of the palace, with some faithful attendants. They carried her on swift horses, during the night, far away from the capital, till they, at last, reached a forest, where the Queen dismissed them saying:—"Go now my faithful adherents! and let me remain in this dreary place. If I die of starvation or be killed by some wild animal, I shall have, at least, this satisfaction that I am not murdered by the butcher's son. Leave me now to my fate and go." The poor servants returned home weeping.

The Queen sat there bewailing her hard destiny; when a *zemindar* (a rich farmer) passed by that way, and seeing her was struck with her extraordinary beauty and majestic air. Coming up to her, he said:—"Art thou some angel, *Peri*, goddess, or

spirit? Who art thou?" The Queen replied:—"I am no angel, *Peri*, goddess or spirit, but a poor daughter of man, in distress. I was the Queen of this country, and am now a homeless wanderer." As soon as the honest farmer came to know the august rank of the lady, he fell on the ground and kissing the dust said:—"Mother, I am a *Jagirdar* of your husband and all these fields and villages which you see around are yours. Come and live with us; we are humble, honest people, and you will find comfort if not elegance in our simpler modes of living. Remain with us, and as I am childless, the child of your womb shall I adopt as my own and bring him up with all due care and diligence." The Queen consented and was taken by the *zemindar* to his house, where she remained in disguise as the cousin of the *zemindar*.

In due course she gave birth to a son whose beauty illumined the whole house, and the news spread throughout the village that the *zemindar*'s cousin had given birth to an angel. The Queen called him by the name of Mahbub-i-Alim (the beloved of the universe). When Prince Mahbub grew up, he was sent to the village school, where he read with other boys, sons of the Jats (a caste of cultivators). There he soon surpassed his school-mates in learning and physical exploits. While the sons of the Jats took pleasure in playing with bat and ball, the prince evinced his royal blood by playing at archery. He made a rude bow and rude arrows and would shoot all the time in every direction. Though nobody taught him the art, he soon became a very good archer, and could hit the mark from a long distance.

Once the Usurper, the brother of Prince Mahbub, held a great tournament in which all the great archers of the kingdom were asked to attend. There were four prizes for the successful archer. First, a purse of five hundred *mohars*, second, a suit of dress out of the royal ward-robe which the winner might

select, third, any horse from the royal stable and fourth, a suit of armour and arms, weapons, &c., from the royal arsenal. The news of the great tournament reached even that secluded village and Prince Mahbub hearing of it set out for the city without informing his mother. The poor Queen thought that her son must have gone to school, but the Prince instead of going there had started for the town. Night came and still the Prince did not return; men were sent in all directions to search for him, but to no purpose. The Queen sat disconsolate and weeping, and would not take any food or drink, till her Mahbub should return.

The Prince on the other hand in company with other archers reached the city and lodged with them in a *Serai* (inn). He soon made friends with them all, and asked them to permit him also to try at the mark in the coming tournament. His gentle appearance and amiable temper pre-possessed the archers in his favor and they gladly enlisted his name among the members of the company. The next day was fixed for the tournament, and the archers and the prince went to the place early in the day. There was a large concourse of spectators, and in a rich and splendid pavillion and on a gorgeous throne sat the Usurper to witness the performance. At a signal from him the archers entered the lists and one after another shot at the mark. Some came very near to it, others nearer but none pierced the exact centre. Prince Mahbub, who was the youngest of all the lot, now shot his arrow last and it pierced the very centre of the mark. At once there rose deafening cheers and applause, and the whole assembly praised the wonderful feat of the young boy.

The King gave him a purse of gold containing five hundred *Mohars* and ordered his vazir to take him to the royal ward-robe, armoury and stable to select the various articles. The Prince without any hesitation selected the

identical suit of dress which was worn by his father, the late King. And let no one wonder at it, for he was guided in this matter by his royal and innate instincts. Accoutred in the dress of his father he went to the armoury and selected those very weapons which the late king used when going out on chase or war, and then entering the stable rode on the very horse which was the favorite of his father. Thus equipped he came before the assembly, and the whole people with one voice, and as if involuntarily, cried out:—"Behold our favorite and just king come to life." So exact was the resemblance between the Prince and his father, that the people mistook him for the late sovereign. The acclamation of the people disconcerted the Usurper, and he was mortally enraged, and yelling out to his servants, said:—"Seize that silly boy and hang him." The servants ran here and there, and raised a great confusion, for in fact they were not at all anxious to obey the cruel mandate, and gave Mahbub every opportunity to escape out of the bustle.

When the Prince came out of the city, he assembled all the archers, and throwing down the purse of gold amongst them rode with all haste towards the village. He returned there after full forty-eight hours and found his mother sitting at the door weeping and crying "Mahbub, Mahbub." As soon as she saw him, she burst forth into a pleasant laugh, and then wept again bitterly. Then the prince jumping down from his horse, asked her:—"Mother, what is the meaning of your behaviour? Why did you laugh and weep in the same breath?" The Queen replied with a sigh:—"I laughed when I saw you return in this equipment, which belonged to your father. I wept at the thought of the change of fortune which has brought us to this pass. Now you know the secret of your birth, and the reason of my weeping and laughing."

The Prince hearing this replied with deep emotion:—"Mother, I had some faint

glimmerings of this since I had been to the tournament and the people exclaimed that I was just like the late king. But your account has confirmed my doubts: mother! we must not stay a second more in this country. Not that I am afraid of anything from the cruelty of the murderer of my father, but I swear not to eat or drink the food or water of this land so long as I do not wreak vengeance on the accursed head of the Usurper. The very air of the country is poison so long as I do not breathe it as a king and avenger of the wrongs of my sire. Mother arise, let us be off."

When the *zemindar* heard of the determination of the Prince, he was sorely afflicted and entreated him with tears and sobs to change his mind. But Mahbub was firm as a rock, and would not be prevailed upon, though he, too, was equally grieved to part from the honest *zemindar* and his family. However, bidding them a hasty adieu, the Prince and the Queen went their way, trusting to Providence to guide them out of the kingdom.

They travelled on and on without food or drink, till they left behind the kingdom of the Usurper. Afflicted with many days' hunger and thirst, and fatigued from their long journey, they now began to search for a hospitable roof where to beg some bread and water, and rest their weary limbs. But the out-look was very gloomy, the place where they had come was a mountainous district that showed no signs of human habitation far or near. However after much search, they saw a humble Musjid at the foot of the hill. They dragged themselves exhausted and almost lifeless into the house of prayer, and saw an old *faqir* lying on a tattered and worn-out mattress. The prince then humbly besought the *faqir* to give them some food and drink as they were dying of hunger. The old man pointing to a niche said:—"Young man, there is a bit of bread in that hole, take it out and eat you both." The prince going to the place, found there a small slice of cold and mouldy bread not

enough to make one mouthful. Then taking it to his mother and presenting the slice to her he said:—"Mother, eat this and support your strength. It is not sufficient for both, but you stand in greater need of sustenance than my young and vigorous frame. Eat it mother." But the Queen would not take it, saying:—"Son, I am old and have enjoyed the pleasures and suffered the pains of this transitory life; I am prepared to meet death. Let me die, as it will make no difference. But live thou, and do thy great work." The Prince paid no heed to all this but went on pressing the bread on her. She refusing and he insisting, they squabbled on for a long time. The *faqir* seeing this observed:—"Travellers, why do you fight for nothing? You both eat this slice, and you will not be able to finish it." Then mother and son ate of the bread, but still the slice remained the same as before, and was not diminished even by an inch. They were fully satiated and the bread was the same as before. Never had they found anything so delicious as this crusty and mouldy piece of bread. Then the *faqir* pointing to another niche, said "there is the water." The Prince approaching it saw a small earthen jar of water. The contents of the vessel were not sufficient even for a single person, and there was altercation between them as to who should drink, and again the *faqir* said:—"Children of the road, drink you both in the name of the great Allah." And they both drank out of the vessel, and were fully satisfied, and yet the water in it was not diminished by a drop. Then the *faqir* asked them:—"Whence are you coming and whither will you go? You cannot go beyond this mountain; for on the other side of it is a tempestuous and fathomless sea. No ships have ever ventured to sail in its turbulent waters. Return home." But the Prince replied:—"O holy *faqir*, we have vowed not to return to the land of our birth. The polished mirror of your pure heart has

already received the reflection of our sad history on it. We need not say who we are. Help us now in our journey, O holy saint, for nothing is impossible for the divine austerities of your prayers." The *faqir* replied:—"True, O traveller, prayers are accepted by Allah when they rise from pure hearts. What can a sinful creature like me do? However in my travels I have discovered some of the properties of natural objects. I will see whether I can help you."

Then telling them to remain in the Musjid and await his return, the *faqir* went out into an adjacent forest. After a short time he returned with two pieces of wood, freshly cut from the branches of some trees, peculiar to those parts. With one piece, he made a short stick about a cubit in length and with the other a torch. Then addressing them, he said:—"Here are the things that will carry you across the dangerous forests and vast seas. This torch when lighted will frighten away all fierce animals of the wood or the deep. And this rod, a cubit long, is your ship. Wherever you may put it in the sea, the water of that place, however deep, will at once become fordable, and will never rise higher than the top of this stick. The waters before or behind or around you may be thousands of fathoms deep, but within a radius of fourteen yards from the place where you will hold this stick, the water will never rise higher than a cubit." Then lighting the torch the *faqir* showed them the way over the mountains and conducted them to the sea. There he bade them adieu and returned to his cottage.

The Prince taking the rod in his hand, jumped into the water and placed the rod over the surface of the sea. At once the waters became calm for a radius of fourteen yards, and all of the uniform depth of a cubit, though beyond the magic circle the sea was fathomless and very turbulent. The Queen carrying the torch followed behind and they waded through that

sea, the water never rising higher than their knees. They saw also the unrevealed wonders of the sea-bottom, such as corals, pearls, sea-flowers and trees. Inexpressible were the delight and admiration of the Prince at seeing these beautiful things, and whenever a new animal or natural object came within the range of his vision, he would cry out most joyously to his mother and running up to it, would take it up and show it to her. Thus they went on admiring the wonders of the deep and praising the wisdom of the Almighty. When they had reached almost the middle of the sea the prince saw a current of water flowing from a certain direction, and carrying in its flow innumerable rubies of the purest and brightest water. Mahbub, who had never seen rubies, cried out in an ecstasy of boyish joy:—"Mother, mother, behold how beautiful are these pebbles. Of what a glorious red colour they are! O mother, let me pick up a few of them to play with." The mother, who knew the value of these precious stones, the least of which would fetch a lac of rupees or so, was afraid to touch them. She feared that so many valuable and extraordinary rubies in such a strange place boded no good. It must be some temptation of Satan to cause their ruin. So, she strongly dissuaded him, saying:—"Why child, you are the best of all precious stones or pebbles; your love has brought me to this pass; love not these, lest they bring greater misfortunes." The Prince desisted for a while, but he was strongly tempted to disobey his mother's commands, which he had never done before, for the glowing colours of the rubies constantly appealed to his fancy. At last unable to resist the impulse, he secreted one of the biggest of these stones in his pocket unperceived by the Queen. Sometimes good comes out of evil, and this act of disobedience of the prince, though entailing many difficulties on him, led at last to unexpected results.

The Prince and the Queen, with the help of the *faqir*'s rod and torch, succeeded in

crossing that vast sea without any serious trouble. They at last landed on the coast of the kingdom of India. Having rested for a while, they proceeded to the capital town of the country, which was situated not far from the sea-coast. They halted at a *serai* outside the city, and the Queen giving some copper coins to the prince asked him to fetch some eatables from the Bazar. The Prince took the money and went to the shop of a sweetmeat-seller, and fearing lest the Queen should come to know that he had secreted the ruby, thought it better not to keep it on his person; therefore, he gave it to the shop-keeper, saying:—"Brother, give some sweetmeats in lieu of this." The shop-keeper, seeing the stone, examined it closely and finding that it was a ruby of the purest and best kind, could not help admiring it. Then weighing out five *seers* of sweetmeats he bound it in one corner of the cloth given by the prince, and in the other corner he bound five *seers* of *mohars* of purest gold and gave it to the Prince. Mahbub returned to the *serai* with the heavy load of sweetmeats and gold and put them all before the Queen. Her astonishment might well be imagined than described, when she saw so much gold, and fearing lest he might have obtained them by unlawful means cried out in great anxiety:—"Son, whence have you got so much gold and sweetmeats? I gave you only five copper coins; so if you have done anything wrong, go at once and restore all this money to the person wronged, for good never comes out of evil." The Prince then falling on his knees implored pardon of his mother, saying:—"Yes mother, I have done wrong, but not what you fear. It is not against any inhabitant of this country but against you, most dear and kind mother. In disobedience of your command I picked up one of the red pebbles which we saw in the middle of the sea and all this is in exchange of that." The Queen was at first angry with the Prince for this, but then find-

ing that he had been deceived by the sweetmeat-seller went to his shop accompanied by the prince. Finding him in the shop, the Queen said:—"Brother, if my son was blind were you also blind? If he was ignorant of the value of the precious stone, did not you know that it was a *nou-lakhahar*, a ruby worth nine lacs of rupees? How could you deceive a simple boy like this?"

The sweetmeat-seller finding that he had done wrong in thus taking advantage of the ignorance of the boy and being ashamed of his conduct, for to give him his due, he was on the whole the most honest of all the shopkeepers, now implored mercy of the Queen, saying:—"Mother, forgive me my over-sight. Look at these coffers and iron chests, you see them full of gold *mohars*. Take them all away; they will be about seven or eight lacs and let me retain the ruby." The Queen seeing that it was not a bad offer, consented to the bargain, took the money and went back to the *serai*.

Here the sweetmeat-seller sold the ruby to the vazir at a large profit and the latter in his turn sold it to the king at a large profit. The king taking the ruby went into the inner apartment, and gave it to his only and beloved daughter *Gulrukha*. She wore it round her neck and with great elation of spirits ordered a carriage to be made ready and went out to her garden to enjoy the scene and her happiness in silence. She paced here and there with great joy, and after a long ramble sat down in a mango grove. On the top of a tree there were sitting a pair of birds, a parrot and a *myna*. The *myna* said to the parrot:—"Friend parrot, relate some interesting story to beguile our time." The parrot replied:—"Ah lady, I fear my speech will enrage you, for I have some hard truths to utter." "Be sure, I shall not be angry with you," answered the lady-bird; "go on with your story." "Oh lady, strange are the freaks of the whims of your sex. Once there was a

princess, very beautiful and good-natured. Her father one day presented her with a ruby of the costliest kind. The princess who had never possessed such a precious stone was filled with pride and vanity. She wore it and went about showing it to every person. But the vain princess did not know that it did not suit her, that a single ruby was not as good as many; that to wear it, one required a dress befitting it, for without such concomitants it appeared that she was not the rightful owner of the gem. But, however, the foolish princess wearing it, paraded it among all, and never knew her error."

The princess heard all this talk of the birds, and understanding that it was addressed to her, hastened at once towards the palace, and rushing to her rooms, threw aside the ruby, and closed the doors and refused to eat or drink, but wept all the time. The king hearing of the sudden grief of his daughter, went to her and entreated her much, saying:— "What ails you my child, that you are lying down so disconsolate and sad? Has anybody said anything to you, or has any one looked at you with improper eyes? Are you angry with any body or has any one offended you? Tell me what is the cause of your sorrow?" The princess after much entreaty replied with sobs and sighs:—"Father, no one has offended me or cast an improper look on me. I am the most miserable princess on earth. Why did you give me this ruby that has brought down on me the ridicule even of the birds of the air? It does not singly befit me. To be worthy to wear it, I must have a dress befitting it, and a dozen more such gems. Let me know what kind of dress they wear who have got such stones. Get me such stones and dresses." The king promising to fulfil her desire went out.

At once he sent for the vazir and asked him whence he had procured the ruby. The vazir pointed out the shop-keeper, who was asked to find out the travellers from whom

he had got the ruby, within twenty-four hours or it would not be well for him. The poor sweetmeat-seller went with throbbing heart to the *serai* but found no trace of the mother and son there; then he searched the whole city, and when he did not succeed, he went out and began to search in the suburbs. At last cast down with despair he was returning sorrowfully homewards when he remembered that he had omitted to enquire at a certain new palace which was said to have been built by some unknown merchant in a very pleasant and romantic spot outside the town and on the sea-coast. He at once ran towards the place, and as he was about to ask the door-keepers to whom such a grand building belonged, whom should he behold but the Prince Mahbub issuing out of it on a beautiful steed followed by a company of riders gallantly dressed and going out to hunt. The shop-keeper who had seen him in another and worse plight was struck dumb at all this grandeur and splendour. He with a deep bow addressed the Prince:—"My Lord, His Majesty the King has called your honour." The Prince, stopping a moment, haughtily replied:—"Go and tell your King, I am not his servant nor his subject that I should obey his summons. If he has got any business with me, I am always to be found at home. He can see me here."

The shop-keeper returned to the king and informed him that the seller of the ruby would not come, but had asked His Majesty to go there. The king, though enraged at this message, however, thought it expedient to go himself to Prince Mahbub. For the Princess Gulruk was breaking her heart for more rubies, and a dress befitting such jewels and it was no time for anger. The king, therefore, himself went to the Prince of Persia and was received with great honor by the latter. They were introduced to each other, and the king of India now learned that the host also belonged to a royal family. The

king of India after the usual salutation and greeting opened his message thus:—"Prince, I have come to trouble you for some more such rubies as you sold once to a shop-keeper. Have you got any more?"

"Thousands," was the ready answer; "how many hundreds does your majesty require?"

The king was aghast at this reply. All the wealth of his kingdom, and a most wealthy empire it was, could hardly purchase ten such stones, and here was a young man in exile from his own kingdom, possessed of thousands of such costly rubies. Surely he must have got hold of the hidden treasures of Qárún, thought the king, for never had he heard of any king or emperor possessed of so much riches. So with great humility, the king replied:—"Prince, I have neither the inclination nor the means to buy so many. I want only half a dozen such stones, as well as a suit of dress worn by those who adorn themselves with these."

The Prince replied:—"Your majesty shall have these rubies as well as the dress on the fourth day from this. I must pay a visit to my treasury. Rest assured that you will get them on that day." The king returned full of wonder and amazement at the interview, and anxious to know the hidden sources of such riches.

Here Mahbub taking leave of the Queen, and telling all his attendants that he was going on a private business from which he would return within four days, started alone on his journey, taking, of course, with him the magic rod and torch. On a lonely part of the sea-coast where no one could observe him, he lighted the torch, and entered the sea. Carrying the light in one hand, and the rod in the other, Mahbub walked through the waters rapidly, unhesitatingly and boldly as if he was a creature of the sea. He dashed through the sea, without stopping to observe the many wonders which met him on every side, and never stood even for a moment to

take breath till he reached the middle of the sea and found the current that carried the rubies. He was going to pick up some, when a sudden thought occurred to him:—"Whence are these rubies?" Eager to investigate and clear up the mystery, the Prince began to trace the current to its source. The higher he went, the more wonders did he see, and found that the stream was becoming narrower and narrower, though he could not measure its depth, for the magic rod kept it everywhere at the uniform depth of a cubit. On and on he went and now the current which was a mile in breadth before dwindled down to a small streamlet a few yards broad. But there was instead, as if to compensate for the loss of width, an inexpressible and delightful odour issuing out of these waters. Never had the prince smelt such scents in his life; it appeared as if thousands of maunds of attar were floating on the waters and spreading a delicious perfume all around. Exhilarated with the balmy air, Mahbub waded through the stream and at last found that it had its origin in a whirlpool, the waters of which were foaming, boiling and bubbling and were circling round and round with tremendous velocity, and making a deafening noise as if thousands of water-giants were struggling underneath and were fighting for dominion over the deep. Out of this whirlpool there rose in a column many yards high a spout whose waters were calm and of the purest white and made a strong contrast with the black and boiling waters of the main stream from which it arose. It was laden with rubies and emitted a strong sweet smell and appeared as if some huge monster underneath was spitting it up with immense force which carried it up to such a height. At every gush thousands of rubies were thrown up along the spout, which after dancing in it for a while, fell into the current beneath. The prince watched this display of whirlpool spout and gems with absorbed admiration

and awe. His courage wavered only for a minute, but his faith in the wand was like adamant. Shaking off all doubts he jumped into the raging pool.

Down and down he went, through the hole, the waters parting above and below him, and becoming perfectly calm and tranquil. For many minutes he fell through the chimney of the whirlpool, till at last his feet touched the solid ground. He saw before him a huge gateway of massive iron, on the northern side of the cave, and a stream of water flowing out of a drain beneath it, carrying rubies and precious perfume along with it. Mahbub seeing that the entrance was closed, entered through the hole of the drain, which was sufficiently large for the passage of a human body, into the interior.

No sooner had he effected his entrance, than he found himself in a strange and wonderful region. He looked back for the gate, but found no traces of it anywhere. He was in a garden of wonderful trees and birds, and saw before him a large palace. He entered it boldly and saw beautiful rooms and halls tastefully and elegantly decorated, but silent and lifeless. He passed from one room to another admiring the grandeur of the scene, and the wealth of the owner of such riches. At last he came to a room which was illuminated by twelve waxen and perfumed candles, and from the roof of which, suspended by a chain of steel, hung a human head freshly severed from the body. The twelve candles were placed in a circle round a basin of water placed just underneath the head. Large drops of blood fell drip, drip, drip, into the basin and as every drop fell into the water, it splashed up to a tremendous height and fell in a nice curve into a drain beneath. As it fell every drop became a beautiful ruby and flowed out of the drain. The prince stood long looking at the wonderful scene of the transformation of the blood into rubies. How long he remained in that reverie cannot be said, but

at length he was roused from it by the sound of some approaching footsteps of some dozen persons or so. The prince hearing the noise hid himself in a corner in order to observe better what passed in that subterranean hall of mystery.

Mahbub saw from his place of concealment twelve *Peris* of the most elegant shape enter the room. One of them took down the head, another brought from a hidden recess the body. They placed the two parts of the body on a golden bed, and joining the head to the trunk, the twelve *Peris* took up the twelve burning candles, and began to move round and round the bed in mystic circles, singing a sweet but sad song all the while. By degrees their movements round the bed became more and more rapid till the velocity became so great that the prince could distinguish no forms, but saw a circle of light round the bed. Now the Prince saw that round the circle in which the *Peris* were moving there was flowing a small ring of water of such a strong and overpowering sweet smell that the Prince became almost faint. The perfume which he had smelt in the sea was nothing in comparison with the richness of the odour which this circle of water emitted. Then the dance ceased and the Prince saw that the *Peris* were profusely perspiring owing to the exertions of the dance and the ring of water was formed by the odorous perspiration of these children of the air. This ring of water also joined the drain into which the water of the basin fell, and thus carried out of this mysterious palace precious stones and delicious scent, one the produce of human blood, the other the perspiration of *Peris*.

The *Peris* then stooped over the bed, and every one kissed the face of the dead man and cried out in deep wails:—"How long, O Lord, how long! Nights and days, nights and days for the last fourteen years, have we waited and waited. O when will the sun of hope arise on the darkness of our despair!

Arise, O king arise, how long will you remain in this deathlike trance?" Thus they moaned and lamented, but in vain.

Suddenly there arose sounds of sweet and joyous music, and the Prince and the *Peris* were all startled at this strange interruption. The music pealed louder and louder, and the *Peris* recognising the voices of the heavenly choristers trembled with joy, hope and suspense, while the prince stood enchanted by the ravishing strains that fell on his ears. Then the floor of the room burst open, and out thereof rose the venerable form of the *faqir* whom the Prince had met in the Musjid by the mountain in the kingdom of Persia. He was now clad in garments of light. The *Peris* all prostrated themselves before him, crying: "Khwaja Khizar, Khwajah Khizar, is the hour come?"

The Khwajah Khizar, for such in fact was the seeming *faqir*, said in a deep voice:—"Yes, the time is come and no more shall ye weep." Then turning to the corner where Mahbub lay concealed, he said:—"Prince, come out." The Prince instantly emerged out of his place of concealment and prostrated himself at the feet of the great and immortal saint Khwajah Khizar.

The holy and all-knowing seer, then said as follows:—"Prince, you see before you the corpse of your father. As soon as he was murdered by Qassab, the *Peris* brought his remains to this subterranean palace, the cemetery of the kings of Persia. Know that your ancestors belonged to a race of beings called the *Magi* and commanded the *Peris* and the genii by their wisdom. No son of theirs ever died but his remains were buried in this place by the faithful races that inhabit the fire and the air. But the body of your royal sire was not buried, since no one had performed the funeral rites. Now that destiny has brought you here, perform the said ceremonies to lay at rest his hovering spirit."

The prince hearing this sorrowful speech, shed bitter tears, and approaching the dead body prayed fervently to Allah for the soul of the murdered king. But as soon as he had done praying, and laid his hands on the body of his father, behold! there burst forth another peal of music from invisible sources, and to his extreme joy and wonder, the head was joined to the body, and the King of Persia sat up restored to life on the bed by the touch of his son. Oh, who can now describe the happiness of the *Peris*? Khawjah Khizar then introduced the father to the son and there was great rejoicing in the land of the *Peris*. Then the holy saint vanished by the same way he had come, and the genii and the *Peris* transported the King and the Prince to the palace of the latter in the kingdom of India. The meeting between the King of Persia and his Queen was full of tears and tenderness and might better be imagined than described.

Here when four days were over, the King of India again came to the palace of Mahbub for the rubies. What was his fear and astonishment when he saw that large strange looking creatures with horns on their heads guarded the gate, and it was with great difficulty that he got admission. He was conducted to the Durbar room where the Prince and the King Mansur-i-Alim were seated, and as soon as Mahbub saw him he greeted him with great cordiality, and said:—"Your majesty, I have not forgotten my promise. Allow me to thank you for the happy result which resulted from your commands. As for the rubies, you will get as many as you require." He then ordered a servant in attendance to bring a cup of water, and then taking a sharp needle pierced his finger, and let fall ten or twelve drops of blood into the water and they all sparkled forth as rubies. The King of India was bewildered at this, but the Prince quickly replied:—"Let it be known to your majesty that every drop of blood that

ows in the veins of the princes and kings of Persia is more precious than hundreds of rubies and every tear which they shed more costly than thousands of pearls. I learned this secret from my father the King." The King of India as soon as he knew that he was in the presence of the powerful King of Persia threw himself on his knees and acknowledged himself his vassal.

The rest of the story is very soon told. The princess of India got the rubies and the fairy dress, and the parrot and the *myna* praised her this time and advised her to marry the prince who had taken so much trouble to satisfy her whims. As this advice was agreeable to her inclinations and to the policy of the great kings, nothing stood in the

way of their connection. A large army was soon fitted out by the King of India, and another by the *Peris* and the genii and they proceeded towards Persia. The Usurper Qassab, whose tyranny had alienated all hearts, as soon as he heard of the approach of the invading armies, rallied some mercenary followers and was killed after an ineffectual resistance. His head and body were carried by the *Peris* to the Subterranean Hall, the cemetery of the kings of Persia, and hung up in the same place where the former corpse was suspended. Every drop of blood which fell from the head of the Usurper became a deadly ugly toad and floated into the sea scattering poison and putrid odour many a mile around.

SHAIKH CHILLI.

## THE STUDY OF INDIAN PICTORIAL ART—A REJOINDER

MR. U. RAY has laid all interested in Indian art under a debt of obligation by his frank exposition of the average attitude of Indian students of art in his paper on the "Study of Indian Pictorial Art."\* Mr. Ray's paper reminds one of the hue-and-cry raised by the students of the Calcutta School of Art, when the European pictures of the Government Art Gallery were sold, a few years ago. It is interesting to recall some of the criticisms which the sale of these pictures evoked in many quarters. Some people went the length of declaring that it was a deliberate design on the part of the Government to take away the facilities which had hitherto existed for art-education in this country.

Mr. U. Ray has set himself to examine some of the fallacies connected with the views regarding the future of oriental art expressed

\* The Modern Review, June 1907.

by Mr. A. N. Tagore, but in doing so Mr. Ray, one must confess, has missed the proper point of view and has looked at things a little out of focus. He has been himself led to put forth certain fallacious statements, which in the interests of all students of Indian Art are in need of a refutation. I am afraid Mr. Ray has missed the very suggestive paper *On the Function of Art in Shaping Nationality* which appeared in these columns from the pen of Sister Nivedita, and I am sure Mr. Ray will there find solutions for many of the conundrums regarding the future of Indian art which seem to puzzle him.

Educated Bengal of to-day is in the habit of cherishing a just pride in those intellectual attainments and general literary culture which the western system of education has done so much to propagate and foster. Indeed the people of Bengal have proved the most go-ahead of all Indians in the matter of

assimilating western thought and culture. Yet, to their shame, it must be confessed that while they have developed a genuine taste for literature they have displayed a singular inaptitude and incapacity for the study of the fine arts, be it indigenous or European, and it is very disappointing to find that many of our cultured men invariably show themselves the veriest imbeciles in all matters which require artistic discrimination, and can be wheedled or bullied into the most absurd errors of taste.

Mr. Ray is unable to accept the statement that "*Indians have no talent for European Art.*" Evidently he means that it is possible for Indians to master the technique or the grammar and language of European art under suitable training, or under, as he says, "*proper conditions.*" But European art like all good art, consists of something more than mere technique, or the language in which it finds expression. It is the manifestation of the national temperament, just as literature or religion is. All good art is the natural utterance of the soul of a people in a voice peculiarly its own. One can imitate the voice, but cannot body forth the soul. An Indian by assimilating European methods and aims in art can never turn out to be an artist, truly so called, because we cannot produce art by reproducing the language in which it is couched. His education cannot displace his own temperament, just as he cannot imbibe that of another race. A linguist can never be a man of letters *par excellence* in any language but his own. Imagine the author of "*The Linguistic Survey of India*" composing sonnets in the manner of Vidyapati! This morbid desire on the part of Indian students to emulate European art has arisen from the fact that Indians have appreciated and to some extent over-estimated the technical perfection, but have not received the education to realize the æsthetic aspect of European art. A picture is happiest

in the country in which it was painted. It is difficult to tune one's mind to enjoy the beauties of a picture which reflects the temperament and habits of mind of an artist educated in a different school of thought. Our educated brethren love the idea that the art of a country can be mechanically transplanted into another and bear fruit in the new soil; Mr. Ray in his desire to transplant European art to India reminds one of the insane gardener who wanted to graft a camelia bud on a rose tree.

"If a Bengalee wants to learn European art, would you still say he had better not?" Our answer is in the affirmative, for the simple reason that it cannot be "learnt." The right method of artistic expression of a people naturally takes its root in and is otherwise evolved out of its own artistic sense in its endeavour to make itself articulate and can never be mastered by imitating the external characteristics or mannerisms of this or that school of painting. The art as distinguished from the science of painting one cannot acquire by ages spent in any European *atelier*.

"Studies of European art by Indians are bound to end in failure like a poet's attempt at writing verses in a foreign language,—this objection would have much force if the two systems were really so dissimilar in their methods of expression as two totally different languages."

If Mr. Ray condescended to study the history of European paintings, he would be convinced that the different schools of European art are totally distinct from one another both in their methods and aims. He would find that the Pre-Raphaelites in England were *totally different* in their aims and aspiration from the Impressionists of France. The Roman school differs as widely from the Flemish as the masterpieces of antique architecture and sculpture differ from those of modern times. "Michael Angelo was as incapable of conceiving of a picture by Fra Angelico as he was of painting Leonardo's

Gioconda." Each nation has its own art as it has its own language and national character.\*

The Indians of to-day, busied as they are with an alien culture and system of thought, have fallen off from the ideal of their own nationality, to the extent that they have set at naught their own traditions, thought-inheritance and manner of expression in the process of assimilating the " *naba jnan*" (new knowledge) of other climes and regions. Nobody can deny that the Bengali literature of to-day has under the influence of English education produced much that is lovely--yet these can hardly be regarded by any right-thinking person as genuine contributions to the national literature of the Bengalis. This class of literature derives its value from being a means to enrich the old stock of Bengali literature, and saturated as it is with the thought and culture of the West, can be regarded as a part of our national assets only in the sense that it reflects and embodies the ideas and aspirations for the time being of the educated section of Bengal, "rolling in the fine frenzy" of a school of thought foreign to the soil and in some sense antagonistic to the literature of old Bengal. Very few people fully realise the disastrous significance of the system of University education which has done so much to sever the "educated" from their national tradition and continuity with their past, with the result that by reason of their ignorance of their own language and literature they have become totally estranged from the bulk of their fellow countrymen, and the feelings and aspirations that

\* Mr. George Clausen, A. R. A., in his *Six Lectures on Painting*, says: "I should like to touch briefly on the art of Japan, which has influenced western art in the last fifty years. It is a true style, perfect and complete in itself; and there is no art more beautiful, in the sense of simply giving pleasure by its decorative qualities. It is frankly impressionist in its disregard of all but the things chosen, is more diffuse and self-conscious than our art; more concentrated, more original. Its point of view is altogether different from that of western art. This difference is so great that Japanese and modern European pictures cannot hang together on the same wall harmoniously; the European work suffers. The two schools do not agree and one would say that it is impossible to combine their points of view. . . . . There is something disquieting in the fact that Japanese art is so

shape and stimulate their lives. The average Indian often acquires a marvellously correct knowledge of English literature. Yet though his English is hardly ever distinguishable from the English of an Englishman, it is difficult to name a single instance in which the composition of an educated Indian has been seriously considered to be a genuine contribution to English literature. It will be instructive to quote here the remarks of Dr. Coomaraswamy upon this point:

"I believe no Indian ever has produced or ever will produce immortal literature in English. Such a thing could hardly happen even amongst the European nations and how much more impossible it is in the East. The Indian's own language must ever remain the means by which he can most simply, most truly and most naturally express his deepest feelings, and the tongue which can alone appeal to his inmost self with all the power of association and tradition. The educational need of India is the development of its people's intelligence through the medium of their own national culture. What we need most of all to cherish and honour in ourselves is our Indianness, for by all that is therein included and not by the degree of success with which we can imitate others, shall we ultimately stand or fall. We may fully recognize that a knowledge of Western science and of English will contribute to our material prosperity and may also be made a means of culture; but to reject, therefore, our own language and literature and every thing that is ours in order to more completely absorb the new, that is indeed to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Mr. U. Ray is not prepared to admit that Indian art is "more suited to our talents and temperaments," at the same time he is anxious to improve the "grammar and rhetoric" of that language and can not think of

beautiful, and at the same time so altogether different from ours, so much so as to cause a momentary thought whether it is not finer. But whether or no, we must keep on our own road, for our traditions and practice do not lead us to render nature like the Japanese. Still we may study their work with great advantage. . . . . Our art appeals through representation or imitation, creating an illusion of nature in its three dimensions; while the Japanese representation of nature is not imitative, but selective, certain things being chosen, the rest ignored. And their art seems in this respect to have developed to its final perfection on the lines of the earliest forms of art, without changing its directions. . . . . Their art has developed, but has not changed."

giving up the same. What is the good of sticking to a medium of expression not suited to our talents and tempaments and so imperfect in its grammar and rhetoric? He is labouring under a grave misconception as to the exact nature of the assistance which Indian art students may derive from their study of European art. He comes very near the truth when he states that "if we had the superior art culture of the Europeans—we should all the better be in a position to value Indian art."

John Ruskin has laid down a wholesome rule as to the right attitude by which one school of art may derive useful assistance from the study of other schools and systems. Referring to the adoption by English artists of the methods and aims of the ancient art of Greece, he says:

"What we have to learn from Greek art is not to draw or carve nude figures with conventional anatomy, or with more or less skill in draughtsmanship, but to approach nature with that earnest observation by which the Greeks of old learned their business. We want to learn and imitate the truthful and sincere attitude of mind by which art, whatever its subject matter, may become vital."

Mr. Ray has done his best to pour scorn on the idea of nationality in art. He evidently maintains (with Mr. Whistler) that art is cosmopolitan and should have no nationality and that if you allow it to fall under the influence of national prejudice its vitality will be diminished and its power of expression will be dangerously limited. "There is no such thing as English art," says Mr. James Mc. Neill Whistler, "we might as well talk of English mathematics." The paradox is brilliant, but the analogy is fallacious. The idea of cosmopolitanism in art is being carried a great deal too far at present in all circles. It is difficult to minimise the effect of reciprocity and mutuality between nations in any branch of human activity, that is to say, of an equitable distribution among the nations, of the advantage of the progress

made by any of them. But whereas cosmopolitanism in science and industry is one of the agents which chiefly conduce to the progress of civilization in modern communities, it is a mistake to attribute the same virtue to cosmopolitanism in art.

Mr. Ernest Chesneau, the great French critic, has very lucidly set forth the functions of an artist in relation to his nationality:

"The mere contemplation of any object, even with the most complete self-abnegation, never made a man in the smallest degree an artist, nor gave birth in his mind to the most puny ideal. But when the object affects us so vividly as to rouse the deeper harmonies of our nature, of our moral and intellectual being, then our ideas, too, start up, our feelings expand, our thoughts grow more lofty: the ideal rises before us. And when the impression is so strong as to bear on with it our powers of expression, we are enabled to share our enjoyment with others, we create the arts and the wonders of art. It is by seeing the complicated relations and innumerable affinities which objects bear to each other and by comparing and analysing them that an artist becomes aware of their harmonies,—conceives his idea and works out his feelings of a perfect ideal. *This feeling, this idea, is his own, the out-come of his character, his age, his race and his genius.* If the poet and the artist express their impressions with more splendour and more power than other men;—it is not because they are self-forgetful—far from it; on the contrary by sheer work and sincere observation they have attained the faculty of rendering their thoughts *in a manner which is all the more striking in proportion as they stamp it with a more personal character.* The indelible work of their own genius and (by inference) of the genius of their race, is recognizable even in the turn of a phrase, in a touch of the brush, in a stroke of the chisel." (Chesneau)

It is the spirit, the attitude, the temperament and not the subject matter of a work of art which determines its nationality. The art of any country or age bereft of its castemark loses its appealing force, its flavour, its meaning. Referring to the popularity of the poems of Sir Edwin Arnold, an English critic has remarked "that the half educated natives of India prefer even their own classics served

Supplement to "The Modern Review."



### IN QUEST OF THE BELOVED IN A DARK NIGHT.

From the *Ritusamhara* (The Seasons) of Kalidasa, illustrating Verse X in the description of the Rainy Season.

By Abanindra Nath Tagore.

By the Courtesy of the Artist.



up in an alien tongue by means of an alien interpreter." To many of us oriental scenes and subjects dished up in European technique have never appealed. Western methods and technique of painting, teaching us as they do, to look at, realise and represent nature in certain stereotyped forms,—hardly, if ever, succeed in rousing and developing the aesthetic sense of the Indian student—but on the other hand, colours his vision, deprives him of the right perspective and for ever incapacitates him to "picture" Indian thoughts and ideals in Indian ways and manners. The unfortunately contemptuous attitude which the average westerner assumes towards everything connected with oriental civilization tends to destroy our self-confidence regarding the canons of our native art and leads us to attach too much importance to certain phases of European art which but for constant parading advertisement would have failed to make any impression.

If the Indian student of European art would analyse his impression of the average works of European painters, he will find that the only charm which seizes his fancy is the power (which the European system of painting has developed) of forceful, accurate and sometimes photographic realisation of the outer forms and facts of nature. This feature of European art is a character, a caste-mark, so to speak, of its nationality and does not necessarily represent the indispensable quality of a high form of Art. The parrot-cry of a sect of to-day is that you must study nature and represent her faithfully—as European art has set the example of doing. But there are different ways of "studying nature faithfully." This brings us to the eternal controversy, which has raged in the literature of art, on the subject of Realism and Idealism in Art. Broadly speaking subjects for art may be treated in two ways—either from the stand-point of the realm of imagination or from the stand-point of literal

fact. Now as to the first of these,—we must all be conscious of a certain dream-land of our own, in which things and ideas are pictured in our minds not necessarily as they really are, but as we would like them to be, and as they might be,—were our mutual relations different, or again the ideas which picture themselves so clearly in our minds may be of such things as cannot exist in actual reality under conditions of flesh and blood, time, gravitation and the like, and yet they are no less *mentally real* to us. Then, when we come to the act of thus realising our dreams through the medium of art (which can give form, reality and expression to even dreams) we find, that what we need above all else, is to gain the reality we seek by an expression of the *spirit of our idea*. The figures must be arranged, the type of faces coined, the accessories added, to emphasize and elucidate the idea judiciously, irrespective of the actually and the physically possible. *Thought transcends the material.* Ideas, *real and true as ideas*, but abstract in their quality, can have no photographic actuality in their presentation. The abstract cannot be photographed and yet may be represented, and when done in masterly fashion, the highest form of art is produced, that which is called the ideal. The second stand-point mentioned, that of literal fact, produces the realist in art, and his is the natural counteracting influence which holds the light up to the idealist, to remind him that a measure of truth to the actual must underlie all his dreams or he will defeat his own ends. The realists—"the artists of observation" as they have been called, produce also an art of their own, strong and wholesome, commanding itself to many, but of necessity somewhat more limited in its scope than that of the true Idealists.

Pictorial art in India, has developed on its idealistic side rather than the realistic, and very much the same thing has happened

in the evolution of Japanese art. In the European schools of painting on the one hand, and the Japanese school on the other (the latter representing the orientals and the former the occidentals)—we see two very pronounced types of mind,—the one realist and the other idealist,—each producing higher forms of art but different poles of thought and aim.

Mr. U. Ray has suggested as an experiment the imparting of lessons in European art to qualified Indian students under "proper conditions." Obviously "the proper conditions" will be too expensive to be invoked in India. So that the art student must necessarily go to the continent to receive his training in the mysteries of the European art. We know of many art students who are anxious to go abroad and complete their training in some continental studios under the guidance of some modern master of painting. They are anxious to imbibe a few methods and certain technical qualities, which, after all, are perhaps no more than dexterity of hand and *dodges* of doubtful value. The student who goes abroad for his training more often than not merely learns how to record what his teachers have seen for him; and what they do not know, he becomes incapable of learning for himself. He catches on (like some infectious disease) the style and mannerism of a school that particularly hits his fancy and rarely, if ever, develops the power to receive impressions at first hand, much less attain the right standpoint from which to study nature. He contracts the pernicious habit of seeing his own country through foreign spectacles and the result is usually disastrous.

The few artists who have successfully assimilated and adopted western methods of expression in the art of painting, are so hopelessly out of touch with the ideals, culture and life of the people of the east as to make them quite unfit to be the spokesmen of the people, their inner yearnings and heart-throbs. Mr. Ray waxes enthusiastic over the works of

Messrs. Hesh and Gangooly. We can assure him they have not proved their claim to be regarded as the exponent of the thoughts, ideas and the spirit of the Indian nationality. Artists such as these, will always be looked upon as aliens, no matter what is the subject they deal with, no matter whether they have their studios in Paris or Madras. Their art is lacking in its vital feature, "wanting the taste of the soil, and the smell of the country." It is true that their productions and their English prototypes occupy different regions of the globe but on an aesthetic map these will be coloured red—as if they were colonies of English art. It is their models and their heroes and heroines which give the Indian feeling to their figures—it does not come from their brush. Their aesthetics are all of the Europe of to-day.

Let the Indian student turn back always to nature—that supreme artist—the only counsellor he can obey implicitly—the only enchantress he can follow free from remorse. The European painters are great charmers, let us admire them but let us not follow them. A wholesale adoption in the pictorial art of India of European methods of painting can hardly be considered as wholesome. Indian pictorial art shall improve and develop appropriating only such materials as may help to rekindle her native flame. All that Indian art can with profit and impunity borrow from her western sister is the mechanical skill—the mastery of draughtsmanship, but the work in which this skill is to be utilised must come from her inner self. In our anxiety to supplement the resources and to amend the shortcomings of the native art of our country by borrowing the art-fashions of Europe, we too often forget the evil effects which follow the importations of foreign ideals and manners and we are wont to abandon the right spirit of eclecticism in which alone the thoughts and ideals of one country may be usefully assimilated by another.

The process of denationalisation in respect of every branch of activity (including the realm of art) in India has proceeded too far already and unless we become alive to our duties to our national art before it is too late, the future of that art is doomed. Even admitting the higher qualities possessed by European art, ancient or modern, we lose nothing if for a time we keep the models of European art away from our sight and throw our heads together to take stock of the ancient art-traditions of our own country and learn to value all that is *best and most characteristic* in the indigenous art-forms that are still preserved in the ancient monuments of India. The ideal of an Indian artist should be to co-ordinate and harmonize the various elements of the national genius and crystallize them into a concrete form of art.

Mr. Ray has indulged in a cheap joke at the expense of those "sincere Hindus" whose humble lot has been to worship "the goblins and monsters" of the Hindu mythology and the "Bengali potters' clay images." We are not aware if the goblins of Hindu art have in a spirit of mischief disturbed Mr. Ray in his worship at the shrine of European art. If they have, we fancy they have been directed by some superior agency to test his fidelity to his own God, like the army of *Mâra* sent to drive Gautama away from his "diamond seat." We do not think that Mr. Tagore means that these goblins and images are to be copied as models of Indian art. However imperfect in mechanical skill, these productions are the genuine expressions of the truly eastern spirit. Notwithstanding their imperfections and their *naïve* and almost childish delineation of the forms of things, they display the true manners and forms in which the æsthetic instinct of the people of India has found its utterance. "As to the praiseworthiness of painting gods," says Mr. Ray, "I gladly admit that in the case of a sincere Hindu such

practice would be highly beneficial from a devotional point of view." Never was art more independent of religion than at the present day. But its early history proves how profoundly painting was affected not only by the tenets but also by the forms and ceremonies of the prevailing creed. And nowhere else as in India has the life of the people been so deeply coloured by the faiths of the mosque and the temples. To the Indian temperament all ideas of beauty have become peculiarly associated with the rituals and ceremonials of one or other of the prevailing religious faiths, so much so that it is difficult to rouse the artistic sense of the people without suggesting its religious concomitant.

Mr. Tagore's ideas of art so far demonstrated in his lovely water colour pictures are in more senses than one the earnest of a genuine art-revival in India. He has attempted on the principles indicated above to establish a genuine school of Indian painting and to pick up the threads of the ancient art traditions of India wherewith to weave the fabric of a *truly vernacular art* of India, having a grammar and rhetoric of its own. Up till now, he has been alone in the field, and the school, if a school it might be called, is now represented by a single personality. If the old art of India is decrepit and out-of-date, we may invoke the advent of a new form of art transformed like the serpent from its old coat and bejewelled with rubies gathered from foreign shores,—if that is inevitable—but dipped in the holy waters of oriental consciousness. The old art of India is about to shed its crusted skin, like the withered leaves of the tree on the approach of a new spring, which invests its old structure with new forms and new colours, marking another stage in that cycle of evolutions through which all human ideas and activities are ceaselessly moving.

ORDHENDRA COOMAR GANGOPADHYAY.

## NOTES

**Raphael's St. Cecilia.**

Saint Cecilia, the patroness of music, especially church music, is said to have suffered martyrdom in 230 A.D. She is regarded as the inventor of the organ. It is said that one day all of a sudden she heard the music of angels. In the picture, her organ is represented as slipping out of her hands, as she listens in ecstasy to the celestial music and feels how inferior to it her own music is. Various other musical instruments are lying at her feet. The other figures in the picture are St. Paul, St. John the Apostle, St. Augustine and Mary Magdalene. St. Paul leaning on the sword typifies divine knowledge and wisdom, St. John divine love, Mary Magdalene divine forgiveness and St. Augustine is the representative of the gentile Christians. This picture is one of the treasures of the Pinacotheca in Bologna.

**A "legitimate" form of Swaraj.**

In his last Congress presidential address Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji summed up the political aspirations of the people of India in one word—"Self-government or *Swaraj* like that of the United Kingdom or the Colonies." As the United Kingdom enjoys absolute autonomy, *Swaraj* may mean either absolute autonomy, "like that of the United Kingdom," or Self-government like that of the colonies. In the so-called Khulna sedition case, Messrs. Justice Mitra and Fletcher have declared the Indian desire for Home Rule of the colonial type a legitimate aspiration. This is a noteworthy pronouncement and shows that the world does move after all. Who knows whether the other form of *Swaraj*, (if sought to be attained by peaceful methods, of course), may not

some day be declared equally legitimate by judicial officers of equal eminence? At present there are perhaps only a few non-official Englishmen who would not oppose the idea of India becoming absolutely independent of Great Britain within a measurable distance of time. But a time there was when even the highest British functionary in this country looked forward to absolute independence for India with prophetic hope and pride. The Marquess of Hastings, Governor-General, wrote as follows in his private journal, under date the 17th of May, 1818:—

"A time *not very remote* will arrive when England will, on sound principles of policy, wish to relinquish the domination which she has gradually and unintentionally assumed over this country, and from which she cannot at present recede. In that hour it would be the proudest boast and most delightful reflection that she had used her sovereignty towards enlightening her temporary subjects, so as to enable the native communities to walk alone in the paths of justice, and to maintain with probity towards their benefactress that commercial intercourse in which we should then find a solid interest."—*The Private Journal of the Marquess of Hastings, Second Edition, Vol. II, p. 326.*

This extract, in which the italics are ours, is taken neither from a manifesto, nor from a proclamation, which Freeman characterises as "the very chosen region of lies," but from a *private journal*, in which a man need not tell even diplomatic lies. We may, therefore, take it as an absolutely sincere expression of the noble lord's political views. Those Englishmen who at present make the greatest profession of philanthropy in justifying British domination in India say that if the British were to withdraw to-day, to-morrow all the various races and sects inhabiting India would

at one another's throats. The Marquess of Hastings, saw *actual* inter-racial and inter-provincial warfare in India in his day. But that did not prevent him from dipping boldly and prophetically into the future and finding there an *independent* India, *friendly* to Great Britain. But now our rulers, who are not a little responsible for what racial and provincial jealousy and hatred yet remain, base their justification of the ever-lasting enslavement of India on what *may* take place in the future in the nature of racial or provincial feuds. The contrast is not calculated to support the claim of the twentieth century for superior enlightenment and philanthropy over its predecessors. But perhaps the explanation of the different attitudes of Britons in the two centuries had better be sought in the following Indian story:—

A father who was a total abstainer, had a drunken son. The father would often reprove the son and exhort him to give up his evil ways. One day, more in jest than in earnest, young hopeful said, "Father, if you would drink with me for thirty days, on the thirty-first I promise to give up drinking for ever." "Agreed," said the father gladly. By the time the stipulated period of a month was drawing to a close, the father had become a confirmed drunkard. So when on the thirty-first day the son, true to his promise, gave up drinking, and asked his father, too, to resume his former sober habits, the latter replied, "Son, you may keep your promise: I am under none to abjure the cup."

Britons have drunk too long and too much of the wine of power and pelf to be able now to think and act with political sobriety and righteousness. Perhaps this was not the case in the days of the Marquess of Hastings.

#### Objections to Indian Home Rule.

In several of our past issues we have examined and tried to meet various objections to Home Rule for India. Many of these objec-

tions raise false issues. Take, for instance, the question of fitness or unfitness. We are not entirely unfit, are, in fact, as fit to govern ourselves as many self-governing European nations and all Asiatic nations but one. But supposing we are not quite fit, from a righteous point of view is our comparative unfitness any justification of our enslavement? In all countries, there are large numbers of persons who cannot properly manage their estates. But is there any law, any rule of morality, which would justify their abler neighbours in depriving them of their property? Wherein would such justification differ from a defence of robbery? But supposing what is wrong in private life is right in political dealings between nations (which we do not in the least admit), why does not some leading European power deprive Spain, Greece, the Balkan States, or Turkey of independence? None of these countries possess as much political capacity as the most advanced European states. But the charge of unfitness brought against us may after all be a reference to the basal fact of our military unfitness, the fact, namely, that we are no match for any of the great European powers in military strength. This is quite true. But this, again, is no moral justification of our enslavement. There are many European nations which cannot fight England, for instance. Why does she not enslave them? The reason is they are Christians, and *white-skinned*, and, therefore, other *white-skinned* Christian races would object! We cannot but admit the very great force of this argument; for, as Christ was not a European, therefore, it is only proper that Christian dealings should be confined to European races. But why not enslave Persia, or Afghanistan, or Turkey, or China? They cannot surely fight any great European power; nor are they Christians. The reason, as we understand it, seems to be as follows. Christians are taught that it is as difficult for a rich man to go to heaven as for a camel to

pass through the eye of a needle. They are also taught the value of meekness and humility as passports to heaven. Now the foremost Christian nations of Europe wish very much that the heathen races of the world should go to heaven. With this sacred object in view, they have devoted themselves to the noble work of relieving the heathen of as much of their accursed earthly possessions as possible, as also of making them meek and humble by depriving them of independence, which makes men proud. Now, naturally, there is great emulation among the aforesaid Christian nations as to which should do the greatest amount of this holy work. No one would yield to the others in philanthropy. In the result many heathen countries still remain unrelieved of their independence and accursed wealth. Consequently, if in the remote future the British connection with India should for some reason or other cease, she may possibly remain independent and unrelieved of her wealth, provided, of course, the white races then remain as philanthropic as they now are.

#### Good Government and Self-Government.

Some people talk as if good government were possible without self-government. *It is not possible.* For, what is good government? It is that kind of government which has for its sole object the material and moral welfare of the people of a country. And in the nature of things foreign autocracy cannot have such an object. For one thing, it must be more costly than self-government, and, therefore, economically injurious, if not ruinous. But even if it be not economically injurious, it must be morally harmful. For just as that kind of education is the best which enables the pupil to instruct himself, make himself an original thinker and discoverer and develop his manhood, so that kind of government is the best which enables the people to govern themselves and to grow up to their full intellectual and moral stature. But under an

alien autocracy they are doomed to everlasting tutelage, and intellectual and moral mediocrity. For, if they be allowed to grow up to their full height, foreign domination is threatened: and no conquering nation has as yet proved sufficiently unselfish to welcome such a contingency. Therefore, not only can good government never be a substitute for self-government, as Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman says, but the former is impossible without the latter.

#### Absolute autonomy and Colonial self-government.

Though we have had our doubts as to whether absolute autonomy for India was not more of a dream than colonial self-government, we have always thought the former theoretically more desirable. But it seems as though we must change our opinion. Natal must have Indian coolies, but will treat them only as beasts or machines, will not give them human rights! The Transvaal cries ditto. There even Indian merchants and barristers and other Indian gentlemen must undergo the degrading process of registration by thumb impression, &c., like criminals. And Mr. Winston Churchill says on behalf of the Colonial Office that the Imperial Government cannot really help Indians as against the colonists. We take that to mean that England is not willing to help Indians. But believing this declaration of Imperial impotence to be really true, what do we see here? The colonists are defended by land and water entirely or mostly at the expense of England; they get loans from the mother-country at very advantageous terms; but all the same they can erect tariff walls against the manufactures of England herself and reduce her to a position of ignominious impotence in certain matters. The half is said to be sometimes greater than the whole; and surely a British colony is more powerful than the British Empire. Therefore, let us prefer the

colonial form of self-government. But if England will not agree to place us in a position politically superior to her own, by giving us the colonial form of government, we shall not object *very much* to have the kind of absolute autonomy which she herself enjoys.

### Indians and the Educational Service.

On Thursday, April 18,

Mr. M'Callum asked the Secretary of State for India whether, having regard to the fact that only one native of India had during the past seventeen years been appointed to the Indian Educational Service in Bengal, he would consider the claims of highly qualified graduates of English universities who were natives of India, and now serving in the provincial service, to promotion to the Indian Educational Service.

Mr. MORLEY: The Indian Educational Service, as distinguished from the Provincial Service, is intended to supply what is at present considered to be the minimum of European appointments necessary to ensure the due progress of education in India, and it is, therefore, intended to be recruited mainly from Europeans, and must for the present continue to be so recruited. I may explain that it differs from the Provincial Service only in so far as its pay and other conditions are fixed with reference to the scale necessary to attract Europeans, which is naturally higher than that required to secure Indians serving in their own country.

Higher educational appointments have long been practically closed to Indians, but now they are closed by a definite pronouncement of the Secretary of State. For this there is no justification whatever. Those Indians who occupied the higher educational offices before the reservation of these posts for white men acquitted themselves as well as their European colleagues. Character, culture, teaching capacity, administrative ability and the power to influence the character and lives of students for good are not the monopoly of any race. Every candidate for an appointment ought to be judged on his own merits. But apart from such theoretical considerations, is it true as a matter of fact that Anglo-Indian professors are as a class superior to Indian

professors as a class? (We are not speaking of the exceptional men in both classes). Is every Anglo-Indian professor better than every Indian professor? Are these Englishmen the best in their own country? Is it not obvious that they are second and third rate, and sometimes worse? How many of them have done anything of lasting value, anything to be remembered? Is the Indian race incapable of producing men equal to the best of them? Are there not Indian professors even now living who are superior, or at least equal to, the best Anglo-Indian professors?

The object is *not* "to ensure the due progress of education in India," but to bestow the most lucrative appointments on white men, to ensure that Indians do not get any opportunity to prove their capacity to the full, and to keep up by all means, however unrighteous, the hypnotism of European superiority; and, may we add now, the proper espionage and cowing down of Indian students?

It is clear that India has henceforth to depend on herself. It is clear that no intellectual ambition ought to be too high for our youngmen to vow themselves to. Let Indian lads resolve to revolutionise the world. Let no mean success satisfy them. Let them wander over the earth for knowledge, if necessary; but let them determine to leave the Indian mark for all time on science. Let them construct for themselves the great palace of human history. Let them re-create mechanical inventions. Let no man be content with the imitative knowledge of monkeys and parrots and talking birds. Let no man rest till he has done something to add or enable others to add to the towers of human knowledge and human thought. One stone, one brick, one handful of earth is more than most men to-day contribute. It is not necessary that all should be master builders. Sufficient that we be good and faithful servants, steady workmen, true to a single duty and responsible with our last breath.

And we all need a starting-point. "Pour refaire la patrie," for the re-making of our country, is said to have been the direct motive of the great body of French workers in science, art, literature and industry since 1870. How much more does India require that every village and every school-room should resound to work done 'for the re-making of the mother-land' !

### Repression.

Political expediency requires that whatever is calculated to impair or endanger to any extent European domination in politics, education, science, literature or industry, must be ruthlessly repressed, if not suppressed. That is the genesis of sedition trials and Swadeshi prosecutions, and of the expulsion of students from schools and colleges on mere police reports. The Punjab is still a recruiting ground for the best soldiers and some Punjabi races have still a better physique than other Indians. Hence, for the purpose of striking greater terror into the heart of the Punjabi, it is the rule in that Province not to grant bail to under-trial prisoners, and to pass ferocious sentences. For Law can adapt herself to political exigencies: "he is of childlike simplicity indeed," says Freeman, "who believes that the verdict and sentence of every court was necessarily perfect righteousness, even in times when orders were sent before-hand for the trial and execution of such a man." But we can suggest a better method. Increase the number of examinations in the Indian Universities and 'educate' the people by making them pass these examinations. The more examinations a man passes, the greater physical wreck and physical coward he becomes. It is your illiterate man who riots and breaks heads; the graduate is incapable of such things, though he may write fiery "seditious" articles that lead to nothing. Therefore, we say, educate away the superfluous physical energy of Indians; and then

Anglo-Indians can snap their fingers at "seditious" Swarajists and Swadeshists alike. But speaking of repression, we must say there has been as yet very little of it. For real repression we must go to Russia or look to the future, for may not our rulers be ambitious of emulating the ursine example? We must not speak of martyrs yet, though we should be thankful that a few have been privileged to suffer pin-pricks for their country. For martyr is a sacred name, and short of death, a man could not be said to have suffered adequately for his country. Let us be courageous by all means, but let us learn the lesson of rigid truthfulness and modesty. There is need of the utmost coolness, too, in our midst. We need to learn the ethics of the stoic. A man is not fit for success, unless he is also equal to failure. In this respect, Rana Pratap Singh of Oodeypoor is fit to be our national hero. He failed, but what an inspiring failure! What an example does his life furnish of the eternal dignity of failure in great struggles! Christ was such a failure in the highest sphere of human activity. And yet, "the kingdom of God is as an handful of leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." That is to say, the kingdom of God is the *idea*. The whole does become leavened.

### Education of Youth.

But in truth the sedition and prosecution business is a small affair. It may or may not blow over. The real question is whether the People will make for themselves at their own cost educational institutions of the highest character. Science is now practically denied by Government. Are we prepared to furnish our own science? The prospect ought not to terrify us. It means cost and self-denial,—the daily handful of rice in every home. But who pays for education in India now? Who pays for costly specialists of foreign race, and laboratories for their use? Who will keep the

residential colleges in which it is proposed to keep our boys during their academic years, under ample and efficient espionage? Who will pay for the hostels (and espionage therein) which Messrs. Rees and Morley propose to erect in London for the safe custody of Indian students? Who but ourselves? It is no other in our behalf. If then we can afford these extravagances of learning, we can surely far better afford the solid necessities. In every department of modern knowledge, but notably in Science, in History, and in Geography we want a few men who have assimilated all that Humanity has yet done in these subjects, and can point out the path of advance, for their nation and for the race.

### The King and the Viceroy on Plague.

His Majesty King Edward VII's letter to the Viceroy on plague contains references to the silent patience of the people under suffering which are conceived in the best spirit. We have never had anything to complain of against His Majesty, except that it has not been possible for him to interfere actively in the affairs of India for the welfare of his subjects. We are compelled also to note that though plague has been raging in India for 11 years, it is only after Mr. Morley's reference in his last budget speech to the epidemic in the Panjab as one of the causes of unrest there that His Majesty seems to have been advised by his ministers to write a letter to the Viceroy on the subject. It indicates a highly undesirable state of things that such an appalling visitation should not seem to receive serious notice unless and until it caused some trouble to the Government.

Wisdom comes late to the bureaucracy. It is clear from the circular letter of the Viceroy to the provincial governments that it has now dawned on the official mind that muscular philanthropy is a contradiction in terms, that "many harassing operations carried on in the past may be safely aban-

doned," and that it is necessary "to secure the co-operation of the very people it is intended to save!" The building of model houses and the evacuation of infected dwellings, recommended officially, will do real good to the people. Regarding the killing of rats, it is said in the Treatise on Plague (p. 111) by Drs. G. S. Thompson, I. M. S. and John Thompson that the "destruction of rats is a useful palliative measure of purely temporary benefit." We have never been convinced as to the value of inoculation.

The Scientific Commission which was appointed in 1905 to investigate the causation of plague, has now completed the first stage of its labours. Their outstanding conclusions relate only to the agency by which plague spreads, the vehicle of contagion and the duration of life of the plague germ. *But what is the cause of plague?* Perhaps political expediency stands in the way of giving any answer or a true answer to this question.

We wish the compliments which His Majesty has been advised to pay to the Viceroys and "able officers" who have combated plague were well deserved. But unfortunately the fact is the plague operations of Government form a story of bungling and inefficiency and worse from start to finish. Says Prof. Ronald Ross:—

"The blame for this terrible visitation must be laid largely on those who govern the country." "Everywhere instead of the knowledge, organization and discipline which are essential in such emergencies, we saw only nescience, confusion and vacillation." "Generals and civilians were made dictators in a matter of which they had no knowledge."

As a remedy, the *Lancet* says:—

"A special service commensurate with the situation must be created to carry out inoculations and other plague measures. When that service is created and properly directed, it is to be hoped that there will be an end to the policy which has discarded responsible medical advice since plague began and which has been so detrimental to the true interests of India."

We think this proposed "special service," if it consists, as it must, of inexperienced European doctors, will be only a means for further useless exploitation of Indian revenues wrung from a perishing people. Let the Director be a European expert if necessary; but all the other officers should be, both for the sake of efficiency and economy, Indian medical graduates and licentiates and hospital assistants, who know the country and the people.

### Sir John Hewett's Industrial Conference Speech.

It was a wholly admirable speech that Sir John Hewett delivered in opening the Naini Tal Industrial Conference. We regret we have no space to make extracts. We agree generally with the views put forward. The resolutions passed seem also to be in the right direction. The actual results must depend largely on the choice of *capable* men of *liberal sympathies* to fill the posts of the Director of Industries, the principal and teachers of the technological institute and technical schools and the managers of the industries which it is proposed that Government should pioneer. We hope our capitalists will be able to take full advantage of these efforts of the Government for the industrial development of the country. Otherwise they will be calculated to benefit only the foreign exploiter.

No doubt, it would have been the best thing for the Indian people if the resources of India could be developed by means of Indian capital alone. But under present circumstances, it is not possible to prevent the exploitation of the country by foreign capitalists. Therefore, as His Honour says, "there is room for both European and Indian capital."

"Of the capital of any Chinese company not more than 50 per cent. may be foreign and every foreign company must reserve at least 30 per cent. of its share capital to be taken up by Chinese." *The Statesman's Year Book, 1905, p. 529.*

We cannot expect any such law here. But we may hope that matters will not be so

managed as to encourage foreign exploitation and put obstacles in the way of the "shy" Indian capitalist, whom it is not our desire to shield from what blame he deserves. Our fears are not groundless. Rao Bahadur G. V. Joshi says in his admirable paper on the Industrial problem in India in our first number:

And it looks as if the whole splendid machinery of scientific inquiry and expert advice which has been recently created by Government to assist it in the work were being utilized in the same direction. The people of the country are left out of account in the general scheme; the requirements of their economic present and future are ignored; the peculiar disabilities under which they labour and which prevent them from taking their proper share of the work are lost sight of; and what is still more regrettable,—no comprehensive action is taken or even proposed to lift them from their present helplessness and fit them for the work that awaits them and relieve the foreigner of the burden. The resources and energies of the State seem directed to one end and one only—the industrial development of the country—irrespective of any considerations of means or agency. The material progress of the country—so helped—is proceeding rapidly and on all lines. Only we, the children of the soil, have little or no share in the advance. This is the saddest feature of the situation and fills us with the gravest misgivings.

Let us hope, however, that as His Honour has taken the leading representatives of the people into his confidence, during his *regime* at least Indian interests will be safe-guarded. Other provincial rulers should follow his example in the field of industrial development.

### The Tata Iron Works.

The whole capital of a crore and a half of this foremost and most gigantic and fundamental of *swadeshi* enterprises has been over-subscribed. All honour to Bombay for her industrial capacity and patriotism. We should all follow her footsteps, even though at a great distance. It will be a red letter day in the annals of modern India when the first nail made of Indian iron by this Indian company is sold in the market. Mr. Tata was an industrial genius. He rightly perceived

that in this age of machinery, the industrial regeneration of a country must be greatly retarded unless iron, the material of which machines are made, were extracted from the bowels of the country itself. And as his plans were based on expert knowledge, advice and calculation, the Iron Works must have a splendid future.

### The Transvaal Indians.

Our countrymen in the Transvaal are resisting the tyranny of the white colonists there quite manfully in refusing to get themselves registered. They would rather go to jail than submit to ignominy. That is the right principle to act upon; better no life at all than a degraded life. There is a Bengali proverb that the twig of the bamboo is tougher than the bamboo. The Indian colonials by their *united* and strong opposition to *unrighteous* legislation have shown that they are manlier than the parent people from whom they are sprung. Hindus and Jains, Mussalmans and Parsis, they are all there, and yet, in spite of the Anglo-Indian creed, they are working in concert! Would that we had as much unity and sturdy patriotism as our colonial brethren!

### "Married to Gods."

The custom of the marriage of young girls to Hindu gods, and their consequent dedication to an immoral life, which prevails in the Deccan and the Madras Presidency, is disgraceful to the Hindus of those parts in the extreme. There should be cordial co-operation between Government and the people in putting down this evil. Government should prosecute the parents or other guardians of the *muralis*, as these girls are called, and the authorities of the temples where these mar-

riages are celebrated as accessories and abettors; and the people should make provision for the proper guardianship of minors, as to whom prosecutions may be successful, by the establishment of homes, &c. If the people fail in their duty, Government would be quite justified in making over minors to missionary societies. The non-interference of the State in social matters is not a fetish for unreasoning worship. Another Legislative enactment to which no one can object and which would arrest this evil and benefit Indian womanhood in general, is the raising of "the age of consent" to 18 years in the case of unmarried girls.

### Boycott and Swadeshi.

"The Statesman" observes that

"as showing how little the boycott movement has affected European trade with India, it may be notified that the import duties during the first four months of the current official year are actually better by Rs. 25 lakhs than those of the corresponding period of 1906. Of this increase Rs. 6½ lakhs are under the heading of cotton goods."

This, if true (for statistics can often prove what one desires;—lies are humorously said by Englishmen to be of three grades, lies, *d-d* lies, and statistics), only shows that under the British Government such a thorough crushing of Indian industries, once so flourishing that they attracted all the merchant races of the world to our shores, has been brought about that we find it extremely difficult to revive them. However, our duty is clear. We must abjure foreign luxuries, and push both the boycott of foreign goods and the production of Swadeshi ones in their stead, as far and as vigorously as is practicable, and that in the face of repeated failures. We must succeed.

## REVIEW

## ENGLISH.

*On Municipal and National Trading: by the Right Hon'ble Lord Avebury. London: Macmillan & Co. 1907.*

It is well-known to those who take an intelligent interest in the political controversies of England that for the last few years there have been acute differences of opinion between the advocates of the extension of municipal government to spheres which were till lately left to private enterprise and those who are opposed to what they call this municipal trading. There were a series of articles against this municipal trading in the *Times*, in the year 1902, and the views set forth therein as well as the motives actuating those who took that view were vigorously attacked by the *Daily News*. The last elections of the London County Council, which has embarked on many such enterprises, were partly fought on this question, the "Moderates" or "Municipal Reformers" who are Conservatives, contending that under the long continued regime of the "Progressives," or Liberals, almost since the creation of the Council in 1888, there was any amount of reckless expenditure and borrowing due mostly to their favouring municipal trading. And the "Moderates" beat the "Progressives" and obtained a large majority, which in its way was not less significant than the overwhelming majority by which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's government was returned to power last year. It is not altogether easy to express a decided opinion one way or the other, for there is much to be said on either side, but we think we are rather inclined to the view energetically propounded by Lord Avebury in the book under notice that Municipalities had best not extend their sphere of operations so as to embrace all sorts of ventures and encroach on the legitimate province of private enterprise.

Lord Avebury (formerly Sir John Lubbock) is a master of so many subjects that it is no wonder that he handles the present question with equal ability and knowledge. His manner of presentation of his case

deserves close study and imitation at the hands of Indian public men, too many of whom confound vague declamation with informed criticism. In the book under notice we miss the former altogether and, of course, we do not regret it. It is a solid array of facts and figures which tell and arguments based on them stated in temperate language which we have; so much so, that even where we do not feel that the material is enough to persuade us to the view of the author, we find it difficult to assert the contrary with confidence. A good portion of the contents of the book does not directly interest the Indian reader. But we should like it to be extensively read by educated Indians if only to know how carefully public questions must be studied, what patient labour public men must bestow on details with a view to prime themselves well with a knowledge of facts, if their criticisms are to be effective. As has been well said, our opinions must proceed with authority from us for them to command respect outside. And how can this be if the opinions emanate from semi-informed men? We all know what great moral weight attaches to the Budget speeches of the Hon'ble Mr. Gokhale in the Viceregal Legislative Council. Why? Because, apart from his uncommon ability, he is supremely careful of his facts and thoroughly studies the many aspects of all the questions he speaks upon, weighing every word he uses, never overstating his case, making every allowance for an opponent's point of view. The younger generation of Indian public men should cultivate the same mental habits if they are anxious to render the greatest service to their motherland.

Lord Avebury objects to the undertaking by municipalities of commercial undertakings mainly on five grounds:—

"Firstly, the legitimate functions and duties of our municipalities are already enough, if not indeed more than enough, to tax all their energies and fill up all their time.

"Secondly, it has involved, and will involve, an immense increase in municipal debt.

"Thirdly, it will involve municipalities in labour disputes.

"Fourthly, as there will not be the same stimulus to economy and attention, there will be a great probability, not to say certainty, that one of two things will happen: either there will be a loss, or the service will cost more. The working classes will, of course, be the greatest sufferers.

"Fifthly, it is a serious check to progress and discovery."

Lord Avebury marshals many facts in support of every one of the above points. It seems that municipalities in England have undertaken tramways, railway management, steamboats, fire insurance, electrical fittings, clothing, motor omnibuses, parcels delivery, confectionery in schools, brick making, tailoring, the supply of milk and eggs, etc. Surely a portentous list this, and many sober-minded men will agree with Lord Avebury that it is entirely beyond the province of municipalities to do many of these things. The second objection to municipal trading must be considered proven when we are told that municipal indebtedness increased from £193,000,000 in 1883-4 to £469,000,000 in 1903-4, that is, an increase of £276,000,000 in twenty years. And "this increase is far greater than that of the rateable value." It is obvious, too, that the undertaking by municipalities of commercial enterprises involves them in labour disputes. The objections to the continual increase in the number of state and municipal employees were forcibly stated by Mill long years ago and our author has done well to transcribe that telling passage. The observations occur in the great political philosopher's famous treatise on *Liberty*, and are as follows:—

"If the employees of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the Government, and looked to the Government for every rise in life, not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the Legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy, and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this regime, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticise or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raise to the summit a ruler, or rulers, of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interests of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian Empire, as shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body."

(How strongly applicable are the above remarks to the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy, consisting of the privileged and what Bright called the "pampered" caste of the Indian Civil Service!) The fourth objection is that municipal management of commercial undertakings is almost always wasteful. Lord Avebury doubts

whether municipalities ever make a profit where they have not a monopoly.

"We [who are engaged in commerce] know that success depends on close attention to details, on watching the turn of the market, on giving mind and thought to the business. It is impossible for members of Municipalities to do this, and, consequently, Municipal management cannot be as economical or as successful as private management."

The whole of Chapter VI (pp. 56-92) is devoted to an examination of the loss and profit made by municipalities in various enterprises and of the financial results of similar undertakings which are in the hands of private business corporations, and has absolutely no difficulty in showing that the municipalisation of commercial undertakings is the reverse of profitable to the people. As regards the fifth point, all economists from the time of Adam Smith to Fawcett have strongly urged that interference by states or municipalities with trade is economically a fatal mistake. The late Lord Goschen said, speaking of the London County Council, that "extravagant expenditure, accumulation of debt, the invasion of field after field of private enterprise have dogged the footsteps of municipal administration. In no directions," Lord Goschen added, "have blows more serious been struck at the very foundations of private enterprise." Lord Avebury himself says, and we think he establishes his contention, that "municipal trading must increase our rates more and more, while at the same time it raises the price of necessities, so that it cuts down incomes with one hand, and with the other makes life more expensive."

John Stuart Mill, whom we have already quoted, wrote forcibly of the great

"inexpediency of concentrating in a dominant bureaucracy all the skill and experience in the management of large interests, and all the power of organised action existing in the community, a practice which keeps the citizens in a relation to the Government like that of children to their guardians, and is a main cause of the inferior capacity for political life which has hitherto characterised the over-governed countries of the Continent, whether with or without the forms of representative Government."

(We very respectfully make a present of these observations to Mr. John Morley.) We concur in the conclusion of Lord Avebury that

"Our municipalities have most important duties to perform, —duties sufficient to occupy all their time and tax all their energies. They cannot both govern and trade. If they persist in embarking on commercial undertakings, they will, I am persuaded, increase our rates, check the progress of scientific discovery, and stifle, if not destroy, that spirit of private enterprise to which in the past our commercial supremacy is mainly due."

C. Y. CHINTAMANI.

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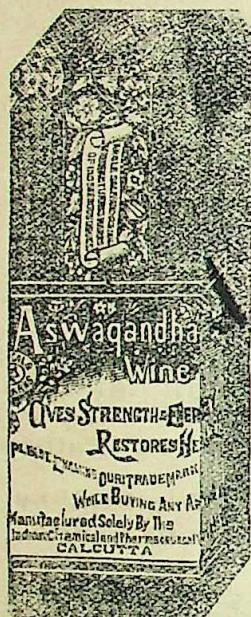
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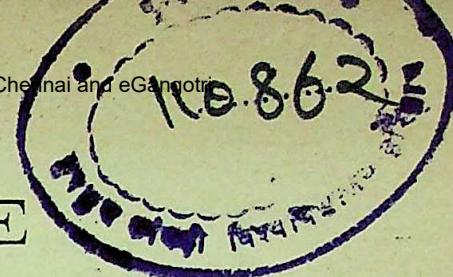
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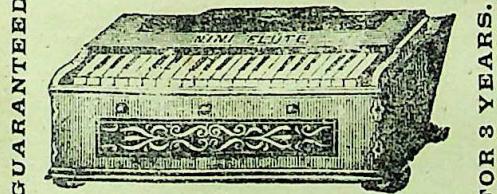
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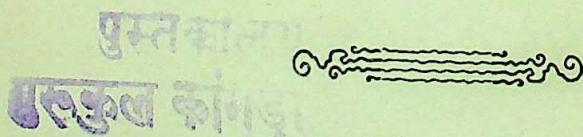
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